

# SPORT



NOV. 60¢

Cuozzo vs. Snead: The  
Head-On Fight To Be No. 1

Secret Poll!  
The NBA Players Pick  
The Most Underrated  
Player — Plus The  
Top Teams In '71-72

My 16 Years With Roberto  
Clemente By Bill Mazerowski

**Ken Willard:**  
**Why He's The Toughest**  
**Of All The Running Backs**

My Life In The  
Great Soo League By  
Eugene McCarthy

Tom Gatewood:  
Notre Dame's New-  
Style All-America

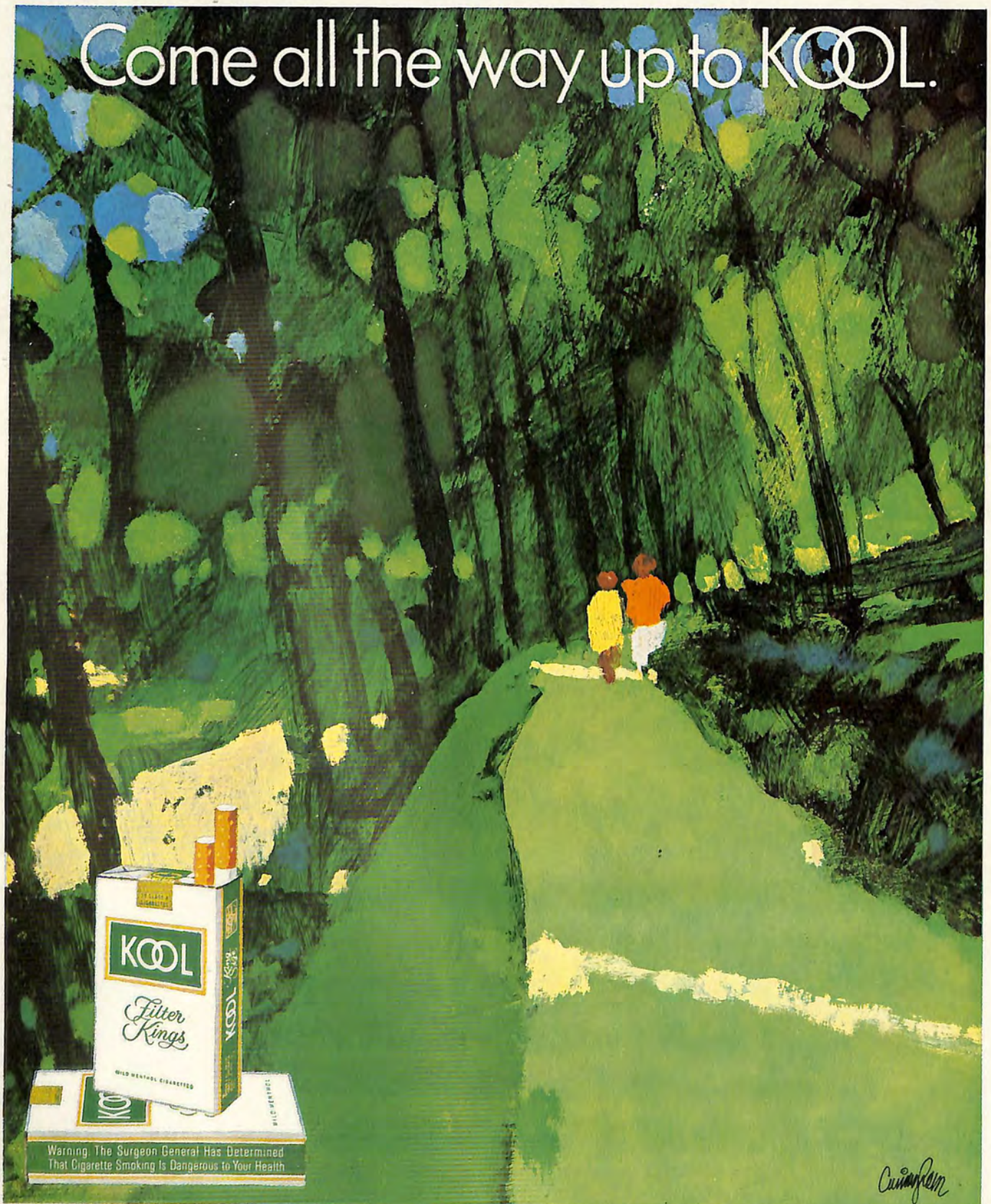


KEN WILLARD  
San Francisco 49ers



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# SPORT

26TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION NOVEMBER 1971 VOL. 52, NO. 5



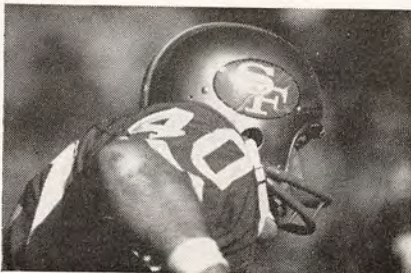
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## COVER CREDIT

Ken Willard MALCOLM EMMONS



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# NOVEMBER THIS MONTH IN SPORT



**AL BRAVERMAN**

Starting with our September 1970 issue, **SPORT** was completely redesigned. The idea was to get the magazine into the 1970s by making it more exciting visually, and more readable. We upgraded our type treatment, modernized the use of our photos and established innovative graphic techniques. Judging by your response, and those of our peers in the magazine industry, our efforts have been very successful. So we want you to meet the man most responsible for the contemporary look of **SPORT** today.

Al Braverman has only been art director of **SPORT** for 18 months but already he and the magazine have won a certificate of merit from the Art Directors Club and a number of other type and design awards. Al also has had a one-man art director's show based on his work for **SPORT**. Best of all, he is always trying to stretch boundaries. And we believe in boundary-stretching for this magazine.

The 31-year-old Braverman is a

boundary-stretcher from way back, as you can plainly judge by the hirsute quality of his face. Al customarily reports to work each morning in blue denim work shirt, open at the top and open at the bottom, white ducks and red, white and blue sneakers. He blasts in from Brooklyn Heights where he and his wife Michelle (an art assistant at *Glamour Magazine*) live in baroque splendor guarded by four cats. The eldest cat, Ollie Schwartz, is as large as Deacon Jones. Al Braverman swears that some day he will come home and be eaten up by Ollie Schwartz.

A 1964 graduate of Pratt Institute, Al started his professional career in advertising. He later worked as an art director for Avon Books, the New York Times and Meredith Publishing. Off the drawing boards, Al is attuned to fast cars and slow ballclubs. He is such a New York Giant maven that last spring he insisted we bet him \$5 on his belief that the Giants would finish first in their division. These days Al is growling under his breath about how he was taken.

The Brave is not normally a growler. Normally, he is a screamer. His temper tantrums, rivaling those of the most splendid Hollywood movie mogul, have set records around here. But underneath all is a compassionate soul, a restless, inquiring mind and a sharp, fresh eye for what looks right on the printed page. As he left recently on a vacation to London, he took with him only one complaint—our choice of the coach-manager of the 25 years. We will tell you next month who that man is. We will tell you now Al Braverman's choice—Allie Sherman.

\* \* \*

With regard to next month, we do have some things we can tell you about. We have an exclusive story by Pete Maravich on his trials as a rookie in pro-basketball, and what he learned from that frustrating year. We also have a very strong **SPORT SPECIAL** on Miami's Bob Griese. And a heart-tugger we call, "The Last Days Of Ernie Banks," about Chicago's beloved "Mr. Cub." Plus our last big 25th Anniversary section.

*Al Braverman*

# SPORT



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# MY LIFE IN THE GREAT SOO LEAGUE



The former Senator from Minnesota recalls his playing days in "a league with its clowns, its bad guys and good guys, and some who got drunk on Saturday night but could play ball pretty well on Sunday if you got them sobered up enough"

BY EUGENE MCCARTHY  
As Told To Fred Katz

From time to time youngsters have asked me what I did for entertainment while growing up in rural Minnesota during the 1920s and 1930s. It is a perfectly reasonable question. Commercial television was nonexistent, of course, and few towns had motion picture theatres. Perhaps a dozen golf courses blanket the area today, but there were not many back then. And while most of the lakes in the Land of 10,000 Lakes already had been formed, motorboating remained something for the future. So the range of activities was limited, and the lack of spending money during the Depression narrowed the range even more.

Fortunately, there were two inexpensive and popular pastimes available on Sunday afternoons in our area. One was listening to Father Coughlin on the radio; the other was watching or playing baseball in the Great Soo League. The only problem came if one happened to like

both. Then he had to make a choice, because Father Coughlin came on while the games were being played. For me, however, the choice wasn't very difficult. Father Coughlin, a priest in Detroit, was a radical social and political reformer. He was a kind of socialist when it came to the economy, believing in the distribution of the wealth. His foreign policy was of another order, based to a large extent upon his acceptance of the Protocols of Zion as true.

The Great Soo League, in which I played for five years, belonged to a baseball era that is fast fading. It was a time when there were few distractions from the outside world, and all attention focused on the local team. If you were fortunate enough to make the lineup, you possessed an automatic mark of distinction. Or if you were a fan, you went out on Sunday afternoons and rooted for the farmers and blacksmiths and school teachers and students and merchants who represented the community on the ballfield. We took the games seriously, which was part of

the fun. And it was a pretty good brand of baseball most of the time.

Although the Great Soo League was typical of the country baseball leagues that existed in Minnesota and other states, I suspect it was a bit more organized and successful than some of its counterparts. It began operation as an eight-team league in the late '20s and lasted nearly 40 years. The teams came mostly from the farming areas northwest of Minneapolis-St. Paul. Some towns dropped out along the way, but there were always replacements.

The name of the league was an amalgam of the two east-west railroad lines—the Saulte Sainte Marie (known as the Soo Line) and the Great Northern, which ran parallel to the Soo and about 15 miles to the north. Originally, half the towns in the league resided along one line and half along the other. A cousin of mine, who was there when the league was founded, has told me there was a great discussion in deciding the league's name. But ra-

(Continued on page 10)



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Marlboro Red  
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# Marlboro





# SOO LEAGUE

CONTINUED

tional men prevailed, and their final choice was a fine tribute to the art of compromise. Henry Clay would have been proud.

The founders of the league also drew up a strict set of bylaws designed to make the Great Soo truly an amateur league. One of the rules provided that a team could not have a player who lived more than five miles from that town. If a player was fortunate enough to live within five miles of more than one town, he could pick his own team. But if he was from outside the five-mile limit, there was rather serious debate as to whether he was eligible. One year, in fact, the championship was taken away from Eden Valley by invoking a technicality of the rule. It seemed Eden Valley had a catcher named Riley who was working on a farm for the summer. One corner of the farm was within the five-mile limit, but the residence and principal part

of the farm was outside it, and so the championship was awarded instead to Albany. But it wasn't the distance so much as that it was known that Riley was a ringer. If he had been a native son of the farm, he probably would have been allowed in.

The effect of all this was to force teams to develop players from local talent. If your team was short a catcher, you had to search the countryside or try out people in town. If you lost a pitcher for some reason, you had to develop another one; you just couldn't hire one from Minneapolis. There were other leagues, however—leagues not as pure as the Great Soo—who weren't above raiding from afar, and who lured a coveted player with a little money. To counteract this, a slight bending of the Great Soo's amateur rules was permitted. If an outstanding pitcher from, say, my hometown of Watkins had been offered \$10 or \$25 a game to pitch for non-league towns like Watertown or Delano, Great Soo officials might say, "Well, under those circumstances. . . ." And then Watkins would be permitted to match the offer. But by and large, things were kept honest and amateur.

One nice thing about the league was that age was no barrier. My

brother Austin, a pitcher, made it when he was 14. I started when I was 16 and a freshman in college. I played until I graduated, then came back home for a summer when I was 29 and played another year. I had a pretty good season, but I had lost some of the batting eye that I had had at 19, when I hit around .380 in my best year.

We had perhaps eight or ten players who turned pro, with a couple getting as high as Double A ball. Our only major-leaguer was George Fisher, who came down to the Great Soo, rather than rising from it. He's listed in the Encyclopedia of Baseball as "Showboat" Fisher, and it says that he played the outfield in 88 major-league games between 1923 and 1932. I still recall his first time at bat in the Great Soo. My brother threw two fastballs by him and then struck him out with a curveball. (Fisher denies this.) That was a good sign that he wasn't going to burn up the Great Soo. But he was still a mean, lefthanded hitter. I was a first baseman, and I always gave him a couple of yards when he was batting.

Fisher played for Avon, a town of about 400. Richmond was around the same size. My hometown, Watkins, was one of the smaller ones too, at about 600. Eden Valley was around the same. Then there was Paynesville down the road, with 1200. Besides similarity of size, Watkins and Eden Valley had something else in common. Both were Irish towns and Catholic, at least Irish enough to have a nice mixture. Paynesville, though, was mainly a Protestant town, and it was considered a major breakthrough when it came up with a pitcher named Father Kunkel, a Catholic priest.

Eden Valley had still another distinguishing characteristic: An unending supply of erratic pitchers. Lefty Arnold was one of them. He'd have great days, and then he'd go wild with his control and just be terrible. Everybody was pretty shy of Lefty Arnold. His favorite pitch was referred to as the "side-hill gouger."

Watkins had a good catcher and a pretty good batter named Pep





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Weber, whose big reputation was that he wasn't afraid of pitchers. To prove his fearlessness, he'd bat with his head right over the plate. He got a lot of walks that way. He also got hit a lot. But he was proud of his reputation. People would say, "He has such a good eye, he can really lean over that plate and watch the pitcher all the way."

Some of the other towns in the league at one time or another were Cold Spring, Albany, Holdingford, New Munich, Melrose and Rockville. There also were St. Anthony, St. Martin, St. Joseph and St. Cloud, which made the Soo sound suspiciously like a church league. But there was no danger of the misconception lingering long if you attended any of the games in the predominantly German towns along the Great Northern. It was there, right in the middle of Prohibition, that one could quench his thirst—if he knew the right place in or behind the stands. The Germans in those towns had never morally accepted Prohibition. So when it came, they made their own beer and developed a reputation for pretty good moonshine. Their most famous product was a corn liquor called Minnesota 13, which was processed from, and named after, a hybrid corn developed at the University. The drinking at the games never presented a problem, however, and in fact it may have attracted some of the better umpires from Minneapolis, who otherwise might have been reluctant to make the trip.

Speaking of umpires, I think one of the things that made the Great Soo unique among amateur leagues was its early use of an organized group of umpires to call the games. The first group was the Northwest Umpires Association and was made up of old ballplayers, some of them former major-leaguers. They traveled 70 miles or so from the Twin Cities and were paid \$15 or \$20 a game. Once the Depression was over, the league was able to afford two umpires a game. This was a definite improvement over the one-umpire days and less dangerous for umpires. It was generally held that

an umpire's hearing was more important under these circumstances than was his eyesight. In a game at Avon, with a runner on first, umpire Nelson, working the game by himself, went out to stand behind the pitcher. The next batter came up and hit a groundball to third. Naturally Nelson turned to watch the play at first. He never saw it. The third baseman's throw hit him in the back of the head and knocked him out. While he lay unconscious, the runner from first made it around the bases.

There was always great concern about how to score a play like that, or any other controversial play. Should the batter be given a hit? Should he also get a run-batted-in? How would it affect the pitcher's earned-run average? Naturally we all cared about the final score, but we also cared about our individual statistics, so the selection of scorekeepers was very important. It was said that the scorer had to have at least two qualifications. It was not enough that he be a cashier at the local bank. But if he were the cashier and was also trusted to clerk a country auction, he qualified; that indicated a sharp eye, nimble mind and great readiness.

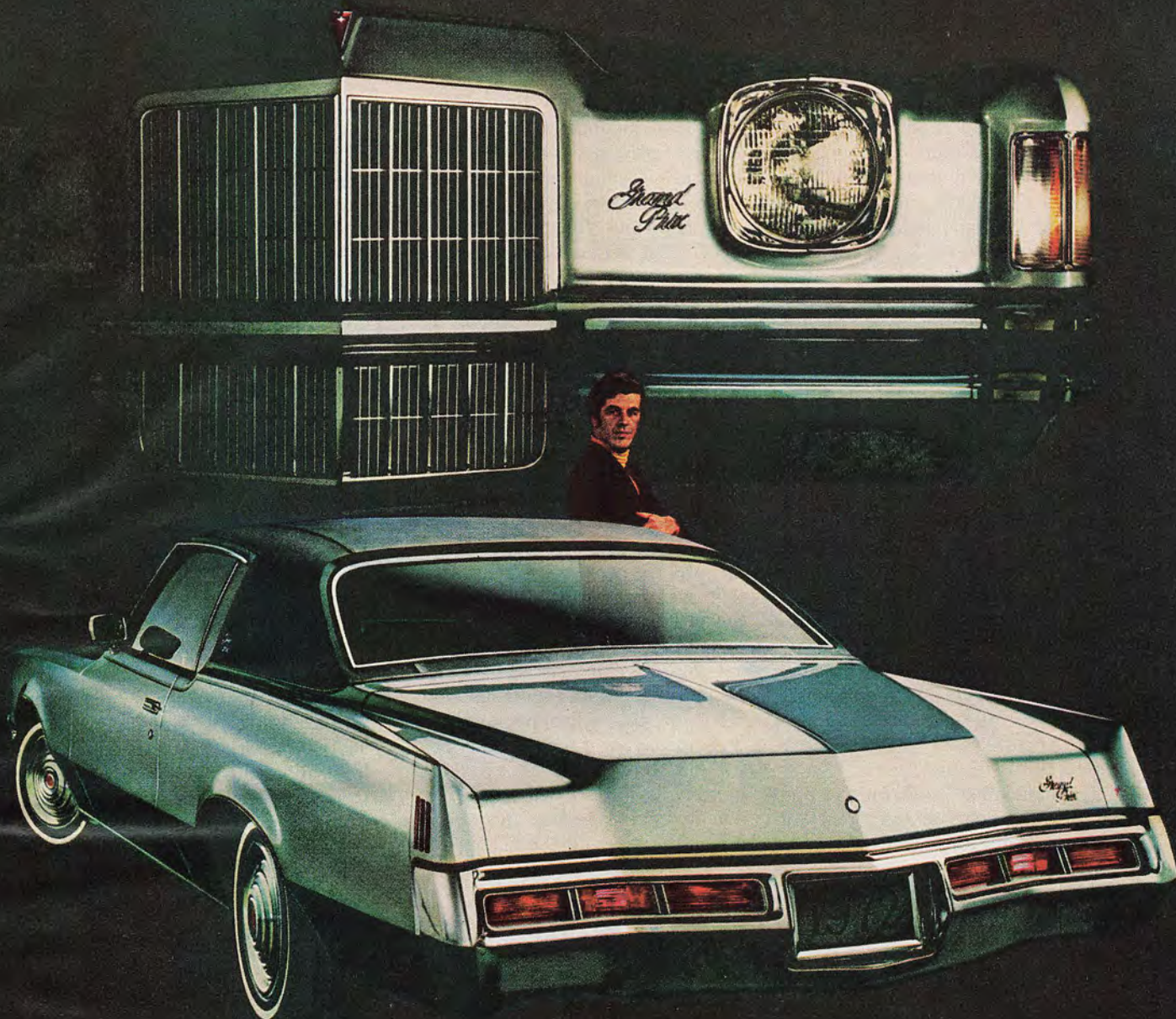
We came up with a fine solution in Watkins. Our scorekeeper was deaf and also unable to speak. His

four brothers played on the team, but he himself couldn't play very well, so we made him scorekeeper. After a game, both teams would go down to the local restaurant and check the final box score. If a visiting player started to complain to our scorekeeper, he soon discovered that the young scorer couldn't hear him. If the player still persisted, our scorer would use hand signals to demonstrate how the ball went up, *like this*, or how it bounced out of a glove, *like that*. He was like Zacharias in the Bible: "I have written." It was written, and there it is: An error or a hit—forever. He would just wipe them out. Dan Manuel was his name, the best scorekeeper anyone ever had.

Despite the fact that many of the country roads in our area were gravel back in the '30s, traveling in the Great Soo League wasn't especially difficult. We would go in private cars, or sometimes rent a school bus, and the farthest distance anyone had to go was 40 miles. If you played a town no more than eight or ten miles away, you would dress at home. But if you had to take the "long" trip, a team with style would







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rent a couple of rooms at the local hotel and dress there.

It was figured that a team's expenses—bus rental, the hotel, the ballpark, bats and balls, umpires, a policeman to keep law and order, and maybe a pitcher—ran about \$100 a week. At least that was the minimum amount a team tried to make from gate receipts and program ads. At 35 cents a head—25 cents for children—and with an average turnout of three to 400 people, most of the teams achieved their financial goal. Fortunately, we didn't have to worry about buying uniforms. The idea was to get local merchants to pay for them, and then try to talk them out of putting their names on the back. The merchants in Watkins, though, wanted the glory—not to mention the free advertising—and so I was the first baseman with "Staman's Cafe" on my back for three or four years. It could have been worse; some players represented the local undertaker.

It would make a quaint touch to say that the fields in the Great Soo were really pastures, but this wasn't quite true. As a boy, I can remember playing ball where the cattle had

been put out, but in the Great Soo every town had a ballpark. Of course, the conditions from town to town varied considerably. Richmond was notorious for the sandiest infield. Most of the diamonds had sand infields, because grass was too hard to keep up. But nobody had sand like Richmond, which was located in an old river bed. First base was like a pit, and you felt you needed a shovel rather than a mitt to dig out the ball on a low throw.

In the outfields around the league you sometimes found yourself sinking into a little valley as you chased a flyball, or perhaps catching your spikes in a gopher hole. More serious was the problem of the tall grass that had been cut but not raked. Since a team only played at home once every two weeks, farmers who cut the grass for hay liked to let it keep growing until the Friday before the game. But if it happened to rain on Saturday, or if the farmer was just too lazy to rake it, you would end up playing in deep windrows. I saw a fellow hit a ball to the opposite field one time, and the fielder didn't

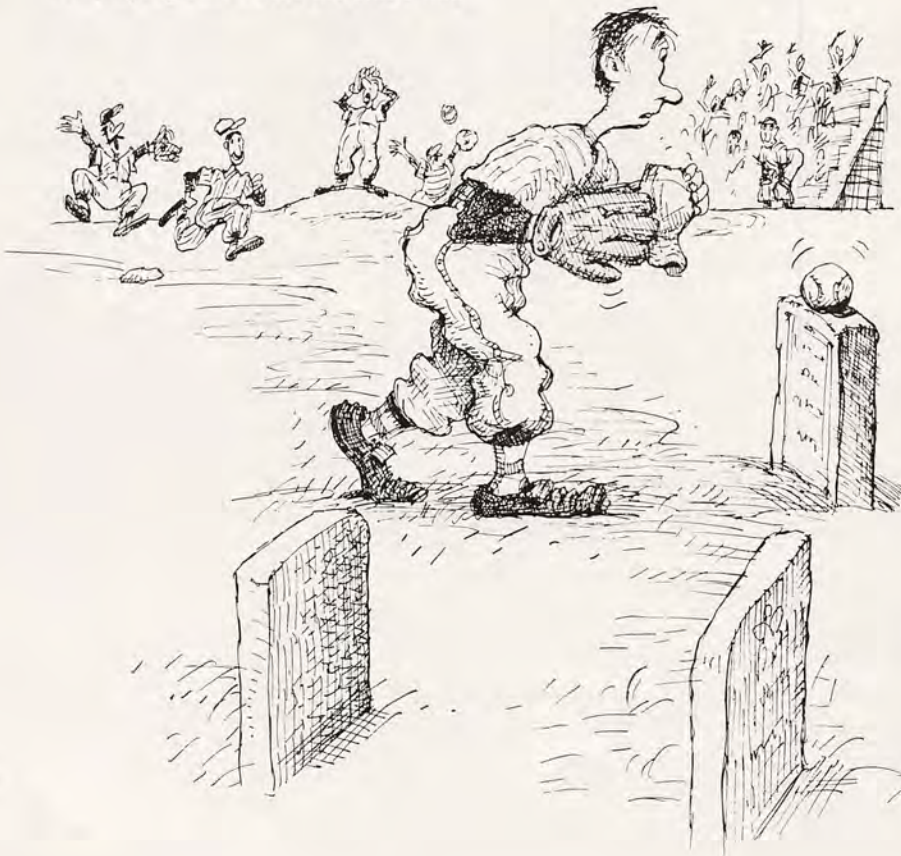
get a line on it. By the time he got to the general vicinity of the ball, it was temporarily lost in the hay. By the time the fielder actually found it and threw it in, the hitter was on third. Not long afterwards the league decreed that these hits would be ground-rule doubles.

Home runs were hard to come by in the Soo League because few parks had fences. If there was a fence, it was usually in just part of the outfield, and then only because it really belonged to the adjoining pasture or cornfield. The ruling was that you had to run out everything that wasn't hit over a fence, and it seemed to me that those accidental fences were always in rightfield. It seemed that way, of course, because I was a right-handed pull hitter.

The one time I figured I had an advantage was when we played a park where there was a cemetery out in leftfield. New Munich had one, and I think St. Martin. The idea was to try to hit the ball among the headstones, figuring that the leftfielder wouldn't chance stepping on his grandfather's grave just to chase a ball. I always aimed for the cemetery when I had the opportunity. In the Great Soo, that was considered place-hitting.

I think it's apparent by now that these games were very serious affairs. Little touches of sportsmanship—such as picking up the catcher's mask after he chased a foul ball—were considered a sign of weakness in the Great Soo. What you did was kick the mask out of the batter's box and let the catcher pick it up himself. On a rainy day, you might catch it on the end of your bat and hold it out to him as he returned from a futile rush to the fences.

The deadly earnestness made the manager's job a difficult one. If a team kept losing, it would change managers just like in the majors. Only the winners stayed on. Joe Meirhofer of Watkins and Mike Ebnet of Albany always seemed to do well, so they rolled along, something like Stengel and Alston. It was a risky office. Ebnet owned a meat market and stood to lose a good portion of his (Continued on page 118)





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# SPORT TALK

BY DON KOWET

## CAMPUS QUEEN

The third candidate in this year's Campus Queen Contest is 20-year-old Diane Dunne of The University of Akron. She's a blonde, blue-eyed junior, majoring in "Special Education and Elementary Education."

A 3.0-average student, she still finds time for extracurricular activities, including the Student National Education Association. She's been a freshman counselor and was elected social chairman of her sorority, Alpha Gamma Delta. Her hobbies are swimming, traveling and reading. After she leaves Akron she plans to attend grad school, someday to work with neurologically handicapped children.

Her vital stats are: 5-6, 125 pounds; 36-26-36.

## ALL'S WELL THAT'S MERRIWELL

Last month we told you about Richard Nixon's one-man campaign to have Gene Brito enshrined in pro football's hall of fame. Well, Vice-President Spiro Agnew has a favorite, too. The athlete's name is Frank Merriwell, and last year Agnew publicly acknowledged a personal debt to him, saying that Merriwell had been a great influence on his life.

How? Well, on the athletic side of the ledger, Merriwell—while a student at Fardale Academy and later Yale University—was a standout performer in every sport imaginable: Baseball, football, hockey, fencing, badminton, boxing, basketball—you name it, Frank could play it better than anyone else.

On other levels, too, his actions inspired the Vice-President. Merriwell was the only civilian ever to be awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. His ethics were those of a saint.



DIANE DUNNE, U. of Akron

The only stain on his record were 25 arrests. But in every case his innocence was proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. Even a hashish-possession charge was dropped, when the police discovered that a villain had surreptitiously slipped our hero the drug.

Incredible? Right on. Fictional, to be exact. For, in case some of you are too young to remember, Frank Merriwell was the hero of a series of 245 books published between 1896 and 1931. An entire generation grew up vicariously sharing his adventures, ascribing to his incorruptible moral code. And now Smith Street Publications, Inc. is preparing to reissue the entire 245 volumes—which in recent years had become collectors' items.

But before the publishers finalized their marketing plans, they wanted to find out if anyone beside Agnew actually remembered the Eli great. So they sent (under the signature of Merriwell's self-acclaimed fictional sweetheart, Inza Burrage) letters to the owner or general manager of each of the 24 major-league baseball clubs, citing Frank's achievements. It said in part: "Frank Merriwell has played virtually every position in baseball. His double-shoot curve (it curved twice—in, then out, on its way to the plate) is one of several pitches in his assortment that have led to his unblemished win-loss pitching record. . . . He has expressed some disdain for those athletes who insist on bonuses and outrageous salaries for one season's performance. . . ."

Now every baseball official over 40 (and a majority are) must have heard the Merriwell legend. So perhaps it was their eagerness for *any* ballplayer—fact or fictional—willing to forego a bonus and high salary that blocked their memories. In any case, the New York Mets fell straight into the trap. "If Frank is playing on a sandlot team this year," they replied, "please send us his schedule." The Cincinnati Reds stumbled right in behind them: "We'll turn your letter over to our scouting department who has a complete record of all prospective players. It may be that they already know of the young man you mentioned."

A substantial number of replies, however, outspooled the spoofers. The Baltimore Orioles: "We have several players with the same kind of make-up



On his last hunt, Major Hocum smoked a cigarette stamped with his family crest.

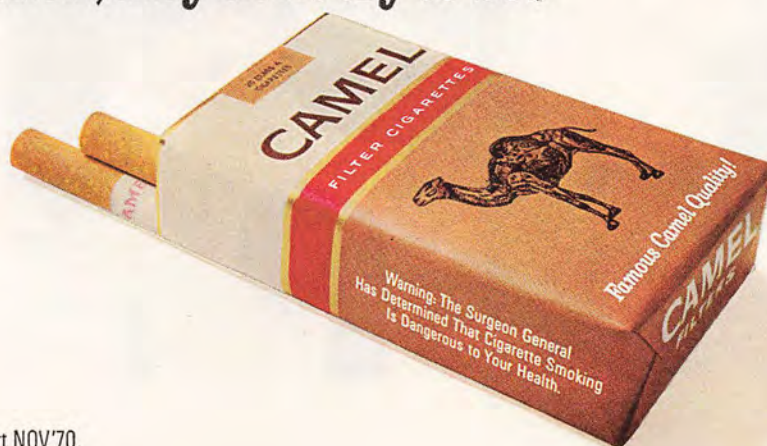
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20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV.'70.



as your Mr. Merriwell. Their names are Palmer, McNally, Robinson and Powell."

But perhaps the slyest reply came from the St. Louis Cardinals: "There is no doubt in my mind that what we need is Frank Merriwell. However, the way we are going lately we probably need nine of him. Do you know where there are eight more?"

How about Torre, Gibson, Brock. . .

## RAPPING WITH ROLLAND

Coach Rolland Todd of the NBA Portland Trail Blazers has some rather unorthodox ideas about how college coaches should treat their black ballplayers. He suggests a policy of outright favoritism. "The black kids and the white kids generally come from divergent economic and social environments," he says. "They react to the whole college experience differently. So a coach has to—if he's realistic about it—devote more time to the blacks than he would to the average white kid."

Before coming to the NBA, Todd was basketball coach at the University of Nevada. "I know some of my white ballplayers must have resented it," he says, "but I spent most of my time offcourt with the black ballplayers. Economically, for example, these black kids have generally endured a kind of poverty white kids know only by hearsay. I was their age once," he adds. "I know that hopeless feeling when you don't even have 50

cents in your pocket. Which is the situation some of these black kids are in in college. So I used to lend black kids money when they asked for it.

"You see, with recruiting, with practices, with the day-to-day paperwork and planning it takes to fulfill a college coach's job, the demands on your time are tremendous. So, as you'd work on-court with your least integrated unit—say defense—offcourt you work with your least integrated social unit. Basically," he says, "it works out to this: At a predominantly white school, your black kids are going to need the most help. The coach who tries to treat everyone the same, irrespective of the nature of his problem, is simply practising a sort of unconscious discrimination. Many times I'd have to tell one of my white players 'I don't have time for you today,' in order to help one of the black kids. But the white kids understood. What I was doing would benefit the team."

In the NBA, he says, everyone, both white and black, is economically independent. So at Phoenix, says Todd, he's color-blind.

## EGGING THEM ON

An ex-Cincinnati Bengal quarterback, and now with the Washington Redskins, Sam Wyche is a 6-2, 210-pounder who claims he has the kind of vice-like grip that can squeeze the seams off a football. For offseason diversion, Wyche has

concocted a 50-minute routine which he performs free of charge for nonprofit organizations. Others pay \$100.

According to Sam, his act consists of a monologue with gags cribbed from comedians of repute both past and present, plus some magic tricks with disappearing coins and cards. His dextrous "sleight of hand," however, is only a prelude to "grip of hand"—the climactic finale to his performance. Here he challenges members of the audience to come up on stage and try to wrench a football away from him.

"No one has ever done it," says Wyche, with the quiet pride of a man who's convinced of his invincibility. "To be sporting," he adds, "I may only use my thumb and one or two fingers against teenagers."

Now, watching someone try to dislodge a football from another man's fist may generate bemused chuckles among the towel-slappers in a pro locker room, but the black-tie and ball-gowned gents and ladies for whom Wyche struts his stuff expect, for their money, the unexpected. Thus, Wyche says, he's had to show-biz up his sporting act. To counter the boredom of his inevitable victory, he's had to provide a penalty for the vanquished.

"After they volunteer," he says, "and it's too late to back out, I stipulate that the loser has to swallow a raw egg. Sometimes I specify that the loser will put the egg in his mouth, still in the shell. When he breaks it, the egg invariably runs out of his mouth and down his front. Sometimes the egg is held about a foot above the loser's mouth and cracked open; I miss the target often."

Sometimes, we'd wager, the social committee for next year's gala misses the name Sam Wyche.

But there's a deeper lode of irony to be mined here. For how did the man-with-the-iron-grip lose his starting quarterback job with the Bengals?

"In a game against the Lions—I fumbled twice."

## THE MOSQUITO THAT WON THE DAY

Ever wonder why athletes in general are

"So I touch my hat," recalls Philadelphia Philly manager Frank Lucchesi, "and then I feel this mosquito on my ear."





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# SPORT BOOK- SHELF



**THE FIFTH  
DOWN**  
BY NEIL  
AMDUR

The education of a football player is often an excruciating experience. While meeting the game's rigorous physical demands, players also endure the mental abuse many coaches use to enforce discipline and spark desire. In college and the pros, the athlete quickly discovers that his value is measured mainly by games won and stadiums filled. For most, material rewards justify any sacrifice of self-esteem. Others, Neil Amdur points out in this fine book, find only deep anguish, humiliation.

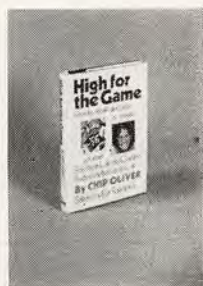
He carefully documents his case. There is the promising high school star driven from football by his coach's calculated cruelty; the indifference college athletic offices show toward their players' academic careers. Then there are the pervasive gamblers and a press seemingly indifferent to football's many abuses. All these facts conspire against an athlete's dignity.

As counterpoint, Amdur details the controversial techniques of George Davis, a California high school coach who allows his teams to elect their starting lineups. Using this system, Davis believes, players learn to value their individual achievements while working toward a common goal. And, Amdur claims, it works. Davis' teams are consistent winners and many of his ex-players still prize the experience they had playing for him.

Amdur's point is that the brutality of football lies not in the way the game is

played, but in those who control it. While many fans might disagree with both his analysis and conclusions, they will find *The Fifth Down* fascinating and provocative.—R.W.H.

Coward, McCann and Geoghegan, Inc. \$6.95 New York, N.Y. 10016



**HIGH FOR  
THE GAME**  
BY CHIP  
OLIVER

Edited By  
Ron Rapoport

Created by a respected performer turned misfit, this may be the most thought-provoking book about sports to appear in the past few years. It is also one of the most entertaining in a long time—if you can see a little humor in the absurd.

This is an open, candid account of what the All-America world of college and professional football has become. It's filled with anecdotes describing Oliver's travels through the University of Southern California to a career as the starting linebacker for the Oakland Raiders. And within the telling of such a classic American tale we find much said about the idiosyncracies of life and living in present-day America.

Chip Oliver tells us about his restricted upbringing as the son of a career sergeant in the U.S. Army. With his light-hearted outlook he recreates the experiences and impressions that eventually led him to drop out of an established berth in football and go searching for a direction that suited him better—in the world of organic foods and communal living. That in itself could be the theme of a worthwhile book.

But in the telling, Oliver also finds the time and the style to illuminate the behind-the-scenes reality of America's biggest present day glamour sport—everything from the rampant use of drugs to relationships between the players and the personalities of stars.

Controversial? Certainly. But well worth the reading.—K.F.

William Morrow & Company, Inc.  
New York, N.Y. \$5.95

so superstitious? Why some of them, at least, are utterly convinced that their continued success is intimately related to whether they remembered to put on that right shoe before they laced the left one? Well, most of them have learned that there's an essential ingredient to success that defies statistical measurement—or, for that matter, even explanation. Luck, or the lack of it ("bad luck"). According to many athletes, bad luck can coax a wide receiver's eye away from a floating football, it can slip into a sprinter's thigh and tie his muscles in knots. Good luck can be a wild haymaker landing on your opponent's jaw, your hapless slap-shot that comes alive to sneak impossibly between a goalie's pads. Or, in the case of Philadelphia Philly manager Frank Lucchesi, being attacked by a mosquito.

It happened one day while he was managing in the minors, at Pocatello, Idaho. Lucchesi's team was at bat. The score was tied at 2-2. It was the ninth inning.

"Pete Estrada singles up the middle," Lucchesi recalls. "Now I want to bunt, obviously. The hat is the indicator. The next thing I touch after the hat gives the signal, right? My ear is the steal sign and my pants are the bunt sign. So I touch my hat—and then I feel this mosquito on my ear."

Without thinking, Lucchesi slapped at the mosquito on his ear, then dropped his hand to his trousers—instructing the batter to bunt. By that time, however, the runner at first base was dashing for second, having interpreted Lucchesi's slap at the mosquito as the steal sign.

"The catcher throws the ball into centerfield," says Lucchesi. "My guy goes to third and the centerfielder throws the ball past the third baseman. My guy scores, we win."

"After the game, the writer comes down. (In the minors you don't have a bunch of writers, you have *the* writer.) He says, 'I heard you were a daring manager. That was the time to bunt, wasn't it?' Well," Lucchesi admits, "I knew the mosquito won the game for us. But instead I said, 'Yeah, but you got to play dangerously. We practiced that one in our morning workout.'"

And as for the hero of our story, the mosquito? It was his lucky day, too. Lucchesi missed.



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# Mike, Leroy, Rocky, Vince and Bunts are taking the Army's 16-month tour of Europe. Together.

Bunts first mentioned the Army's 16-month tour of Europe. Rocky chimed in about enlisting together, training together.

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# ? THE SPORT QUIZ!

**GRADE YOURSELF**  
**15-16 EXCELLENT**  
**13-14 VERY GOOD**  
**11-12 FAIR**

1. Since 1915 one pitcher has compiled a single season ERA low enough to rank him amongst the top ten in this category for all time. He was:
  - a. Sandy Koufax
  - b. Bob Gibson
  - c. Bob Feller
2. In NHL regular season play the fastest three goals ever were scored over a span of 20 seconds by the:
  - a. Chicago Black Hawks
  - b. Montreal Canadiens
  - c. Boston Bruins
3. Two players in NBA history have scored over 70 points in a game. They are Wilt Chamberlain and:
  - a. Lew Alcindor
  - b. John Havlicek
  - c. Elgin Baylor
4. Which of these pro football players is not expected to play in the '71-72 season by his own decision?
  - a. Bart Starr
  - b. George Sauer
  - c. Warren Wells
5. At age 16, she stunned the world tennis experts with her strong showing at the '71 U.S. Open at Forest Hills.
  - a. Evonne Goolagong
  - b. Judy Dalton
  - c. Chris Evert
6. Which of these NHL teams has not won a Vezina Trophy in over 20 years?
  - a. Montreal Canadiens
  - b. Toronto Maple Leafs
  - c. Boston Bruins
7. True or false: The Utah Stars were regular season runners-up to the Indiana Pacers in team shooting percentage last year.
  - a. Lenny Moore
  - b. Paul Hornung
  - c. Don Hutson
8. In career touchdowns scored, Jim Brown leads with 126, followed by:
  - a. Lenny Moore
  - b. Paul Hornung
  - c. Don Hutson
9. Since the 1940-41 NHL playoffs, U.S. franchises have won the Stanley Cup only eight times. Five times it was the:
  - a. Chicago Black Hawks
  - b. Detroit Red Wings
  - c. Boston Bruins
10. Which NBA team holds the record for consecutive losses at 17?
  - a. Cleveland Cavaliers
  - b. Cincinnati Royals
  - c. San Francisco Warriors
11. Who led the NFL in punt return yardage last season?
  - a. Ron Gardin
  - b. Bruce Taylor
  - c. Ed Podolak
12. He is the ABA career leader in three-point field goals made.
  - a. Darel Carrier
  - b. Louis Dampier
  - c. Steve Jones
13. With 14 championship games to their credit, they hold the NFL record for championship appearances.
  - a. Green Bay Packers
  - b. New York Giants
  - c. Baltimore Colts
14. He has scored three or more goals in a game more times than any other active NHL player.
  - a. Bobby Orr
  - b. Bobby Hull
  - c. Frank Mahovlich
15. Match the coach with his 1971-72 pro basketball assignment.
 

Fred "Tex" Winter	Los Angeles Lakers
Bill Sharman	Denver Rockets
Tom Meschery	Houston Rockets
Alex Hannum	Carolina Cougars
16. This pro quarterback holds the record for most passes intercepted in one game.
  - a. Jim Hardy
  - b. George Blanda
  - c. Bob Waterfield

**FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 94**



Bob Elson, the dean of active baseball announcers (he's a 30-year vet), covers the Oakland A's over KBHK-TV, San Francisco.



Merle Harmon is the voice of the Milwaukee Brewers on WTMJ radio in Milwaukee and does Jet games on WOR radio, New York.



Ken Coleman joined station WHDH, Boston, as Red Sox announcer in 1966, after ten years covering the Cleveland Indians.



Gene Elston broadcasts the Houston Astros' baseball games and special sports events on KPRC radio and KTRK-TV in Houston.



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## DICK KAZMAIER

# WHERE ...HAVE YOU GONE?



Vietnam was something for the French to worry about. Korea was the war. Truman was the President. And Dick Kazmaier of Princeton was the Heisman Trophy winner. Twenty years have gone by and the Ivy League has not been able to produce another Heisman winner. But now, for the first time since Kazmaier won in 1951, the Ivies have a viable candidate. He's Cornell's Ed Marinaro, who has attracted influential Heisman supporters—including Kazmaier.

"I would think," says Kazmaier, "that Marinaro is a very logical choice." Not quite as logical a choice, however, as Kazmaier was in 1951. Princeton was undefeated during Dick's junior and senior years, and the small (5-11, 170 pounds) tailback (Princeton played a single wing in those days) was the backbone of the team, a triple threat with his running, passing and punting. Kazmaier was the nation's total offense leader his senior year with 1827 yards. He gained 861 yards rushing, he scored nine touchdowns, he passed for 13 more, he was the most accurate passer in the country, completing 62.6 percent, and he

punted for a 37-yard average.

Despite all his credentials, Kazmaier never went on to play pro football. "The financial inducements weren't there," he says. "And there wasn't anywhere I could go but down after winning the Heisman Trophy. Pro football didn't have as much of an influence as it does today." If he were just getting out of college now, though, Dick says that he would have to give pro ball a chance, and forego Harvard Business School, which he attended after Princeton.

Today, Kazmaier, 40, lives with his wife and six daughters in Concord, Massachusetts, and is manager of the Kendall Corporation's sports division. He maintains more than a casual interest in football and is active in the National Football Foundation. And because he is a Heisman Trophy winner, Kazmaier is in demand as a speaker, something he says he enjoys very much. "I talk about the benefits of football," he says. "How it teaches lessons not often taught today. Like discipline and team cooperation."

Those were lessons Dick Kazmaier learned well at Princeton.

# INSIDE FACTS

BY ALLAN ROTH

No player in college basketball history so dominated the game as did Lew Alcindor in his three varsity seasons at UCLA, beginning with the 1966-67 campaign. . . . During Lew's three years, the Bruins compiled an amazing 88-2 record (.978), becoming the first team ever to win three NCAA championships in a row. . . . Alcindor was chosen MVP in each of the championship tournaments, the first three-time winner. . . . He was a unanimous All-America selection in each of his three varsity seasons. . . . His lifetime field goal percentage of .639 is an all-time NCAA record, and he led the nation in this department twice, in his first year, with .667 (a one-year record), and in his last season (.635). . . .

His three-year record was 26.4 ppg. and 15.5 rpg.

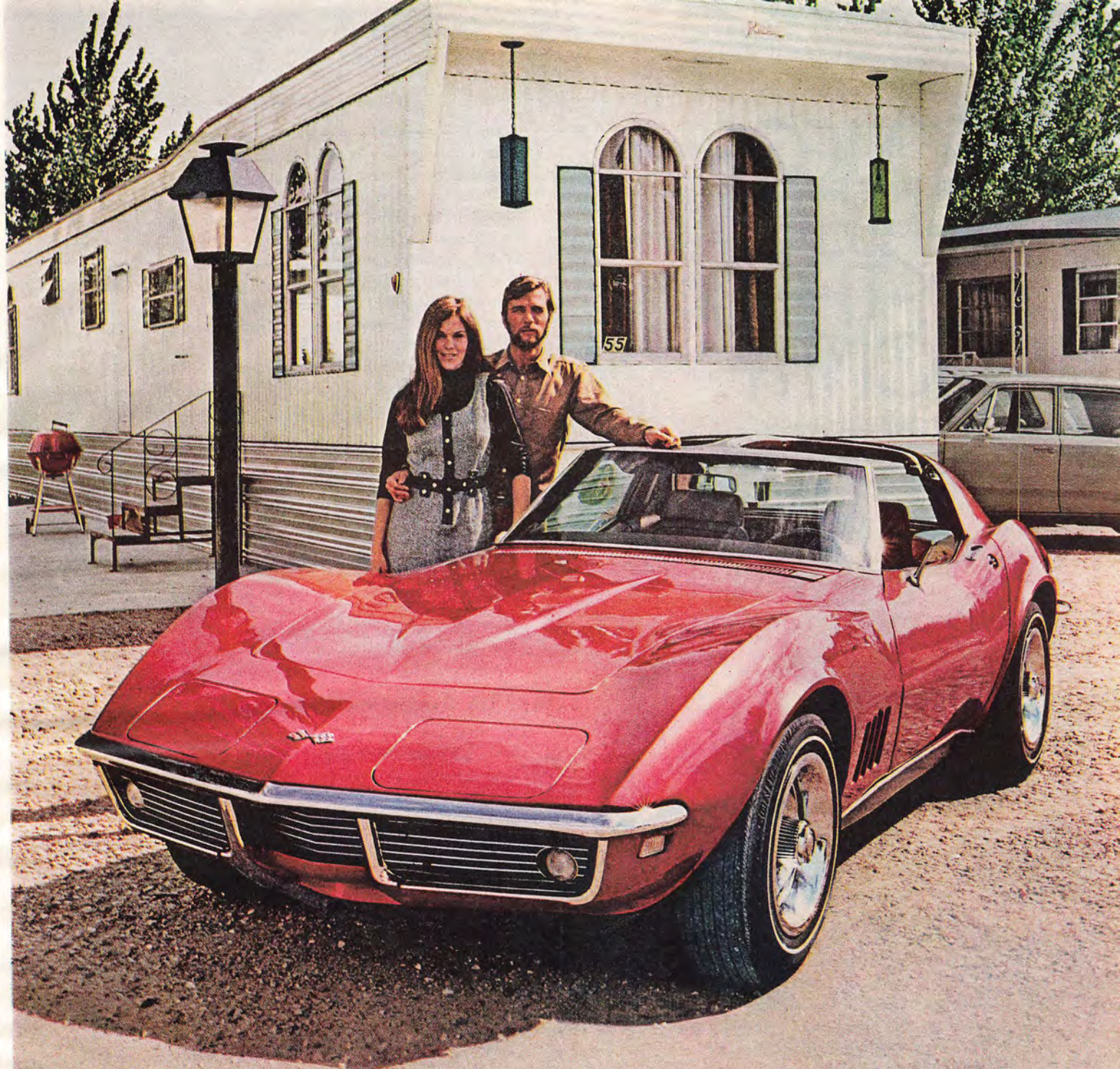
In Doak Walker's four years of varsity football at Southern Methodist University, 1945-47-48-49 (he was in the Army in 1946), Walker was a brilliant ballcarrier and passer, and he was also a receiver, a punter, a field goal and extra-point kicker, and in his spare time he returned punts and kickoffs (leading the nation in kickoff return yards and average in 1947). . . . Walker, who was just 5-10 and weighed only 175, was selected on the All-Southwest Conference team in 1945, and he was an All-America pick in 1947-48-49. . . . He won the Maxwell Award in 1947, the Heisman Trophy in 1948, and the Nelson Award (for sportsmanship) in 1949.

Jockey William Lee Shoemaker won his first race on April 20, 1949 (at Golden Gate Fields), and he was still going strong in September 1971, with a total of 6234 winners in major competition. . . .

Willie, the winner of 538 lifetime Stakes, is closing in on Eddie Arcaro's record of 554. . . . Shoemaker is the all-time record-holder for \$100,000-added Stakes, with 88. Shoemaker has been the U.S.A. champion jockey five times, and the top money winner 10 times. . . . Nine times he has won six races in one day (a record), and his 485 victories in 1953 still stand as a one-year record. . . . He has won the Kentucky Derby three times.

Jim Clark's brilliant racing career began in his native Scotland in 1956, when he was 20 years old, and it ended on April 7, 1968, when he was killed in a Formula 2 Race at Hockenheim, West Germany, at the age of 32. . . . In his 12 racing seasons Clark won more Grand Prix races (42) than any driver in history. . . . He won the Indianapolis 500 in 1965, becoming the first foreigner to win the event since 1916. . . . He won the World Championship in 1963 and 1965, and he narrowly missed in 1962-64-67.





## The search for the perfect car.

Loren Crites graduated from the University of St. Louis, with a degree in aircraft mechanics, 4 years ago.

In his not-so-spare time, he collects cars, one at a time. Now 25, he has owned nearly 25 automobiles.

"I had a Ford Mach 1 and I modified the heads a little and changed it over to Champions. It ran real good at the drags.

"When I got the 'Vette, I changed it to Champions, too. It's running real nice now. Trouble is, I drove one of those

little English Lotuses the other day. I sure would like to get my hands on one of them."

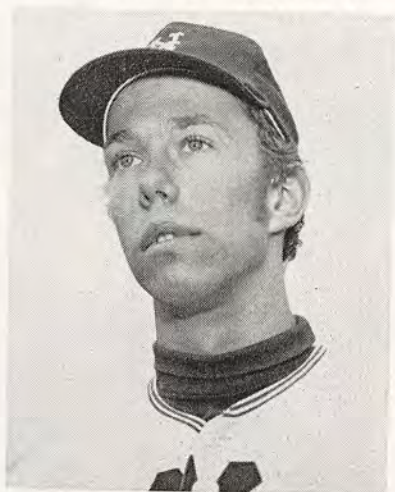


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# COLLEGE ATHLETE OF THE MONTH



**KEVIN McNICHOL, NYU**

As a 6-4, 175-pound senior at James Monroe High School, Bronx, New York, second baseman Kevin McNichol hit for a .400 average. So a scout from the Chicago Cubs lent him a pen and asked him to sign right below the dollar sign. Maybe later, Kevin replied. Instead he accepted a four-year athletic scholarship at New York University.

Not that the money wasn't enticing. The youngest of five children, his father had died when Kevin was still a child. Eleanor McNichol had struggled to feed, clothe and educate her children. Why did Kevin choose books over baseball?

"I decided it was more important for me to get my college education," he says. "I decided that a baseball career could wait. If I'm good enough, and I want to play pro ball, the money will still be there after I graduate. And meanwhile I've found there are some things in life you can't buy for money."

"Contact," for one—a word borrowed from an electrician's vocabulary to describe a mental encounter, a moment of psychological penetration. Kevin exchanged immediate financial reward for the emotional compensation derived from working with underprivileged kids.

Of course, his interest in working with kids antedated his enrollment at New York University. While attending high school he had spent summers as a playground counselor,

coaching teenagers in softball and baseball, teaching them that arms and legs had a better use than as pincushions for hypodermics. It was that kind of neighborhood.

After his first year at NYU he was again offered the opportunity to counsel ghetto kids, this time in a program sponsored by the National Collegiate Athletic Association, at NYU's University Heights campus in the Bronx, only a stone's throw from the steamy avenues he'd played stickball on, the tarred playgrounds, the claustrophobic alleyways. At NYU last summer the program ran for eight hours a day (including 45 minutes to eat a free hot lunch), five days a week, six weeks in total. Children ten to 18 years old were instructed in the techniques of badminton, baseball, basketball, tennis, track and field, swimming, soccer, softball and volleyball. And hope.

"I could have had a number of other more lucrative jobs this past summer," Kevin says, "but I wanted to spend my time with these kids. You see," he adds, "when I was their age, living in roughly the same neighborhood, I never had the chance to do any of those things. I used to roam the streets. The only swimming I did was when they turned on the fire hydrants."

He says that there were kids he grew up with who had talent. Yet most of them were swallowed up by the ghetto, their talent curdling to despair, their ambition to succeed deflected toward revenge. Programs like the NCAA's might have made a difference, he says.

In fact, Kevin's own development was strongly influenced by the example of his older brother Bart, crippled in a childhood accident. "Bart made the U.S. Wheel Chair Olympic Team a couple of times," he says. "He played basketball and competed in special track events. After his accident he didn't give up. He started off totally helpless, but he's built himself back into a productive human being. Bart taught me the meaning of courage, of will power."

What his brother did for him, Kevin attempted to do for the kids placed under his care. To set an example. He taught them softball—as a way of teaching them that they, like he, could use sports as a getaway vehicle from the ghetto. He countered their arrogance with his compassion—showing them that he, a product of the same economic environment, no longer inhabited a world irreparably hostile. "By the end," he recalls, "a few of them even started asking about the University, what it takes to get there, if I thought they could ever make it. Some of the kids who asked had probably never before even thought of going to college as a possible alternative."

"Kevin was a pleasure to work with," says NYU trainer Edwin Farrell. "Not only did he do his regular job, but he stayed after the program had ended most every day, hitting groundballs and meanwhile giving advice to any kid who asked for it."

A mathematics major specializing in computers, Kevin still would like a tryout in organized baseball after he graduates. Last season he hit .369 for the NYU varsity. Now a shortstop, oldtimers say he's an on-field look-alike for the Cards' lanky great, Marty Marion. But comparisons are never fair. He's Kevin McNichol, a ballplayer who can hit, who can field—and feel.

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# VIEWPOINT SOUTHWEST



BY MICKEY HERSKOWITZ

The year was 1957, and Arkansas was at home to Texas Tech in what would be one of Jack Mitchell's last games as the coach of the Razorbacks. As his team waited to take the field, Mitchell tried to think of a good reason why they should be mad at Tech. Then Black Beauty, the Tech mascot, flashed past the dressing room windows and Mitchell's eyes widened with inspiration. "Looka that!" he exploded. "Just looka that! That Texas Tech horse just messed up YOUR field. . . YOUR field!"

Arkansas won, 47-26.

In a way that isn't meant to be explained, this tells you about the difference between commercial football and the amateur game. Each year at this time the argument rages, resulting in many spirited barroom discussions and an occasional knifing.

Without putting down the pros, it should be pointed out that the colleges possess at least one feature unique to the amateur game—a campus. And a campus usually means coeds, fraternities, homecoming floats—and some kind of mascot for everyone to call his very own.

Modestly, we confess that the great Southwest ranks among the national leaders in mascots. They are as much a part of the football scene as the autumn leaves and the locomotive yells and your wife leaving the tickets at home. It isn't

just that the schools have them. For all we know, Cleveland has a Brown and Green Bay owns a pet Packer. No, in the Southwest the mascots are actually involved.

From time to time, commandos representing one school or another slip through the barricades and kidnap Bevo, the famous Texas cow. Once, Southern Methodist University accused an opposing student body of drugging its pony, Peruna, and clipping his or her tail. He or she lay on the sidelines at the Cotton Bowl all of one afternoon and dozed. Perhaps it was drugged; or maybe the game was terribly dull.

Baylor has a bear and Arkansas can call the pigs from miles around and Rice has a real live Owl whoooo attends all the home games. Texas Christian University has somebody dressed up like a Frog because a frog is not a very large mascot for the public to see. The University of Houston's mascot, Shasta, has appeared in television commercials for a car known as the Cougar. Not many mascots have an act that can make it *that* big in show biz.

One of the most famous of all college pets, ranking not far behind the Navy goat and the Army mule, is Reveille, the Texas Aggie dog. A few years ago a TCU assistant coach was walking across A&M's Kyle Field, lost in his own thoughts. Reveille hauled off and bit him. A terrific competitor, as anyone can see, Reveille isn't exactly what you would call field-broken. In fact, it is customary for members of the A&M Cadet Corps to place bets on which yard-line Reveille will prove that it isn't field-broken.

Occasionally mascots will figure prominently in a school's recruiting destinies. Baylor once invited a sought-after high school senior to attend one of its home football games. The boy sat at about the 15-yard line with his legs dangling over the front rail, when suddenly he noticed that his right leg had quit dangling. The bear that roams the Baylor sideline had it in his mouth.

The prospect went elsewhere.

# LETTERS TO SPORT

## A NOTEWORTHY ISSUE

I have always been a sports fan and thoroughly enjoyed reminiscing over the past 25 years by the editors of SPORT in your September issue.

**John L. McClellan**  
U.S. Senator

I especially enjoyed the series of articles about the best athletes of the quarter century (Top Performers of the 25 Years, September). My very best wishes to your entire staff for continued success in publishing a very fine magazine.

**Ted Stevens**  
U.S. Senator

Congratulations on the 25th Anniversary of SPORT Magazine. The past 25 years have been interesting and change-filled ones, both inside and outside athletics. In stressing the human interest side of sports, you have been able to keep in touch with athletes and the world in general.

**Romano L. Mazzoli**  
Member of U.S. Congress

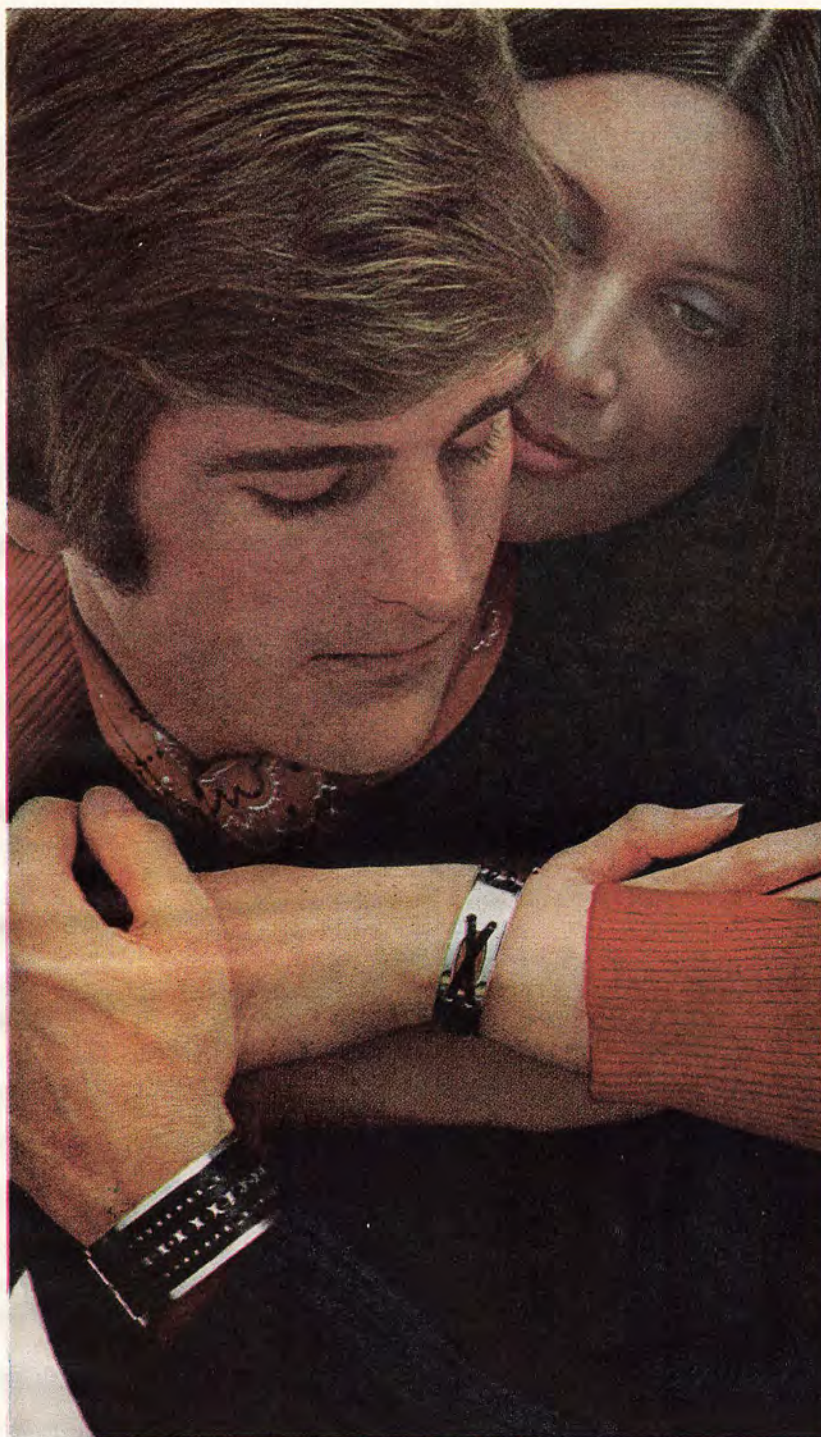
You certainly must be very proud of a magazine that is now a quarter of a century old, and you have every right to be. It is quite an achievement to run a periodical for such a long time while still maintaining a freshness and a standard of excellence.

**Seymour Halpern**  
Member of U.S. Congress

On my recent road trip, I picked up your 25th Anniversary issue of SPORT and wanted to offer my congratulations. It's an outstanding issue. . . . The new format certainly has a "today" look about it. I am very happy to see that you are carrying part of Roger Kahn's *The Boys of Summer*.

**Robert O. Fishel**  
Vice President  
New York Yankees, Inc.  
(Continued on page 32)





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# VIEW- POINT EAST



BY VIC ZIEGEL

The seven professional football teams with eastern addresses won 32 games last year, lost twice as many and managed two draws. That's a percentage, not counting ties, of .333. The arithmetic is good, the football pretty awful. (Those unmagnificent seven, beginning at the bottom and ending with the only team that busted .500, are the Patriots, Bills, Eagles, Jets, Steelers, Redskins and Giants. I'm taking Washington; Paul Hemphill can have Baltimore's Colts, Orioles and Bullets. All I want are the crabcakes.)

This season the eastern teams might have finished one-two-three (and four-five-six and seven) in the comeback of the year voting. Now we know they probably won't come close. The comeback miracle will be if they are able to play football at all.

It all started one of those clear New York nights—there are two every year—when the transistor radio was picking up the gossip of ship captains, West Virginia pitchmen selling bibles with HIS words in gold and, very softly, very urgently, the exhibition game between the Jets and Lions on a Detroit station.

The announcer said something about Joe Namath leaving the game after a Jet fumble. Later, there was the sketchy report that Namath was injured and

might need an operation. Someone finally remembered that the Jets' New York station might have more details. They did. All bad.

Namath, we learned, would be back by the middle of November. Very soon after, and all in preseason games that wouldn't be remembered except for their contributions to the casualty list, Ron Johnson hurt himself too badly to begin the season with the other Giants; Washington quarterback Sonny Jurgensen would miss about six weeks of the real season; Buffalo's prize rookie flanker J.D. Hill was another who would sit out several weeks. Was there a conspiracy against the eastern teams? Don't say no. Not until you hear from Upton Bell, general manager of the new New England Patriots. Item: The Patriots are paying three different head coaches.

Item: Their No. 1 draft choice, brilliant quarterback Jim Plunkett, was making noises like a man who wouldn't sign for less than most of Bunker Hill.

Item: The No. 1 quarterback, Joe Kapp, walked out of camp, and found a lawyer who thought the quarterback was worth every cent he wasn't playing for.

Item: Lineman Phil Olsen, the previous year's No. 1 draft, played out his option and went to the Rams. Almost for free, until the general manager hollered and Commissioner Rozelle said the Patriots would get LA's No. 1 next year.

Item: The Schaefer stadium in Foxboro (put up 20 percent of a new stadium's cost, manufacture a beer and you can have a ballpark named for you, too) had a monumental traffic jam for the first exhibition game, and a bad case of low water pressure.

Item: Duane Thomas, acquired in a trade with the Cowboys, failed to a) pass the Patriot physical, b) get along with coach John Mazur, and was returned to Big D.

"With all that happened to us," Upton Bell says, "I think the traffic jam was what got to me most of all. I remember standing on the roof of the pressbox and watching all the traffic backed up on the highway. All I could think of was Nero watching Rome burn."

Upton Bell, an energetic 33, was director of player personnel for the Super Bowl champions, Hemphill's Colts, until he went with the Patriots. Welcome to eastern football, Upton.

## LETTERS TO SPORT

CONTINUED

I've been an avid reader of SPORT for the past 25 years and I can proudly admit that I can remember the first issue.

Reading through your September, 1971 issue brought back all those cherished moments from the past. All I can say, and I know I speak for everyone, is thanks for everything.

**Robert Herman**  
Long Island City, N.Y.

### THE MEDIUM IS THE MESSAGE

I enjoyed SPORT's recent 25th Anniversary issue, particularly the excellent articles by Tom Dowling ("Ralph Simpson: The Hardships of the Underaged Millionaire," September) and Phil Musick ("If It Wasn't for Baseball I'd Probably Be In Prison"). Roger Kahn's remembrance of the Dodgers' past was quite entertaining even though I remember little of the old Brooklyn Dodgers, having been born in 1947.

However, I noted that when SPORT's College Athletes of the Month were honored at a luncheon ("Our College Athletes in Washington"), they listened to Jack Kemp, formerly a mediocre pro quarterback and today a reactionary Congressman. Kemp, who accepts the Gospel according to Ronald Reagan, is hardly the best choice to address activist athletes who have been selected by SPORT, a magazine that has become increasingly concerned with social issues and journalistic modernity. Jack Scott or Leonard Shecter would have been more logical choices.

**David Miller**  
Gainesville, Fla.

### A LITTLE FORESIGHT . . .

Gale Sayers is right ("I Say Artificial Turf Is Hurting Football," September). The artificial turf is hurting the game of football. It's ironic, too, because pro football's hierarchy claims it's trying to save itself some money. In the long run, they, along with the fans and the players, will be the losers.

**Mark Johnson**  
Rhinebeck, N.Y.

(Continued on page 34)





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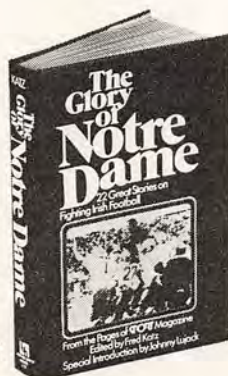
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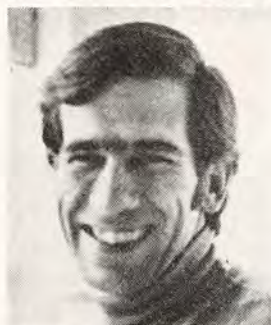
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# VIEW- POINT SOUTH



BY PAUL HEMPHILL

The sports that have always gone over best in the South—and in other areas, for that matter—are those that were, in one way or another, indigenous to the region. Stock car racing evolved naturally enough out of the preponderance of daring young men who gunned hot cars full of bootleg whisky out of the hills and found themselves with plenty of time and machinery on their hands. Basketball was always strong in the rugged back-country of Appalachia because it was a game a handful of isolated mountain boys could play with a minimum investment in equipment and flat land. The South became the heartland of minor-league baseball because of its early spring and long summers. Both the weather and the South's fascination with violence made football perhaps the most popular sport of all.

Little wonder, then, that it took an act of God to get an alien sport like ice hockey down into the heart of Dixie. That happened in 1957 when the auditorium used by the Baltimore Clippers of the professional Eastern Hockey League burned to the ground during the season. Management desperately looked around for a place to play the remaining home games. They got word that the new basketball palace in Charlotte, North

Carolina, was available and could take a layer of ice.

What happened next marked the beginning of what could be the emergence of ice hockey as a truly national spectator sport in the United States. From the first game, curious Charlotte fans clamored to see this "new" sport. "It was a good team, and they drew fantastic crowds," says Bob Kent, then in charge of the new coliseum in neighboring Greensboro. In fact, attendance was so good the Clippers never made it back to Baltimore. The name of the team was changed to the Charlotte Checkers, and two years later they were joined in the minor-league EHL by the Greensboro Generals. Those two are averaging some 4000 fans per home game despite competition from professional basketball and big-time college sports. Other Southern towns in the league this year will be Jacksonville, St. Petersburg and Salem-Roanoke.

Now Bob Kent is manager of the \$17 million coliseum going up over the railroad tracks in the guts of Atlanta. It is due for completion just in time for the NBA Atlanta Hawks to open the 1972 season, and Kent thinks the chances are reasonably good that an Atlanta National Hockey League team will be hitting the ice about the same time. "It all depends on when the NHL expands," he says. "We've been working on this thing for a year. The whole design of the coliseum is centered on hockey. It'll only take a good crew two-and-a-half hours to convert the floor for hockey." Kent guesses that an expansion franchise in the NHL would cost \$7 million next year, but it seems Atlanta interests will pay.

Will big-league ice hockey go in the Deep South? "The NHL will make 'em go absolutely ape in Atlanta," says Kent, who expects an average attendance of 8000 the first year and complete sellouts later. "The power play is like the fast break in basketball. It has the roughness of football. They even get in a little boxing and wrestling. In a metro area like this you've also got a lot of people from hockey areas. Anyway, I really don't think it's important that ice hockey isn't a grassroots sport in the South."

Kent could be right. One of the bright new stars of Southern sport is stock car driver Pete Hamilton, born and raised in New England.

## LETTERS TO SPORT

CONTINUED

### TO EACH HIS OWN

In your September issue, you mentioned that you expect some of your choices for the Top Performers of the 25 Years to evoke a growl or two. You could not have been more correct.

No one is perfect, and your choice for the Top Performer in pro football was a blunder. Jim Brown should have won easily over John Unitas.

In nine years as the fullback for the Cleveland Browns, Jim Brown set 14 pro football records. Few if any athletes have come close to matching that total. However, since Brown and Unitas played different positions it would be unfair to quote Brown's records. Instead, let's take a look at several other facets of this great performer's career.

1. Brown was a superbly conditioned athlete. Except for a sprained wrist in '62 he never suffered a major injury throughout his pro career. In fact, he played in every game scheduled during his career.

2. In your article you mentioned that Unitas was slowing down. Even though Brown played fewer years than Unitas, he was in a more demanding and hazardous position. Still, he never slowed down. Brown ran with as much fierceness in his last year as he did when a rookie.

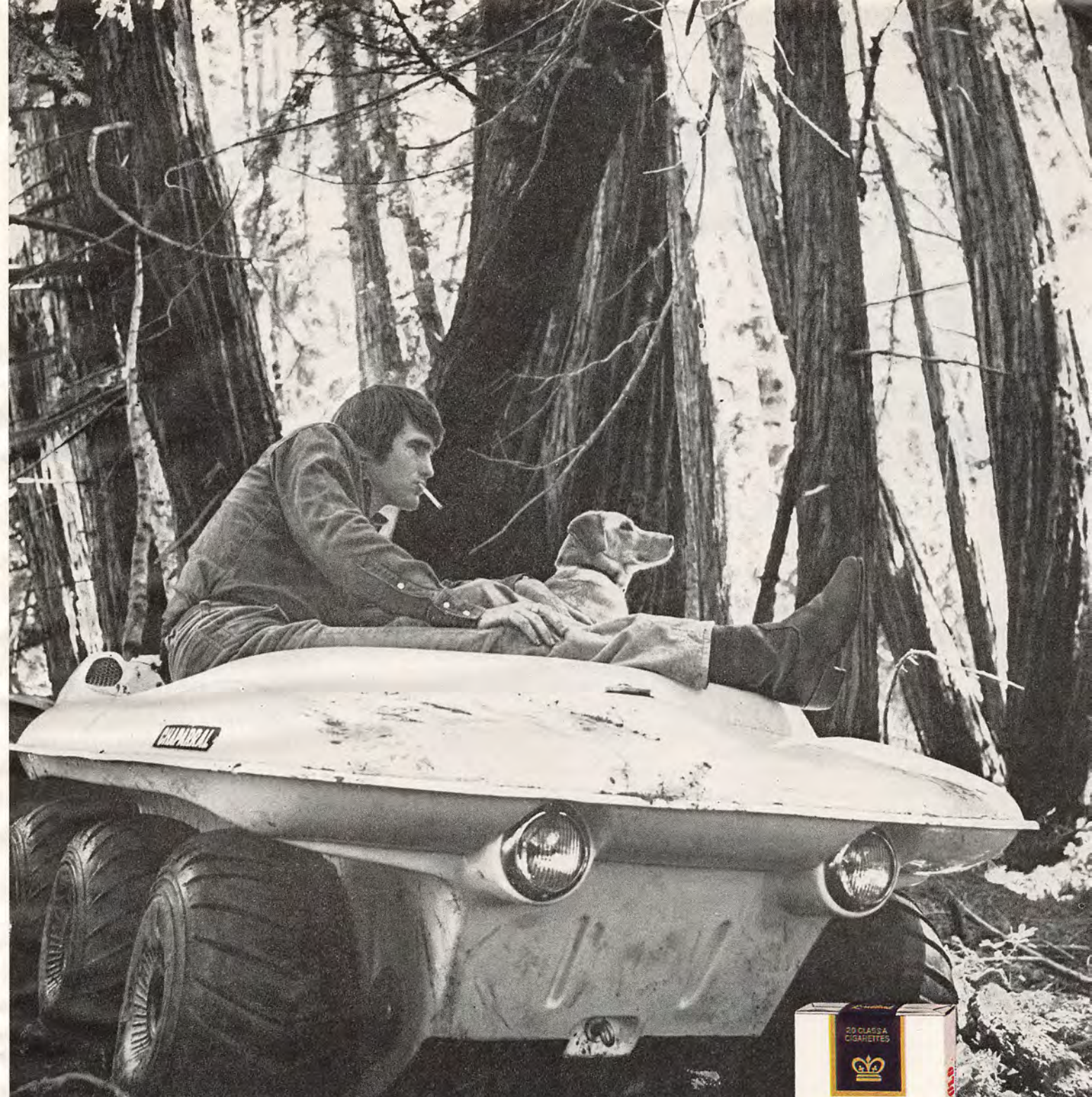
3. It's true that Brown never played in a Super Bowl. But on December 27, 1964, in the one championship game where Brown and Unitas met, he gained 114 yards on 27 carries as the Browns won 27-0.

4. Brown was selected the Most Valuable Player in the NFL three times (1958, '63, '65). Unitas has won this award only once (1967).

I am still at a loss as to why Unitas was chosen over Brown, but I have an idea what may have influenced the final decision. As far as some people are concerned, Brown's personal life may leave something to be desired. If so, this is unfair because he did his job better and with more consistency than any other

(Continued on page 36)





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# VIEWPOINT MIDWEST ←



BY BRENT MUSBURGER

Women and sports franchises have quite a bit in common. Some are more interesting to look at and talk about. And if that stamps me as a male chauvinist, so be it.

Take Gloria Steinem. A delicious eye-ful, regardless of what anyone thinks about her politics. When she appears on those blabbermouth TV talk-shows, I usually turn the volume down and stare for a few minutes.

In sports, take the Kansas City Chiefs. I like to watch the Chiefs because they never do anything the same way twice.

Hank Stram, the coach who proved conclusively that you can grow up in Gary, Indiana, and not have your mind ruined by pollution, must stay awake nights, devising ways to confuse those all-knowing, never-to-be-stymied "color" men on the TV football broadcasts.

I fully expect Stram to flank the center and let the fullback snap the ball to a single wing quarterback just so his barber can tell him what Kyle Rote said by way of an explanation.

Stram strikes me as one of the few remaining football minds that believes it's still a game and not a religion.

It's fun to watch the Chiefs play professional football and why else should anyone pay \$7 to sit on a hard seat, eat stale hot dogs and drink over-priced beer? Name another coach who would permit a film company to wire him for sound during a Super Bowl game. Stram

did and his reactions were marvelous—spontaneous and honest.

Stram's biggest critics are gamblers, and that's another plus. I enjoy a small wager on a football game myself, but some of those creeps who bet big often yell fix everytime they drop a fiver. Stram is their enemy. He showers the odds-makers with imponderables.

The reason why the Chiefs are impossible to handicap is because Stram is unpredictable. Remember that game against Oakland two years ago when he used the Woody Hayes attack? Otis Taylor was the game's highest paid decoy that afternoon. You never know what Stram's scheming next, and that makes big-money gamblers nervous.

Stram's boss is Lamar Hunt. Lamar had something the Chiefs needed badly in their infancy. Money and lots of it. The competition between the two leagues gave him good reason to spend it.

Before the Hunts and Halases figured out that one football league is cheaper than two, there was more intrigue in professional football than on the Saigon waterfront. Defensive tackles were spirited away in the middle of the night. Quarterbacks were wine and dined and treated to blondes from Las Vegas to Miami.

"How would you like to wake up and find out you were going to Honolulu?" laughs Harry Schuh, a mammoth offensive tackle, who went from Memphis to Honolulu and finally ended up with Al Davis and the Oakland Raiders.

During the war between bankers (you don't really believe football men were spending that kind of money, do you?) billionaire H.L. Hunt, father of Lamar, walked into the office of Roger Valdiserri, current SID at Notre Dame, but then publicity boss for the Kansas City Chiefs. Looking at the several extension buttons on Roger's telephone, H.L. said, "Mr. Valdiserri, couldn't we get by with just one phone line?"

For one year, we should put H.L. Hunt in charge of government spending. And Hank Stram in charge of entertainment.

## LETTERS TO SPORT

CONTINUED

man in his sport, not only during the 1946-'71 period, but for all time.

**Nelson Nemecek**  
El Monte, Calif.

I have just finished reading the 25th anniversary issue of SPORT and, as usual, it is a complete pleasure. However, I am not in agreement with your selection of Willie Mays as the top baseball performer over the last 25 years.

Yes, Willie is great, and made greater by the press—your magazine included. But how about one Henry Aaron? Very little press until the last couple of years, mainly because he never played in any of the large metro areas. Yet, look at the records year in and year out and I'm sure you'll agree that Mr. Aaron is every bit the ballplayer as "Say Hey." As spectacular and flamboyant?—no. As good?—INDEED! As a New Englander I should vote for Ted Williams, but as a fan one must acknowledge the best.

This is not a question of Willie's greatness, which is undeniable, but just a matter of fact—had Aaron gotten the publicity and been as flamboyant as Mays I'm sure he would have been on your cover instead.

**John Gorman**  
Cranston, R.I.

I would like to commend you on the September issue of SPORT. It is just one of the greatest ever. I think your choices of the Top Performers in their fields the last 25 years were the best picks ever. I have to add of course, that Rod Laver as tennis choice was excellent. . . . You make your issues so interesting that even women can enjoy reading them. Keep up the good work.

**Barbara Booten**  
Phoenix, Arizona

### WHERE CREDIT'S DUE

I can't say how much I enjoyed Ed Linn's "Warm Breezes From The Past" in September. Please tell him that at least one reader truly appreciated a great story.

**Steve Hannahs**  
Alameda, Calif.



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## VIEW-POINT WEST



BY CHARLES EINSTEIN

This may come as a revelation not quite rivaling the Pentagon Papers, but it is true nonetheless that nearly 20 years ago, at the height of the basketball "fix" scandals of that era, officials of the National Collegiate Athletic Association met in an extraordinary secret session and voted to ban all bowl games and other post-season competitions.

You never heard that? The reason you never heard it was that cooler heads prevailed. The embarrassment of risking a fixed bowl game, they reasoned, was nothing compared to conceding in advance that such games *might* be fixed. So another vote was taken, and the panic ban was lifted just as swiftly and privately as it had been imposed.

Such cloak-and-dagger goings-on bring to mind Warren Brown's famous old-time description of the NCAA. The initials, he said, stood for Not Consistent About Anything. His definition is in full view today in the case of two football players who may be the best running backs on the Pacific Coast: James McAlister of UCLA and Isaac Curtis of the University of California at Berkeley.

What is in question here is the NCAA rule that to be eligible for college competition, an athlete must maintain something around a C average in his studies—1.6 on the Richter scale of course-grading. Come in with an average bet-

ter than 1.6 and you're home free.

Trouble is, under the NCAA formula you're supposed to take a test in advance. McAlister at UCLA did this, but did it on the wrong day. Curtis at Cal didn't do it at all.

Because of the boo-boo, UCLA chose to bench McAlister for a year rather than court NCAA sanctions. Not so, however, Cal at Berkeley. Maybe Curtis didn't take the 1.6 test, but since then he had achieved a 2.5 grade in his college courses, and one might suppose that this actual achievement, exhibiting proof rather than mere prediction of scholastic ability, would satisfy anybody.

Not the NCAA. If he didn't take the 1.6 test, he didn't take the 1.6 test, and to them that made him ineligible.

To the officials at Cal it made him no such thing. They decided to let him play anyway. Curtis' failure to take the 1.6 test was their fault not his—through some clerical snafu.

"Let them punish us, not him," said the Cal people, so the NCAA obliged, ruling that if Cal wouldn't make Curtis ineligible, then Cal itself would be ineligible. And so the Golden Bears are not entitled this year to a conference title or a Rose Bowl invitation.

But they are still playing football every Saturday, and one wonders idly whether enemy coaches might not invoke a "protest" maneuver as in baseball: Play the game under protest—if you win, forget it; if you lose, demand a forfeit because you were beaten by a team ineligible to play in the first place.

In fact, the NCAA is a problem because it is composed of what it is supposed to police. "We're going to go after these colleges," said one college president, who also headed the NCAA that year. This was by way of saying he was going to go after himself.

If UCLA with McAlister and Cal with Curtis had reacted the same way, there would have been at least an element of consistency, whether in obedience or rebellion, but for two colleges in the same Conference to react in opposite ways actually does more damage than if both had rebelled.

For it places in focus the proposition that the NCAA may in fact serve the Supreme Court's definition of a dirty book—utterly without any redeeming social importance.



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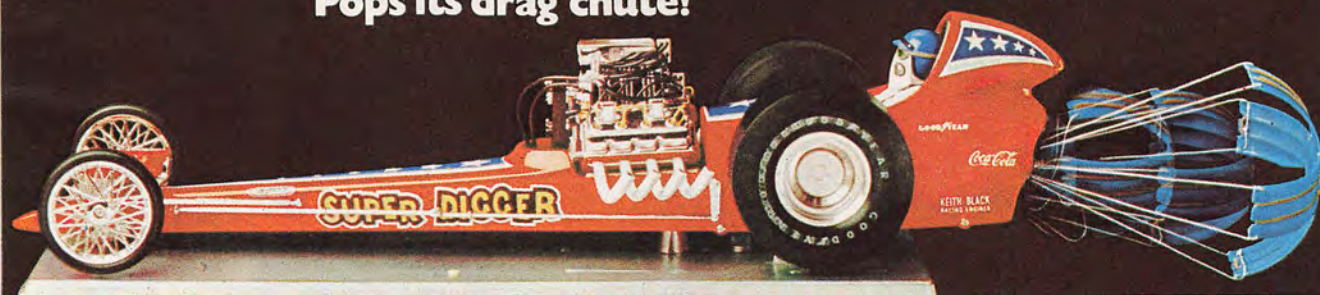
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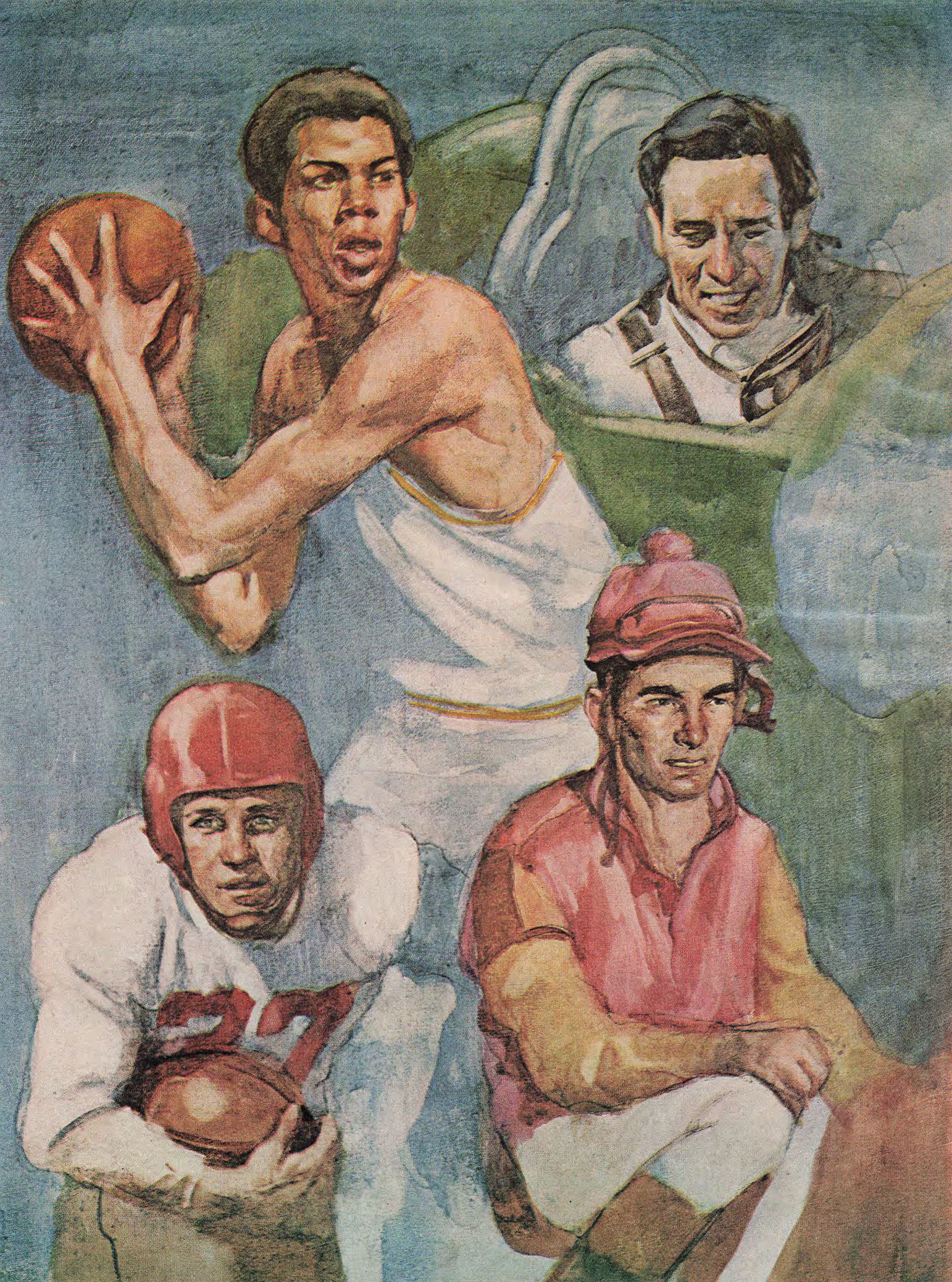
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**SPECIAL 25TH ANNIVERSARY SECTION**

# **THE TOP PERFORMERS OF THE**

# **25 YEARS**

## **BY THE EDITORS OF SPORT**

**COLLEGE  
FOOTBALL**

**COLLEGE  
BASKETBALL**

**AUTO  
RACING**

**HORSE  
RACING**

This month's array of 25-year Top Performers includes two from the college ranks—Lew Alcindor for college basketball and Doak Walker for college football—and two from racing—Jim Clark for auto racing and Willie Shoemaker for horse racing. We suspect the choice of Alcindor will pretty much go uncontested. Doak Walker is another story, since his deeds with Southern Methodist came early in the quarter century and fresher names perhaps come to mind. But read what Walker accom-

plished as a collegian. Jim Clark won narrowly over A. J. Foyt, and for reasons that are well explained by Fred Katz. As for Willie Shoemaker, he is simply the greatest jockey of our time, and the winningest jockey of all time. Next month we conclude our anniversary hoopla with the Top Performer of the 25 Years in track and field, the professional-team rookie of the 25 Years, the coach-manager of the 25 Years—and our Man of the 25 Years.

Illustrated For SPORT By BURT SILVERMAN



# College Football DOAK WALKER

**D**oak Walker's picture came out at you from the magazines in the late 1940s and you didn't have to know a thing about him to tell that he was something special. His name was one thing: *Doak Walker*. It conjured up images of the western cowboy, of a Gary Cooper type riding tall in the saddle. And his face supported the name—his white sapphire teeth, his crinkled nose, his sandy hair that was parted just off center, his pointed and determined chin. Who else could he be but Doak Walker, All-America?

Walker was perhaps the last incarnation of the All-American boy. He was boyishly handsome, he was appealingly modest and his deeds matched his appearance. And he came to flower when the country was still full of idealism. We had just won a great war, we still respected the old-fashioned virtues and we danced to the lyrics of "Isn't It Romantic?" and believed that life *was* romantic. College football fed our romantic notions in those days. College football had a vitality. The joy was in the stadium and we could all smell the chrysanthemums. Doak Walker was the right man in the right place at the right time. He was the ultimate All-America.

In his college days at Southern Methodist University, Walker neither smoked, nor drank, nor uttered anything stronger than an occasional gosh darn. He would go to the schools in his old Dallas neighborhood and tell the kids that they should eat green vegetables, drink milk and get at least eight hours of sleep a night if they wanted to grow up to be athletes. The thing is, Doak Walker believed what he was selling. The former managing editor of this magazine, a sophisticated chap named Jack Newcombe, went to visit Doak early in Walker's marvelous pro career with the Detroit Lions. And Newcombe came back a convert to the old verities. "Doak," Newcombe wrote, "emerges as one of those rare persons who stand up in every way as a gentleman

and a celebrity. Sportswriters spend their time creating heroes for their readers; rarely, if ever, do they completely believe in them. But Doak Walker has made a believer of many. I'm one of them." And Bill Rives, a former Dallas sportswriter, laid it on even thicker. "The nation fell in love with this boy," Rives wrote, "as it learned bit by bit of his strong character, his good sportsmanship, his wholesome life."

Well, for three years—1947, 1948, 1949—the nation (most of it, anyway) did fall in love with Doak Walker. But it wasn't completely because of wholesome character. The simple truth—and the reason we honor him as our college football Top Performer of the 25 Years (though we defer to no man in our respect for wholesome character)—is that he was a tremendous football player, perhaps the greatest all-around football player ever.

He did everything. He ran (three years he led the Southwest Conference in scoring), he passed (as a junior he hit on 32 out of 56 passes for 383 yards), he caught passes, he blocked, he kicked field goals and extra points, he punted. He also played defense. Throughout most of his career, in the era of one-platoon football, he was a 60-minute man. He was a safety and he made tackles all over the field and he intercepted passes and he was a one-man demolition derby in the SMU secondary.

He was the last three-time consensus All-America. He might have been a four-time All-America. He enrolled at SMU in 1945, fresh out of the Merchant Marines. Freshmen were allowed to play varsity football in those immediate postwar days and Walker got into the last four games. SMU won three of them, after losing four of their first six games. Walker did well enough to make the all-Southwest Conference team and he was chosen second best back in the conference. Walker was even invited to the East-West game that



year and he threw the touchdown pass that enabled the West to tie the East, 6-6.

The next year he was drafted into the Army. But in 1947 he returned to SMU and started his All-America reign.

As a sophomore he guided the Mustangs to a Southwest Conference championship, then to a 13-13 tie with Penn State in the Cotton Bowl. Walker scored one touchdown on a run, threw a 53-yard pass for the other. He won the Maxwell Trophy that year as college football's greatest player, and was third in the Heisman balloting.

He was even greater as a junior. Again he led the Mustangs to a Southwest Conference title. In the Cotton Bowl game against Oregon, SMU won 21-13 and Walker was the reason. He completed six of ten passes, he quick-kicked 80 yards, he threw a key block that sprang his teammate, Kyle Rote, towards the goal line. Afterwards, the Oregon coach, Jim Aiken, just shook his head and said, "What can you say? He was the works . . . the greatest I've ever seen." That year Walker became the second junior to win the Heisman Trophy.

As a senior there was a bounty on Walker's head and they did get to him, but he still played enough to make All-America honors. In one game, won by Baylor 35-26, Walker scored three touchdowns. He scored one of them by taking a pass while lying flat on his back in the end zone.

He was a remarkable athlete. He stood 5-11 and seldom weighed more than 160 pounds during the heat of the season, but he was built like a rock and he would not be beaten. That was the best of it—his competitiveness, his blazing desire to win. Over and over again, he demonstrated that overwhelming quality.

Probably his best college game ever came in his sophomore year in the last regular-season game, against traditional rival Texas Christian. During the game he had broken loose for runs of 80, 61 and 56 yards. He had completed ten of 14 passes for 136 yards. He had returned three kickoffs for 163 yards, and three punts for 53. He had scored two touchdowns and kicked one extra point. All in all that day he gained 471 yards. The Mustangs led 13-12 with 90 seconds to go, but TCU went 80 yards on three plays to take what looked like an insurmountable lead.

Following the touchdown a

TCU lineman taunted Walker, "Well, Doak, what are you going to do now?"

The Doaker said, "We're going to score again."

The kickoff came to him on the three-yard line. He started toward the right sidelines, faked a reverse, kept the ball and accelerated. He was stopped, finally, on the TCU 35-yard line. Two plays later the SMU passer, Gil Johnson, lofted a pass to Walker, and Doak made an impossible catch on the TCU ten-yard line. On the next play, with time running out, three defenders surrounded Walker and Johnson found another receiver all alone on the goal line. So SMU pulled out a tie. "Walker seemed always to be capable of the impossible," Bill Rives wrote. "No Hollywood scenario writer could have dreamed up more fantastic feats than Walker pulled in the heat of battle. In a crisis, he was always ready."

His sense of timing in a crisis, his Frank Merriwell achievements and the force of his reticent but down home personality inspired the kind of adulation in the Southwest—and other parts of the country—that were usually reserved for the likes of Davy Crockett and Sam Houston. Because of his drawing power, the Cotton Bowl was able to add an upper tier. He sold out banquets, too, whenever he attended, and when he wasn't able to attend, his spirit hung in the air. At one banquet that Doak was unable to make, the toastmaster said:

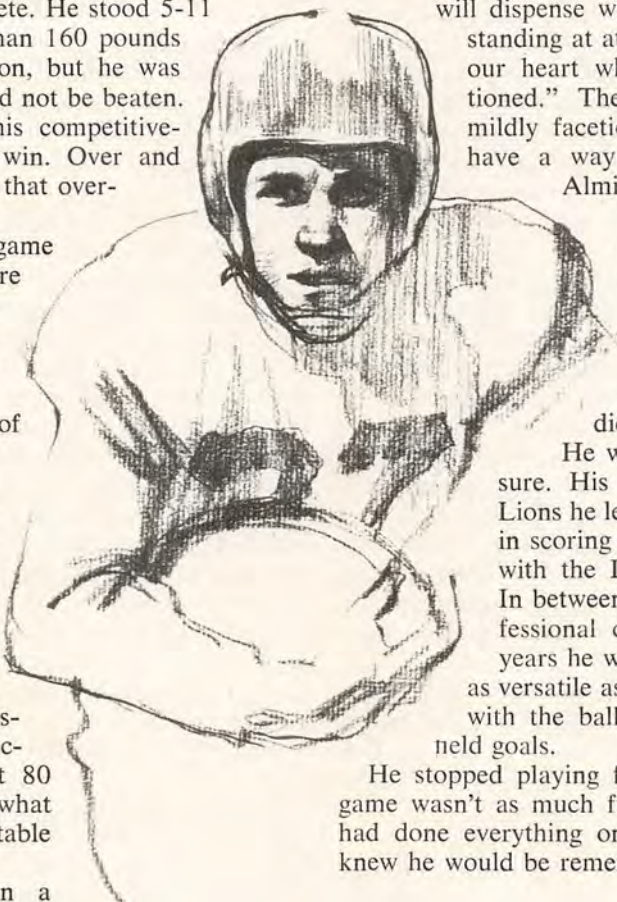
"Because we have so many visitors present we will dispense with the usual Dallas custom of standing at attention and holding hands over our heart whenever Doak's name is mentioned." The toastmaster was only being mildly facetious because Doak Walker did have a way of reminding people of the Almighty.

When his college career was over, he had to prove himself all over again in professional football. Many people felt he was not suited for pro ball. He was small, he was not exceptionally fast, he didn't have one outstanding skill.

He was all wrong for the pros. Oh, sure. His rookie year with the Detroit Lions he led the National Football League in scoring with 128 points. His final year with the Lions he again led the league. In between, he carved out a brilliant professional career. In four of his six pro years he was All Pro. And he was almost as versatile as he had been in college. He ran with the ball, he caught passes, he kicked field goals.

He stopped playing football at age 28 because the game wasn't as much fun for him anymore. Also, he had done everything one could do in this game. He knew he would be remembered. He will be.

—Al Silverman





# College Basketball

## LEW ALCINDOR

**O**n December 3, 1966, Lew Alcindor made his college varsity basketball debut for UCLA and did what every rival coach had feared he would do: With poker-faced dispassion and with ridiculous ease, he blitzed a worthy but helpless opponent. He made 23 of 32 field goal attempts, mostly on turnaround jump shots. He proved that a man over seven-feet tall could shoot free throws—he made ten of 14. Finally, he took down 21 rebounds, committed only one personal foul and prevented countless Southern Cal baskets through intimidation and actual blocking. Final score: UCLA 105, Southern Cal 90. Afterwards, UCLA coach John Wooden, normally ultra-conservative with his words, described Alcindor as “awesome” and added, “At times he frightens me.”

Of Alcindor's 23 baskets, one in particular was awesome. It would also have long-range significance. It came on the end of a fast break, with a teammate looping a long pass to Alcindor. Lew soared up to meet the ball, caught it with his right hand, and as he came down he slammed the ball right through the basket. The capacity crowd of 12,800 in UCLA's Pauley Pavilion gasped, then roared its approval. It was a spectacular unstoppable move and seemed to sum up the futility that other college teams would have in trying to halt Alcindor for the next three years. “He can hold you off with one hand and stuff the ball in the basket with the other,” cried Washington State coach Marv Harshman. “How are you going to stop him?”

But say this for the coaches who sat on the college rules committee at the end of Alcindor's sophomore year: They weren't about to stand idly by and see this great American game turned into a travesty. No, sir! So they passed a new rule effective December, 1967: No dunking.

It was, of course, the ultimate compliment, and one that the rules makers reserve only for very special

people: If a player is too big for the game, whittle him down to size. When Bill Russell and Wilt Chamberlain came along, the goal tending rule came into effect and the foul lanes were widened. The difference was that both those changes made some sense, while the no-dunk rule was laughable. Alcindor himself thought the rule might have wider implications. I sat in on an interview conducted by Phil Pepe for this magazine in which Alcindor said publicly, for the first time, that: “It smacks a little of discrimination. When you look at it all the way down to the high school level, most of the people who dunk are black athletes.” Lew's theory was interesting, and not surprising in light of his deep racial concern. But he may also have been a trifle modest. The “Alcindor rule” was probably that, and nothing more—a reaction by the rules makers against a 19-year-old boy who in one year had already given evidence that he was likely to be the most dominant force in college basketball history.

The true battle against Alcindor, of course, had to be fought on the basketball court, not in legislative committee. And there the coaches were about as desperate as the rules makers. Marv Harshman had his Washington State reserves wave upraised tennis rackets to simulate Alcindor's long arms. It may have helped the Cougars on offense, but it didn't do much for poor Jim McKean, who had to guard Alcindor. Lew got 61 points against him, the most he was to score in college. Said Harshman: “McKean told me after the game, ‘Coach, I may go into the record books as the guy who let Alcindor get 61, but you'll be known as the coach who was dumb enough to play him man-to-man.’ And, by George, he was right. You can bet I won't be playing him man-to-man again.”

Everyone, not just Harshman, learned the hard way that no single man could hope to contain Alcindor. Lew not only was too big, he was too agile, too fast, too good a shot. The consensus was that you had to use a



free-floating zone to have any chance at all. And occasionally it was effective, to a degree. In a game at the start of Alcindor's junior year, Purdue stationed a seven-footer in front of Lew and a 6-6½ man behind him. The aim was to keep the ball away from Alcindor. They succeeded, holding Lew to 17 points. But UCLA still won, 73-71. "Purdue almost stopped Alcindor," said Southern Cal coach Bob Boyd, "but that's 'almost.' We're so conditioned to UCLA winning, that when a team comes close it's just like an upset."

Other teams tried more desperate maneuvers. Some tried to force him to foul by driving in on him, but Alcindor was too cool and too well coached to fall for it. In the semi-finals in 1967's NCAA tournament, Houston's 6-9 Elvin Hayes had four shots blocked by Alcindor—in the first half.

By the end of Alcindor's college career, however, there had been discovered two ways to beat him. One way was to get him while he was still recovering from an eye injury. That was Houston's and Elvin Hayes' good fortune in that celebrated game played in the Astrodome in early 1968. Houston won it, 71-69, to end UCLA's two-season winning streak at 47. Alcindor's depth perception was affected, and he was still seeing double out of his left eye, no doubt accounting for his four for 18 shooting from the floor. Typically, Alcindor refused to use the injury as an excuse. Nor did he need to. When the two teams met two months later in another NCAA semifinal, Alcindor and UCLA crushed Hayes and Houston, 101-69.

The other way to beat Alcindor, it turned out, was with a perfectly executed stall. Many teams tried it, but only one with success—USC—at the end of Alcindor's senior year, long after the conference championship had been clinched by UCLA. Southern Cal won, 45-43.

And so after a full varsity career of 90 games, the one thing that had been suspected about Alcindor was absolutely true: Under normal conditions he was unstoppable, and his team was unbeatable. That is criteria enough to name him college basketball's Top Performer of the 25 years.

Like Bill Russell in pro basketball, you must judge Alcindor by his team's performance, rather than his statistics. Not that Alcindor's statistics weren't impressive. His three-year scoring average of 26.4 was outstanding, considering that a.) he unselfishly gave up a lot of shots to other teammates, and b.) he often spent

half of a runaway game on the bench. Alcindor even set an important NCAA record—a career percentage of 62.4 from the floor.

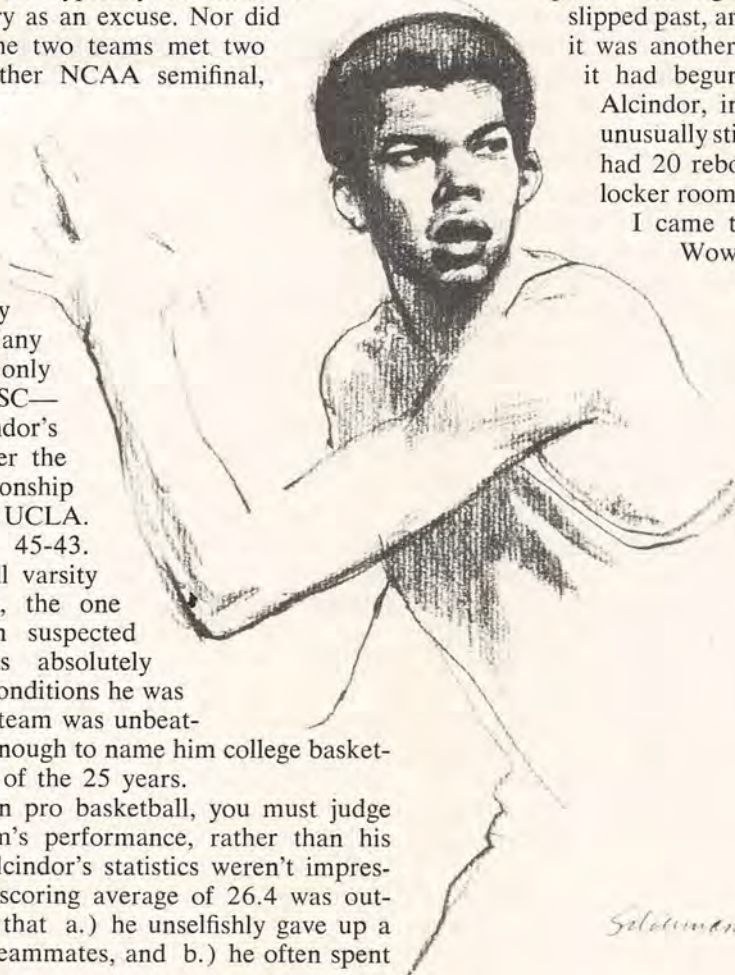
But it was being part of the team—passing off, moving, playing defense—that gave Alcindor his greatest pride and defined his character. After his sophomore year he was asked if he would have trouble "getting up" for the next season. "There's always an incentive to win," he said. "The fact we won one national championship just makes it all the better to win another. And then another."

UCLA won another. And then another. And they did it so easily, so predictably, that Alcindor's and the Bruins' perfection began to make the game a bit boring. Even coach John Wooden seemed to worry about people taking UCLA for granted. "I'll be glad when I can coach to win again," he said, "instead of not to lose."

Seldom in any tournament game did Alcindor and UCLA appear terribly extended. In the finals of the 1967 NAAs, Alcindor scored 20 points, as UCLA beat Dayton, 79-64. The next year against North Carolina was an even bigger romp—34 points for Alcindor in a 78-55 victory. The only real scare came in Alcindor's senior year, when UCLA lost a big lead and permitted huge underdog Drake to come within one point with eight seconds left. But UCLA slipped past, and in the finals against Purdue it was another game that was over before it had begun. UCLA won, 92-72, and Alcindor, in his last college game, was unusually stirred up. He scored 37 points, had 20 rebounds, and afterwards in the locker room he said, "Wow! Today, after I came to the bench, I was yelling. Wow, I was excited!"

Alcindor certainly had plenty to be excited about—past, present and future. He had become the first player to lead a team to three straight NCAA titles, and the first to be named the tournament's Most Valuable Player three straight years. It was an incredible career and ahead still lay what everyone expected to be an incredible professional career. The excitement had just begun.

—FRED KATZ





# Auto Racing JIM CLARK

I must confess: When the Editors of SPORT selected the late Jim Clark as Auto Racing's Top Performer of the 25 years, I was surprised. Before giving the subject much thought, my quick, rather parochial choice had been A. J. Foyt. I had followed Foyt's career much more closely than Clark's, since A.J. was an American who had done most of his racing in the United States, while Clark was a Scot who performed primarily in Europe. I also had been conditioned to believe that the Indianapolis 500 was far and away the most important and demanding race in the world. And if I accepted that premise, then I certainly had to favor Foyt, who had won Indy three times to Clark's once. Finally, there was the undeniable fact that Foyt was alive and Clark wasn't. If this seems cruel and irrelevant reasoning, one also has to remember that in auto racing, the deadliest of all sports, the goal not only is winning, it is surviving.

I confess all this as a preamble, and admit that I now stand converted. After examining the evidence, I can agree with the Editors' choice of auto racing's Top Performer. It is not that I think any less of Foyt's magnificent career, it is merely that I can appreciate Clark's achievements much more than before.

Foremost about Clark, I think, is that he accomplished so much in so short a time. He joined the Grand Prix circuit in 1960, and on April 7, 1968, he was dead. In between he had won 25 Grand Prix races. If you consider that his first victory didn't come until 1962, then it took him less than six years to break the career record for Grand Prix triumphs. The previous record of 24 victories had been held by the legendary Juan Fangio, who had stretched his victories over a much longer period.

Clark set other remarkable records, too. In 1963, at the age of 27, he became the youngest man ever to win a World Driving Championship. That same year he

became the first man to win seven Grand Prix races in one season. In 1965, he became the first Briton to win at Indianapolis and the first non-American since 1916. That victory didn't count in the world standings, but Clark didn't need it. He took his second world title anyway, and at the same time became the first to win as many as five consecutive Grand Prix races. He clinched the title that year in the German Grand Prix with his sixth straight victory. That season, former driver Stirling Moss assessed Clark's unparalleled storming of the circuit, and concluded: "In terms of sheer native ability, Jim probably has more than any champion in history."

Clark's "native ability" was made up of many components. The slim, 5-7½ Scotsman was a fine natural athlete, and had superb rhythm, coordination, balance and reflexes. They were as vital to the handling of his car as they would be to any other athlete in any other sport. He also had absolute control of his emotions under stress, which made him a master of every car on every track under all conditions.

In fact, Clark prided himself in being emotionless, because he considered it an absolutely vital tool of his profession. "If you allow yourself to feel enthusiasm or pressure or anything else, you will make mistakes," he once said. Curiously, off the track Clark was a voracious nailbiter. "It's better than smoking," he'd say, a bit defensively. But that was, it seemed, his only outlet. In the last race of the 1962 season he appeared well on his way to the world title. But a threepenny bolt failed him and let out oil, and the title was lost. When he got out of his car, he was poker-faced, and far less upset, on the surface, than a Sunday driver with a flat tire.

One of Clark's most impressive displays of coolness under unexpected pressure came in the 1963 Belgian Grand Prix. The race was run on a course so fast that Clark said he always felt "relieved when the race was



over; I feel that way about no other course." To make matters worse this time, at the halfway point it started raining so heavily on the back part of the course that he could not see the road; he had to use the silhouettes of the telephone poles against the sky to guide him. "It was," he said, "like driving on black ice." The road conditions, of course, were the same for everyone, but Clark had one other thing going against him: A loose gearshift-stick threatened to fall off. To hold it in, he had to run much of the race while steering only with his left hand. At the end he was frozen and exhausted. He was also a full lap ahead of the field.

That same season he put his skills on display at Indy for the first time, and quickly disproved the belief that European roadracers couldn't handle the sharp, fast cornering on the 2½-mile track. He arrived at the first turn, at 140 mph, alongside two-time Indy winner Roger Ward. Ward had the fastest and safest path, but Clark went inside Ward and passed him. It was a maneuver few drivers would have attempted, particularly so early in a 500-mile race, but Clark possessed a mystical "oneness" with his car that kept him from feeling the danger. "When I'm going flat out, drifting through a corner, I'm not driving a car, really," he once said. "I'm putting myself through that corner. The car happens to be under me and I'm driving it, but I'm part of it and it's part of me."

His faith in that particular car was almost misplaced. Twice during the race the car handled badly on the fourth turn and went into spins. But both times he pulled out of it and avoided the wall. The fact that he was still able to finish second was considered slightly incredible. He might even have won, had it not been for Parnelli Jones' controversial oil leak that forced the trailing Clark to slow down. Still in all, Clark did well enough in the light, rear-engine Lotus Ford to convince Indy designers that the big, front-engine Offenhausers would soon be relics.

Clark had entered Indy because he was "curious about that kind of racing."

Now, after a full taste of it, he decided he had "no great hankering to go back." But he was the Lotus team's No. 1 driver, and when he was asked to enter again in 1964, he agreed. This time he was forced out when his rear left tire lost its tread. By this time Clark's rivals were beginning to feel this was the only way they were going to beat him. "Racing drivers try to spot weaknesses in one another," said Dan Gurney. "Offhand, I can't see any in Jimmy. If you ever should beat him when he is not having problems

with his car, then you have done something worth mentioning."

Clark gave Indy still another try in 1965 and, finally, neither the field nor his own car could stop him. He led on 190 of the 200 laps, lapped the entire field twice and set a track record of 150.686 mph.

Clark's career was at its peak in 1965, but there were still many triumphant—and hairy—moments ahead. In the 1967 U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, Clark came up a winner even though the right rear suspension broke—at around 165 mph. On the third to the last lap, Clark looked back and saw the wheel wobbling. After the race he figured he would have lost it in another five or six laps.

A couple of months later, on New Year's Day, 1968, the dark-haired Scot amazed his fellow drivers with his willingness to get behind the wheel of a Lotus 49 that housed a V-8 Ford Cosworth Engine. The engine had been a year and a half in development and was capable of 420 horses. Yet the chassis was so delicate that the total weight of the car was a mere 1012 pounds. A. J. Foyt took one look at it and said: "I wouldn't be caught dead in it; and if I ever did get in it, I probably would be."

Clark drove it to victory in the South African Grand Prix with an average speed of 107 mph and broke Fangio's career record. He had kept the horsepower at 330, and afterward admitted that "the cornering was not yet what I'd like it to be." He also cautioned that there would be wheel-spin if the engine was tuned too high. "Still," he said, "I don't see any special danger in the car—insofar as danger is up to me."

If the danger were solely up to the driver, Jim Clark, with his great judgment and reflexes, would have been one of the very last to have harm befall him. But in the final analysis in high-speed auto racing, it is still the car and the track that can betray a driver beyond all human efforts to the contrary. And that, apparently, is what happened to Jim Clark on April 7, 1968,

at the new and very fast Hockenheim Motodrom in Germany. On the fifth lap Clark's latest car was hurtling down the wet straightaway at about 175. The car began to snake, with the back end going from one side to the other, and then it slid sideways across the track and into a tree. The cause of the accident was never determined, but fellow drivers like Graham Hill

felt sure it was

a mechanical steering failure.

A few days later, Jim Clark, age 32, was laid to rest in Chirnside, Scotland, near the sheep farm he grew up on—a pastoral setting that seemed incongruous for the standard-maker in the world of roaring speed.

—F.K.





# Horse Racing WILLIE SHOEMAKER

**H**e rode his first race for money on March 14, 1949. The name of the horse was Waxahachie and the track was muddy and the 17-year-old kid was so excited that he forgot to wear two pairs of goggles. When the pair he was wearing was covered with flying dirt, the kid pulled them down and his eyes were splattered with mud and he could see nothing. He and Waxahachie finished fifth.

A month later Willie Shoemaker rode his first winner. Twenty-two years later Willie Shoemaker was closing in on all the records owned by jockeys. Through mid-August of 1971 he had ridden 6223 winners, more than any American jockey ever. Five times he had been national riding champion. He had won three Kentucky Derbys and 533 other stakes races. The record for stakes' wins is 554, set by Eddie Arcaro. Perhaps, before our anniversary celebration ends, Shoemaker will hold that record, too. He is 40 years old today. Johnny Longden won 6032 races before he retired in his early 50s. There is no end in sight for Willie Shoemaker—if you can truly say that about a profession that can be perilous in the extreme.

Up to 1968, Willie Shoemaker had been a lucky jockey. He had never broken a bone racing. Then, within a 15-month period, he sustained two crippling injuries. In January of 1968 he was tossed from a horse. His right leg was shattered. They had to put a metal rod in the leg. The question was, would he ever ride again? Thirteen months later, in February of 1969, he went to the post once again. He had three mounts for the day.

He won on each of them. A remarkable performance.

But two months later, as he was being boosted aboard a horse in the paddock, the horse backed up and sat down, pinning Shoe against the hedge. He suffered a broken pelvis and other internal injuries. Again, the question was whether he would come back. Again, the answer was yes.

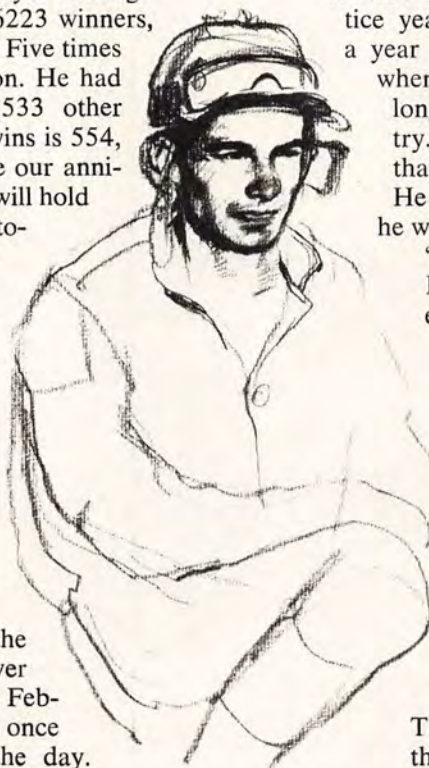
I first met Willie in 1952, when he had come to ride in a summer meet at the old Jamaica, Long Island, race track. Already he was the sensation of horse racing.

He had ridden 219 winners in 1949, his apprenticeship year. He had become national champion a year later. I was sitting in the jocks' room when Willie came back after booting in a 6-1 longshot. In those days he looked all country. He had a very bad set of buck teeth that distorted his mouth and his personality. He was shy and suspicious but people knew he was good. That day Eddie Arcaro told me,

"The boy's got no weak points." And Earl Sande, a legendary jockey of another era, described Willie in another way: "It's like a dancer who is basically a good one, but doesn't dance well with a so-so partner. Give him a real good partner to dance with and he dances better than anybody else."

Even then the Arthur Murray of horse racing, as shy as he was, was able to explain what is still the essence of his craft. "I'm trying to save the horse all the time," Shoe told me. "I try to break a horse fast but most of all I like to have the horse run comfortable under me."

They have always run comfortable for the Shoe. —A.S.





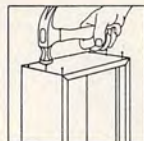
# Mellow Old Crow Bourbon begins with men who love to work with their hands.



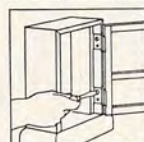
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Craftsmen made Old Crow famous. Back in 1835, our people figured out the formula that made Bourbon taste good, bottle after bottle, and later they handmade the first sour mash Bourbon. We still use our hands in making Old Crow.

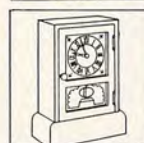
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Glue, then nail cabinet joints with blunted finishing nails.



Hinge door. Use 1 screw in each hinge leaf for trial fit.

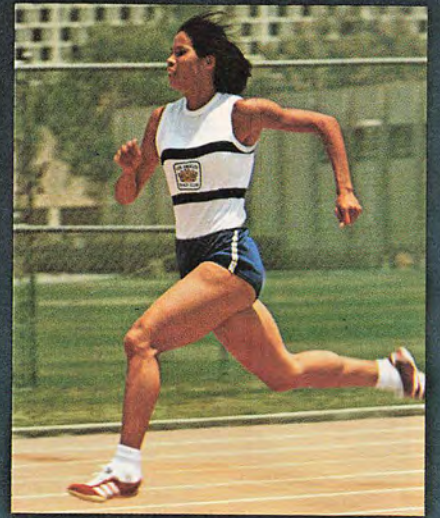


Put clock close to door for best visibility. For plans, see address at left.

**Old Crow**  
The Bourbon Made  
By Good Kentucky Hands









# These Women Excelled

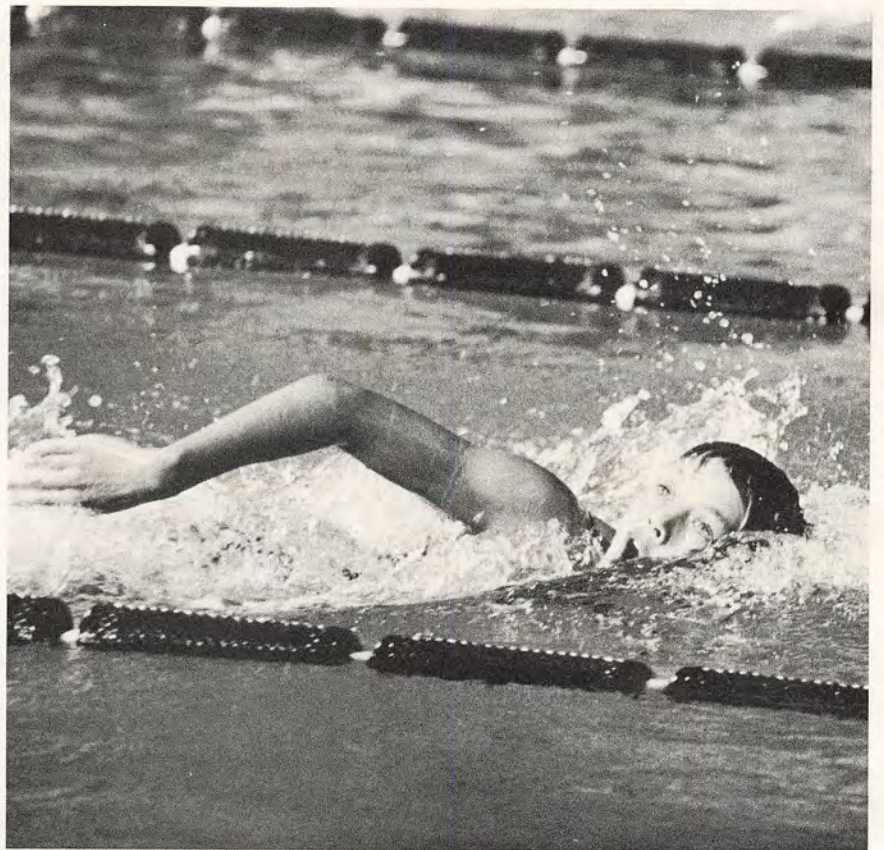
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In pre-World War II days "woman athlete" usually meant a gay dower daintily tapping a wooden ball with her croquet mallet. Then came the War, Total Mobilization and a precedent-shattering vacuum of manpower. Womanpower rushed in to fill it. Over the two and a half decades since then, women athletes gained enormous prestige as they broke records and demonstrated marvelous sports skills. An Althea Gibson punching a vicious tennis volley, an Olga Connolly wheeling into her discus throw, a Babe Zaharias driving a golf ball was often as thrilling a sight as watching their male counterparts. By so much, in fact, had their prestige grown, that the women could be legitimately compared to the men, certainly in the scope of their achievements. Someone once said, "There's only one Red Grange, only one Bobby Jones, only one Dempsey—only one Babe Zaharias." She merited the comparison. So do the women on these pages and the two that follow—the leading women athletes of the last 25 years.



Babe Zaharias won 632 of 634 athletic contests, and 19 straight golf tournaments. Above her (left to right): 1968 Olympic figure-skating champ Peggy Fleming; '67 World Ski Champion Nancy Greene, who broke Europe's grip; and Chi Cheng, fastest woman sprinter of all time. This page, above left: Little Mo Connolly, first woman to win the Grand Slam, died in her prime from cancer. Beside her, Dawn Fraser, who won four Olympic gold medals. Olga Fikotova-Connolly (below, left) won the discus gold in '56 and married hammer-thrower Hal Connolly. Wilma Rudolph ran for three gold medals.









**OPPOSITE PAGE, TOP LEFT:**  
Carol Heiss became the second U.S. Olympic figure-skating titlist when she took a gold medal in the 1960 finals in Rome.

**OPPOSITE PAGE, TOP RIGHT:**  
In the 1968 Olympics, Debbie Meyer won three gold medals, at 200, 400 and 800 meters. At 16, she held six world marks.

**OPPOSITE PAGE, BOTTOM LEFT:**  
Althea Gibson, who broke the color barrier in tennis, won both the U.S. singles and Wimbledon titles in '57 and in 1958.

**OPPOSITE PAGE, BOTTOM RIGHT:**  
Patty McCormick continued the U.S. dominance in Olympic springboard diving by winning gold medals both in '52 and '56.

**ABOVE, LEFT:**  
Mickey Wright, perhaps the greatest woman golfer of all time, won the U.S. Open four times—in '58, '59, '61, '64.

**ABOVE, CENTER:**  
In the '56 Olympics, Tenley Albright flashed to fame, becoming the first U.S. woman gold medalist in figure-skating.

**ABOVE, RIGHT:**  
Over the last decade, the most consistent woman skier was Marielle Goitschel, sure to win or place in every slalom.

**RIGHT:**  
In 1970 Margaret Court became the second woman to take the Grand Slam—the U.S., Aussie, French and British titles.





SPORT  
BOOK  
BONUS

# THE ROAD TO VIOLA



About Preacher Roe, esteemed spitball pitcher, raconteur and present master of "tornader alley"

**By Roger Kahn**

During the summer of 1955, Elwin Charles Roe, a guileful man from Ozark Hills, where cottonwood and yellow pine grow thick, cut across the American grain. For a fee of \$2000, Roe confessed in *Sports Illustrated* magazine that he had put more than his left hand on what he threw. The title read: "The outlawed spitball was my money pitch."

Although the article won a prize for Dick Young, who wrote it, certain baseball people and laymen expressed distaste and disbelief. It was not, I suspect, that Preacher's spitballs shocked anyone. A man does what he has to in order to make a living. Rather, the act of public confession bruised a tender area in the

national ethos. It was as if a Frenchman had sold *Realities* an essay on his coy mistress, and used not only her name but his own.

"Spitter, bah," Larry Goetz, a large, gruff umpire, was quoted as telling a reporter from *The Sporting News*. "I worked a lot of games behind the plate when Roe was pitching. I never once saw him throw a spitter and I've seen some thrown by real experts like Burleigh Grimes."

"I doubt that he got away with as much as he says," announced Ford Frick, the commissioner of baseball. "I believe he has done a little bragging. We have a rule in baseball, 8.02, which says that if a pitcher throws a spitter, he shall be removed from the game and suspended for ten days. If Roe were still in baseball, we would do something, but he has

retired now and is beyond our reach."

Away from official stuffiness, one could scent traces of amusement. "He never threw one against me in batting practice," said Pee Wee Reese, "so I take it he never threw one in the game."

That season the Dodgers defeated the Yankees in the World Series for the first time and John Podres became a Brooklyn hero. Talk about the spitter faded while trees still wore green from Roe's confessional summer. The Preacher himself disappeared into the Ozarks. A gifted raconteur, he shunned requests to speak at Rotary luncheons in St. Louis and at supermarket openings in Pittsburgh. Later his teammates gathered for old timers games at Walter O'Malley's handsome new ball-





Preacher says his spitter "was just one of my pitches . . . Cripes, don't make it come out like the spitter was my only pitch."

25

there was not much baseball left in his skinny body. If he were asking for Mozee Roe, his wife, he was also asking for himself.

"Sure, Preach," I said, "but we oughta trade. I'll give you the button. Then in a couple of months, you give me a story."

"What kinda story? I'm no writer."

"Just a letter from the Ozarks," I said, and handed him the button.

With December, Roe made good the bargain. Several cobra being shipped to the zoo at Springfield, Missouri, had squirmed loose from crates in a heated railroad car and presumably frozen to death. Roe used the snakes as a departure point.

"I like to hunt deer and rabbit," the letter began, "but Old Preach ain't in no hurry to find no cobra. I have kept my eyes open but I have had no luck; or maybe I should say I had good luck. I did not see one."

"We had Sniders for three days and we done a little horseback riding. Snider is no fisherman, so we did no fishing. However we were boating one day and we looked at my trot line and lo and behold if we didn't get a 20-pound catfish. That was quite a bit of luck as that is considered a large one of its kind and on top of that I had the Duke with me."

He couldn't pitch much the next season. He was an elegant competitor; twice at Brooklyn he led the league in winning percentage. But in 1954, he lost four and won three. He understood and when the Dodgers sold his contract to Baltimore, Roe retired.

Now two letters went unanswered. Finally, I telephoned—there is only one Elwin Charles Roe in the West Plains book—and simply said I'd be there in a day or two.

"Well, we're busy at the store," Roe said. "I get up at six every morning for inventory. Jes' what do you wanna see me about?"

"For some visiting. See where you grew up. I've never been to Arkansas." (Continued on page 100)

park in Los Angeles and at Shea Stadium. Reticent Billy Cox showed up for one. Even Jackie Robinson, burned to bitterness, flew to Los Angeles to play second base at 50. There were no reunions for The Preacher. His sins confessed, Elwin Roe remained in a corner of Missouri, 25 miles from his old Arkansas home, sold groceries and left the world alone.

To reach the village of West Plains, you sweep down Illinois flatlands into Missouri and move southwest beyond St. Louis on Route 44, until you reach Rolla, a town supposedly named by a homesick settler from North Carolina, who spelled Raleigh as he pronounced it. At Rolla you leave the mainline and bend south through villages called Yancy Mills, and Willow Springs

and Cabool. Amid a subtle beauty of fields, rounded hills and scattered copses, the soil is touched with red. Ozark land is just promising enough to make a man want to farm it and just poor enough to starve him when he tries.

At the end of the 1953 World Series, after Mickey Mantle beat him, 4-2, with an eighth inning home run, Preacher asked if I would give him the lapel button that newspapermen wear as an admission token to the food, drink and gossip of press headquarters. "What I like to do," he said in a drawl, preserved with as much care as his pitching arm, "is to get trinkets from all my World Series and put 'em on this bracelet of my wife's. It sure does mean a lot to Mozee." He was 38 years old, and





# **CUOZZO VS. SNEAD: THE QUARTERBACK AS NON-HERO**



# There's a "Hundred-Yard War" on in Minnesota, between two vet quarterbacks, both starters, both still looking for job security. Will there be a winner?

BY GARY CARTWRIGHT

*"In a grocery store, for example, milk turns over more rapidly than, say, canned asparagus. It is sold and replaced more rapidly. . . . The alert businessman knows the turnover rate for each of the items he sells, and the general rate for the entire store. He knows, in fact, that his turnover rate is a key indicator of the health of the enterprise."*

—Alvin Toffler, *Future Shock*

A couple of nights before the Minnesota Vikings' first exhibition game, in the throes of the wage-price spiral, general manager Jim Finks was musing over a revolutionary concept—the idea of the quarterback as a non-hero. A bus driver, a switch thrower, a cog in the administration's carefully oiled machine. A can of asparagus.

"These things go in trends," said Finks, the onetime Pittsburgh Steeler quarterback who is best remembered as the passer who beat out Johnny Unitas and thus participated in one of pro football's most durable legends. It was Finks' contention that the top teams in the years to come will not necessarily have the glamor quarterbacks. The quarterbacks who make it to the Super Bowl will be solid, dependable, coachable players of the Len Dawson or Bart Starr cut. The Namaths, the Brodies, the Jurgensens and the Joe Kapps may make the headlines with their dramatic flair and super contracts—especially their super contracts—but Finks was suggesting that the most successful teams would be directed by your garden variety operator.

Your Gary Cuozzos, for example. Or your Norm Sneads.

Two years ago when Joe Kapp was coming on like a meteor shower the Vikings won 12 games and lost two on their way to a losing cause

in the Super Bowl. Kapp was paid something like \$100,000 for that job. *Indian Joe*, they called him, everyman's vision of the redeeming, swashbuckling super hero. Then Kapp's price went out of sight, taking Kapp with it. Cuozzo, a sensitive, subdued, highly intelligent athlete, inherited the quarterback position in 1970. Again the Vikings posted that 12-2 record, best in the NFL, and while Brodie and the 49ers upset their plans for a second straight Super Bowl appearance, the main difference between Kapp in 1969 and Cuozzo in 1970 had to be measured in barrels of beer and clubhouse hoo-rahing.

Ah, but the future has a way of drinking off the juices of the past, and Finks jolly well knew it. This season Cuozzo had decided to play out his option. Money was only part of it: Pride was also involved; not to mention image. By not paying Cuozzo what they paid Joe Kapp, the Vikings were asking Cuozzo to pay the supreme price: Forget everything he had read or heard about the value of a quarterback to a professional team, as measured in \$.

And their "devaluation of the quarterback" might have worked, except for one thing: On the day of the 1971 player draft, the Vikings suddenly, unexpectedly, acquired another veteran quarterback—Norm Snead of the Philadelphia Eagles. Cuozzo couldn't believe it.

The Cuozzo-Snead *mano-a-mano* should have been the highlight of the Vikings' 1971 training camp. But, in line with management's stated attitude toward quarterbacks, the confrontation was deliberately held in low profile. Snead was welcomed as though he had always been a part of the organization. He was assigned to room with Cuozzo. You would often see them together, sharing a table in the dining room or walking to a team meeting or playing bocce ball (Italian lawn bowling) on the grassy apron behind the team dormitory.

And an essential element of drama was missing. We like our antagonists to embody opposites. Yet on the surface there was an ambiguous similarity between the two quarterbacks: They were quiet men, business-like, professional, as dispassionate as two scientists sharing a common microscope in the service of all mankind.

Both had been around the league—Snead as Washington's No. 1 draft choice before the 1961 season, swapped to Philadelphia three years later for Sonny Jurgensen in one of those "it's best for all concerned" trades based more on emotion than logic; and Cuozzo, an upstart free-agent who became famous as Unitas' understudy at Baltimore in 1963, traded at his own request four years later to New Orleans, then again at his own request one year later to the Vikings. There was only one important difference. Except for the one season in New Orleans, Cuozzo had always been on a winning club, though not until last year as the No. 1 man. Snead, on the other hand, had been a starting quarterback since the first game of his rookie season, but always on losing teams. Snead had never *asked* to be traded, but suffered his silent fate like a Christian martyr.

However, despite the surface similarities, they evolved out of strikingly distinct backgrounds. Cuozzo was upper middle class, a Phi Beta Kappa at Virginia, an Academic All-America. In his nine years as a professional football player he has managed to graduate No. 1 in his class from the University of Tennessee dental school. Now he is studying at the University of Chicago to be an orthodontist, like his father and older brother, who he will eventually rejoin back in New Jersey. Snead's dad on the other hand came off the farm to work in the shipyards of Newport News, Virginia. Football has been his ticket to a better life and Snead hopes one day to coach.

To Cuozzo, football is a pure chal-

**Snead, No. 16, came from Philadelphia and roomed with Cuozzo. "Gary and I talk personnel, strategy," Norm says.**



lenge—like the hunter or mountain climber who can afford the luxury of conquering an obstacle only “because it’s there.” Snead is 20 pounds heavier and four inches taller than Cuozzo, a natural. While Cuozzo struggled to overcome his physical limitations, Snead’s struggle has been to realize his own innate potential. Cuozzo the student orthodontist; Snead, the offseason insurance agent.

When sportswriters in their quest for daily change would ask Grant how the battle between the two was proceeding, the illusive Viking coach would only say, “They’re both doing what they are suppose to do.” Would Snead help his club? “If he can beat out our number three quarterback from last year (taxi squadder Bill Cappleman) he will *help* our club,” Grant would answer, his thin smile shutting off debate.

But despite the official “low profile” policy, players are concerned. “Oh my gosh no!” said halfback Jim Lindsey when I asked if he would comment on the quarterback situation. Then he added: “Of course, quarterback has to be your most important position.”

Said another Viking veteran: “When I first read about the trade I thought *great*. It just has to help, having two veteran quarterbacks. But right now it’s an unnatural situation. One of them is going to have to sit on the bench. That’s just the way it is.”

“We don’t talk about who will be No. 1,” Snead told me. “Gary and I talk personnel, strategy, how we approach things. We’ve both been with other clubs—we talk about other clubs, and about the people here, what they can and can’t do. Of course, nobody likes to sit on the bench, but I’ve done it before (one year at Philadelphia he alternated with King Hill; and sometimes Jack Concannon). Football is a team sport. If we win, that’s the thing.”

I asked Cuozzo the same question: How it felt to room with a man who, in one sense, was his mortal enemy. “It’s a strange situation,” he said. “We both want to win and we both want to play, but only one of us will be No. 1. It’s an inconsistent rela-

tionship. I can’t help but like a guy if he’s a nice person—I can’t pretend I don’t like Norm—but it’s strange.”

How did Cuozzo feel when he learned that Snead would compete for the job he assumed was his, at least for the next several years?

“To be honest,” he said, “I didn’t understand the trade. Of course, I’m not management: I’m just a player. But I’m going into my ninth year, I’m just reaching my peak. Like Snead, I’ve been with two other clubs; I know what it’s about. And I know *I don’t* want to sit on the bench!”

It was an enormous risk, playing out his option. Cuozzo was gambling that he would win the starting job, because otherwise his bargaining power would be nil at the end of the season. I seriously doubt Cuozzo would have taken the gamble a year ago. Was Snead the underlying force, the reason he was playing out his option?

Cuozzo considered the question, then said, “No, I don’t think so. But I have to ask myself, what is the game all about? If I play 12 or 15 years I want to retire with the feeling that I’ve done something. The money is not all that important. I just don’t think I can be a backup quarterback any longer.”

So Cuozzo was shocked and dismayed by the trade. Snead was also dismayed, but not shocked. He had become a symbol of the Eagles’ self-perpetuating frustration and a target for abuse from every foul-mouthed malcontent in the city of Philadelphia. But Snead and his wife had bought a home there. Now it was up for rent. Susie Snead and the five children were staying with relatives in Virginia. Waiting. Refugees of the Hundred Yard War.

“I can’t say the Minnesota trade came as a great surprise,” Snead told me. “I was surprised in 1964 when Washington traded me to Philadelphia—they said it was in the best interest of all concerned, same as they said this time—but this time I was half expecting it. On the day of the draft my wife and I went out so we wouldn’t have to answer the

telephone. We went shopping, then to see the movie *Love Story*. When we got home there was a message to call this number, area code 612. I looked it up in the phone book—Minnesota. I was relieved. If I had to pick a team, it would have been Minnesota.”

While Snead was pondering the whims of his profession, Cuozzo was holed up in a small apartment in Chicago, near the university. He lives there during the week while he is in school, and joins his family at their home outside Minneapolis on weekends. He has done this for so many years now, played football and studied dentistry, the struggle is a way of life and a source of some pride. He will finally graduate as an orthodontist in two years, though he could cut that time in half by giving up football. Last winter Cuozzo worked harder than he had ever worked in his life, running, throwing footballs into a net—all the time cramming down information which will someday enable him to put braces on children’s teeth at considerable financial reward, considerable soul searching. Especially soul searching.

“The 1970 season ended so abruptly with that loss to San Francisco,” he said. “None of us was prepared. I had just assumed I would be back in the training room on Monday morning getting ready for another game, but there I was gathering up my equipment.

“There wasn’t even time to talk about it. I remember later reading something Jim Marshall said: ‘We learned to win together, now we have to learn to lose together.’ There was a lot of truth in that.

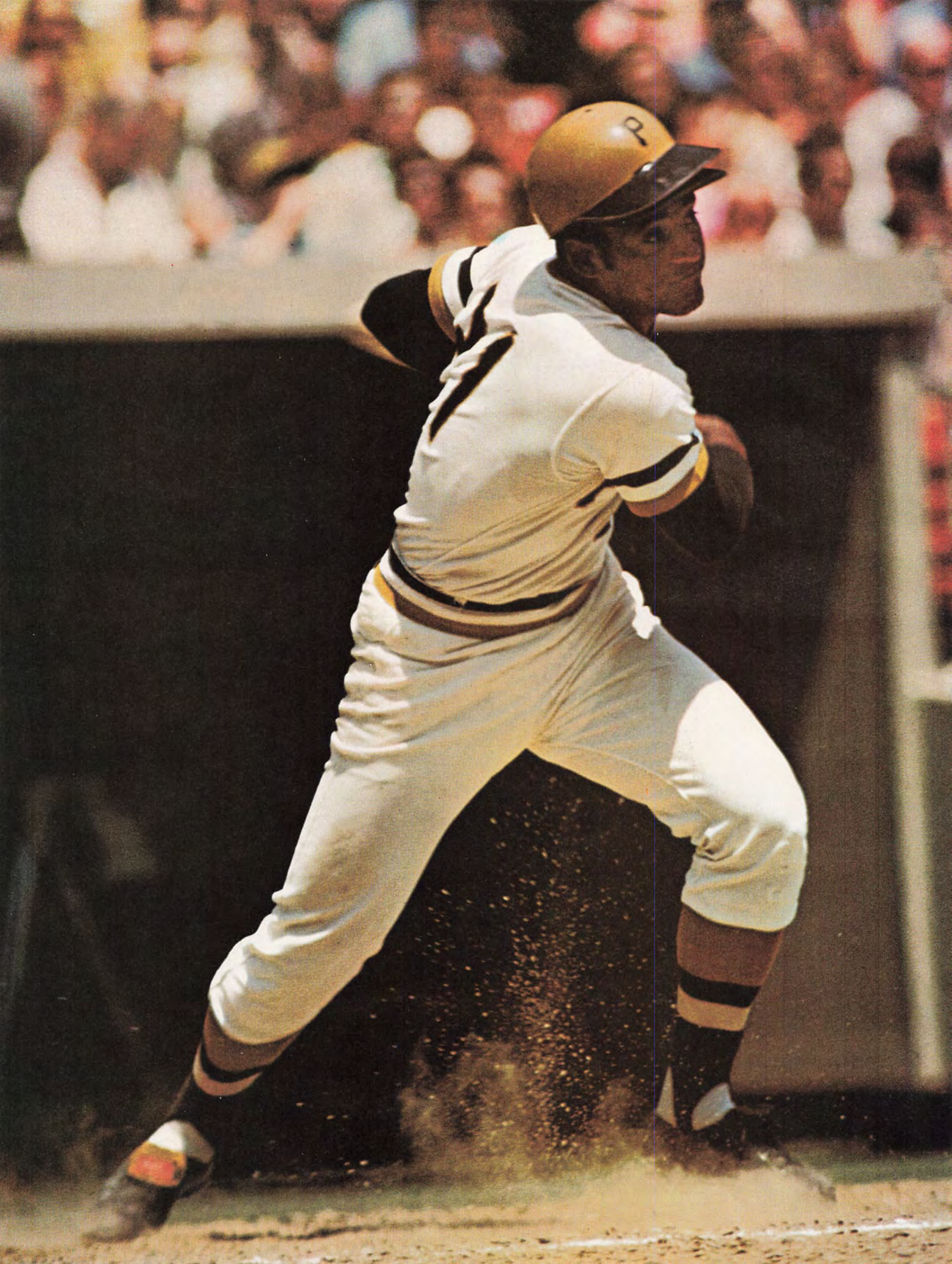
“We had built up an image as a club with a great defense, and an adequate, conservative offense. They called our running game the Clydesdales, and they characterized me as a conservative quarterback, a first-down passer. There was some truth to it, but it upset me. When you have to practice every day in cold weather you tend (Continued on page 88)

**Cuozzo, No. 15, admitted that he didn’t understand the trade for Snead. He says, “I know I don’t want to sit on the bench.”**











# MY 16 YEARS WITH Roberto Clemente



A long-time teammate of Clemente gives an inside look at a man he considers a neglected superstar

BY BILL MAZEROSKI

As Told To Phil Musick

Sometimes it seems as if Roberto Clemente and I have been teammates longer than bacon and eggs. He came up to the Pirates in 1955 and I followed a year and a half later, so we've been sharing the same clubhouse for 16 years, probably longer than any two players still active. You get to know a person in 16 years—his strengths and weaknesses, how he plays the game and how he feels about it, when he hit the high spots and when he was low.

In 16 years you also become a good judge of his talents, the ways he can win for a club. And there are very few players who can win a baseball game in as many different ways as Roberto Clemente.

He's the total ballplayer. A lot of players are tagged superstars when they are really just super-hitters. Take Willie McCovey. A super-hitter, but he can't run and field exceptionally well. He's adequate in those areas and he hits 40 or so home runs and drives in over a hundred most years, but I wouldn't call him a superstar. No, when you're discussing superstars, you're talking Willie Mays, Henry Aaron and Clemente.

There are no flaws in Clemente's game. He hits the ball more viciously to the opposite field than anyone I've ever seen. He throws the ball accurately over 400 feet and he has few peers as a baserunner. And he is as fine a rightfielder as Willie Mays is a centerfielder, to me the supreme compliment.

In my mind, Mays is the greatest player of the last 25 years and I rank Clemente behind him, right behind him. Roberto hasn't hit as many home runs as Mays or Aaron, but they have played in hitters' parks, while he spent 14 seasons looking into the biggest centerfield expanse in the major leagues at Forbes Field. He realized Forbes Field was built for line-drive hitters and he tailored his batting style to it from the beginning. Mays steals more bases than Roberto but outside of that and the long ball there is very little from which to choose between them.

When I first saw Clemente play in 1956 he hadn't matured physically, wasn't the hitter he would later become, but anyone who saw him throw knew he was something special.

During those first few years he

was always happy, full of vinegar, a guy who trailed laughter wherever he went. He was one of the first really fine players to come from Puerto Rico and he struggled hard with his English. There were a lot of players on the club then who had never known anyone who spoke a foreign language and we used to laugh at his broken English and he laughed with us. We also laughed at some of his ways.

It didn't take long to discover that he was sort of superstitious, which he is to this day. One game in my rookie year he doubled his first three times at bat but the fourth time, with two out and a man on second and us a run behind, he bunted. After the game, the manager, Bobby Bragan, asked him: "How come you bunted?" In that fractured English, Roberto said, "Well, the law of averages was against me to hit another double."

In 1960, he thought a band was jinxing us. At most of the home games a dixieland combo used to play a song called "Beat 'em, Bucs" and before long the whole town was singing it. When we went to Chicago for the last two games of the season, the band went with us. The Cubs were in last place, but they beat us twice and when we got back home Roberto said, "Keep that band out of here. Everytime they play we get beat." He just knew if the band played, we'd lose.

He doesn't tell everyone about his superstitions now because we needle him quite a bit. He'll wear a certain shirt and if we win that day, he won't change it until we lose. He had a hell of a time this year when we won 11 straight games.

Roberto's carefree outlook on life began to change when the press started to misunderstand him when he talked about his injuries. When he was hurt he had trouble explaining himself because of the language problem and everyone thought he was jakin'.

I don't think he's ever jaked. He just could do things when he was hurt as well as the rest of us could when we were healthy, and people would see this and decide he was



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# Clemente

CONTINUED

dogging it. They thought he used the basket catch because Mays did and everything he did in the outfield was exciting, so right away to some writers he was a hot dog who jaked.

Stories were written to that effect and he went through some years when he didn't trust writers, and I don't blame him. Some of them put words in your mouth and that's what they did to him when he was younger. They tried to make him look like an ass by getting him to say controversial things and then they wrote how the Puerto Rican hot dog was popping off again. He was just learning to handle the language and he couldn't express what he felt or thought and it frustrated him. Writers who couldn't speak three words of Spanish tried to make him look silly, but he's an intelligent man who knows people and knows the game.

I watched him grow up and mature in those years. When things went wrong he used to give into his anger, bang bats around, kick his helmet, break things. But time mellowed him some and he throws himself into controversies less quickly, is more controlled now.

We've always been friendly—in 16 years we've never spoken a cross word—but as we got older, we got closer. It's just been the last four or five years that we've really been close friends, close enough to agitate each other. He likes to talk about some of the long balls he's hit and he's always telling the kids: "Ask Maz, he was there." They'll ask me and I'll tell them: "Nah, he didn't hit that one very good" and he'll go grumping around about that "dumb Polack doesn't know what he's talking about."

One thing about him hasn't changed over the years. He's the same person to the clubhouse boys that he is to the league president. He doesn't hang around with the big shots, the superstars. He's remained pretty much himself and nothing's

gone to his head, ever.

That's why he's gotten involved in some controversies. He was always outspoken and he hasn't changed. You never have to guess where you stand with Clemente. He's very expressive and he lets everyone know exactly how he feels. The older players used to resent it when he talked about being hurt until they realized he was an extrovert, that it was his natural way. If he's hurt, he says so and then goes out and does what he gets paid to do.

He didn't think he got enough credit when he won the pennant and the World Series in 1960—and he didn't—and he said so. When he thought some writers were unfair to him, he said so. He thought he was underrated (for years both he and Aaron were vastly underrated) and after awhile, he let the world know it. That's his way. Some people call it honesty.

He worked as hard as anyone on the club in 1960, but he finished eighth in the voting for the Most Valuable Player award. It was probably the biggest disappointment of his career, and he had a right to be disappointed. He hit .314 and he played in all but eight games. He was just starting to come into his own then and he couldn't understand getting so little consideration for the MVP award. It affected him as a person, made him bitter. I think it was three or four years before he got over it. We had Dick Groat and Don Hoak run 1-2 in the balloting, but Roberto was as valuable to us as either of them. Groat missed a month with a broken wrist and Dick Schofield hit about .360 filling in for him. That year we had a different kind of a club than we did this year. Somebody different picked us up every day, there weren't any stars.

Don't get me wrong, Clemente doesn't need defending by anybody, his record speaks for itself: An All Star 12 times, a Gold Glove winner nine times, the league's leading hitter four times. Still, he gets bum-rapped.

In recent years Roberto hasn't always played in the second games of doubleheaders and in day games following night games, and there's been

some grumbling from the press and the public. But when you're older you just don't bounce back as quick as you once did. If my bat was slow and I needed a rest, I still stayed in the lineup because I figured I produced primarily with my glove. But Clemente, even when he's run down, is still supposed to do it all. I was glad to see him rest because when he sat out a game, it meant three or four when he would be at his best. And he's always had trouble sleeping, so much so that one time he said: "When I wake up in the mornings, I pray I am still asleep."

In 16 years you see a lot of players play this game and I don't get real excited every time some young phenom comes along and captures the public's imagination, but in my time no one has played baseball with more skill, enthusiasm and grace than Clemente. Even now, at his age, he never shies away from danger, never gives anything but 100 percent. This year in Houston he saved a one-run game for Steve Blass by running full blast into the wall to pull down a ball that would have gone above the white line for a game-winning home run.

In evaluating his talents, it's difficult to know where to begin, but I guess the proper place to start is his hitting. He's always being compared to Aaron, but it's an unfair comparison. Clemente hit dozens of fly balls at Forbes Field that would've left the park in Atlanta and Milwaukee, and he's hit some of the longest home runs I've ever seen, as long as Willie Stargell or anyone else hits them. They don't get the tape measure out for Clemente's home runs, but last year he hit one to the right of the scoreboard at Wrigley Field in Chicago that was one of the longest shots I've ever seen. He hasn't gotten a reputation as a long ball hitter for one reason—he was too smart to try and pull the ball at Forbes Field, where the leftfield foul pole was 365 feet away and you had to hit the ball over a 40-foot scoreboard.

He's not very big—5-11 and 180 pounds—but he's perfectly proportioned for a hitter. A waist you could span with (*Continued on page 110*)







# NOTRE DAME'S NEW-STYLE ALL-AMERICA

**Tom Gatewood personifies a new trend at this most famous of all football schools. The black Irish are coming**

Tom Gatewood, Number 44, shoots out of his three-point split-end stance, makes a little head fake to the right outside, drives into the secondary and curls down the middle. The pass zings into his hands just as he turns. He spins, sprints, shakes off a couple of defenders and crosses the goal. This is Tom Gatewood, All-America, Notre Dame's leading menace on offense this fall.

He does not look at all menacing when you meet him on Our Lady's campus. He has a quick, radiant smile, a pleasing, confident voice. He looks a little like Bill Cosby. He seems taller than his six-foot-two, heavier than his listed 208. He carries himself tall, an articulate, obviously bright, poised sociology major. He is also a symbol of change at Notre Dame.

Down through the years the Notre Dame football legend has been built by Italians (Carideo, Savoldi, Bertelli, Guglielmi, Mastrangelo, Pietrosante, Di Nardo), Poles (Sheetskewski, Dancewicz, Ostrowski, Hart, Wolski), Germans (Bachman, Kurth, Krause, Metzger, Angsman), a Basque (Huarte), a Greek (Mavraides), a Swede (Olson), a Jew (Schwartz). Add now the Black Irish.

For the first time in its 82-year football history, Notre Dame is being captained by a black, Gatewood,

BY JOHN O'CONNOR

who is co-captain with Walt Patulski, a defensive end. Moreover, there are 14 blacks on the varsity squad, the university is out recruiting more and seven freshmen football players are blacks. These personnel are only the visible iceberg-tip of change. Under President Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, who also heads the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, a Black Studies program has begun, black faculty and staff are being sought, and cultural transformation is being speeded up.

During Gatewood's career at Notre Dame the Irish student body has had its first black student president, David Krashna of Pittsburgh. Krashna spent the first seven years of his life in an orphanage and came to Notre Dame on an academic scholarship, not knowing it was an all-male school. He stumped for coeducation at ND, charged the university with institutional racism, told his constituents that Notre Dame might think of itself as a Catholic school but that actually it was un-Christian, charged his fellow students with being competitive animals dominated by football and the crunch for grades, and lashed out at them for considering girls as nothing more than sex objects. He and his Afro-American Society colleagues pricked the Notre

Dame conscience deep and raised the clenched fist in the shadow of the Golden Dome. Older alumni shook with rage.

But Notre Dame responded. Goals were set for the employment of more black professors, more black counselors and student assistants. Fifty-four blacks entered as freshmen this fall. They included academic honors winners, class presidents and officers, high school editors, National Honor Society members and 18 captains of high school varsity sports. The revolution is on at Notre Dame.

Tom of course is not the first black to star at Notre Dame. But they came slowly. In the Frank Leahy era no blacks played for Notre Dame. Aubrey Lewis played halfback for Terry Brennan in 1955. Then came Jim Snowden, Dick Arrington—an All-America guard and a NCAA wrestling finalist—and Alan Page. Father Hesburgh looked around and concluded that if blacks weren't gravitating towards Notre Dame then he'd better borrow one from the parable of the wedding feast and go out into the highways and invite them in. That's what happened. Today the varsity has Clarence Ellis, Cliff Brown, Larry Parker, Bob Minnix, Greg Hill—and Gatewood.

At Baltimore's City College High School, (Continued on page 89)



# Gil Perreault: "You Think You've Got

The NHL's best rookie-scorer ever, he skates like Beliveau, shoots like Orr and goes one-on-one like Earl Monroe.

What happens when he grows up?

BY CHRISTOPHER LYDON

This beautiful Sunday in May is Gil Perreault's day—*Journée Gilbert Perreault*—in Victoriaville, Quebec, and like Perreault's triumphant rookie season with the Buffalo Sabres, the day itself is full of hints of the heroic.

Victoriaville, a quiet green village of some 23,000 French speakers in the St. Lawrence Valley, where Jean Beliveau grew up, has given another son to the National Hockey League. So this is also an investiture. The day and the star have great meaning outside Victoriaville, too.

Beliveau himself has driven down from Montreal. Of all the old men on the Canadiens who have just won the Stanley Cup again, Beliveau is the most majestic, a symbol of the pride that could beat teams like the Bruins and Black Hawks. But Beliveau is on the verge of 40, and the end of his playing days is at hand. Beliveau has not yet announced his retirement, but his presence in Victoriaville seems to certify the succession—an end and a beginning. As Beliveau was the heir to the mantle of Maurice Richard in the sovereignty of French-Canadian athletes, so Perreault, just 20, seems the natural successor to Beliveau. He is so much like Beliveau—a tall, broad-shouldered center, a graceful skater, the likeliest candidate to break Phil Esposito's 76-goal record, says Esposito himself. He also possesses the same dignity as Beliveau, the same singlemindedness about hockey and the same strong silences.

Gilbert Perreault looks like a French movie star. Hockey has already cost him all his upper teeth, but one would not have guessed it if he hadn't regularly left his sparkling denture in the locker during hockey games. The sport has not marked him otherwise. Under longish brown hair that is parted just to the right of center, he has a wide, open face, green eyes, high Gallic color, a large friendly nose and, altogether, an air of subtlety and style that is not quite typical of NHL players. He has been showing off his clothes this weekend—flamboyantly striped shirts, suits modishly tailored in pale knits, bold but not outrageous.

Everywhere the talk is of Perreault and Beliveau. Fifteen years ago tomorrow, someone remembers, Victoriaville celebrated Beliveau's day. "From the time I was young I watched Beliveau," says Gil Perreault.

"Jean Beliveau is the best centerman in the National Hockey League," says Jean Roux, a town recreation worker who helped organize this day's events, "and Gilbert Perreault is the one who will replace him."

In the little bar and poolroom at the Hotel Central, one of the publicans says, "Gilbert is simplicity boy. Jean Beliveau is simplicity boy. Gil is the same thing. It is not brothers, but you think it is brothers. He has not a big (Continued on page 106)

"There's no way to stop him if he's coming one-on-one," says Ranger coach Emile Francis. "Perreault has all the moves."





# Him And He's Gone"









When middle linebacker Tim Rossoovich says,  
**"I Don't Know Why I Do  
Most Of The Things I Do,"**  
he means lighting himself on fire, eating glass,  
coughing up birds—all the simple things  
that count in life

BY BERRY STAINBACK

It is very hot this August day in Reading, Pennsylvania, the temperature shimmering in the 90s, no white anywhere in the sky to mute the sun's rays. Tim Rossoovich, Adrian Young and King Corcoran, the moisture sucked from their bodies by the day's practice with the Eagles, drive out of Albright College to get some lemonade. They stop at *The Town Shoe Store* because it has a machine that dispenses cups of delicious lemonade. Corcoran gets three cups and turns to hand one to Rossoovich. But Rossoovich is no longer standing at the machine. Rossoovich is on his belly on the floor, crawling toward the shoe-fitting seats some 20 feet away. A young lady is seated there trying on sandals. She does not notice Rossoovich until she feels something encircle her great toe. It is Rossoovich's mouth. "You have beautiful toes," he says, gently biting the one he especially admires.

Driving away, Corcoran slows his Lincoln at an intersection where a policeman is directing traffic. As Corcoran accelerates, Rossoovich reaches out the window and grabs the policeman's cap. Rossoovich slaps it on his head, then leans out the window and laughs at the startled officer. They circle the block and return the cap to the embarrassed policeman. "Rosso knows almost all the cops in this town," says Corcoran. "Rosso owns Reading, Pennsylvania."

The next stop is a tavern, where

Rossoovich orders a glass of red wine. He chats with the barmaid and finishes the wine in three sips. Then he bites a crescent out of the glass and, continuing his chat as the barmaid's face freezes in an expression of agonized disbelief, chews up the glass and swallows it as casually as a potato-chip muncher at a librarians' tea. When the girl recovers, Rossoovich says, "Oh, it's time for my pin." He opens the top buttons on his shirt, pinches a ridge of skin on his chest and sticks a pin through the flesh.

Some typical moments from a day in the life of middle linebacker Timothy J. Rossoovich, a man who is regarded by many people as a likely candidate for immediate induction into the Asylum at Charenton or some other home for bent cerebrum. Rossoovich himself admits it has been suggested that he see a psychiatrist, and adds, "Maybe I should."

"In '69 I snuck out of camp one night without Rosso," recalls King Corcoran, a reserve quarterback who has since been cut by the Eagles. "And you know, when I came in two hours later, Rosso was hiding in the phone booth in the dorm hall. It's built into the wall and I didn't see him. He jumped out wearing a long black cape and scared the hell out of me. Now, who in his right mind would hide two hours in a hot phone booth wearing a long black cape to scare someone? Rosso is absolutely the craziest mother I've ever met in football. He's a beautiful person—

unquestionably a totally free soul."

There are a number of other Eagle players—each of whom has nothing but admiration for Rossoovich's performances on the field—who are scornful of his off-the-field antics. Some are jealous of the publicity his escapades inspire, others feel these reflect badly on the entire team, still others believe that in his position of leadership Tim should encourage respect off the field as well as on. Most, however, don't know what to make of Rossoovich.

After an August practice in a thunderstorm, water four or five inches deep was cascading down the hill which leads to the dressing room at Albright College. Quarterback Pete Liske covered the drain at the bottom of the hill with his T-shirt and soon there was a pool about knee deep. Liske, defensive tackle Ernie Calloway and some others started body-surfing down the hill. Rossoovich stepped into the entrance wearing only his kinky-curly Afro-like hairstyle and a mustache which frowns around his mouth. He observed the action for a moment, noticed the empty stands across the way and, shaking his fist at the absent fans, shouted, "Where are you now that all the blood and thunder is over?" Then he pulled on a pair of shorts and took a little run in the corridor. When his feet hit the doorway, he sprang, tucked and did a perfect flip into the puddle, landing on his back right over the steel grat-



# "I Don't Know Why"

CONTINUED

ing. It was a fantastic demonstration of agility by a man who stands 6-4 and weighs 240 pounds. It was something else to Ernie Calloway, who said with genuine concern: "Rosso, you are out of your mind!"

Rossovich couldn't care less what anyone thinks of him. "When I feel like doing something, I do it," he says. "I don't do anything to hurt people, but I just enjoy all phases of life, particularly the unconventional. Just because people regard an experience as weird, it shouldn't matter. I want to experience everything myself and make my own judgment. I don't want to die without having experienced everything I can. I want to live the fullest possible life I can—I don't want to miss *anything*."

Most of his "experience everything" endeavors involve physical danger, like the time last season when Rossovich got himself all fired up for a party. "It was just a spur-of-the-moment thing," he recalls. "I said, well this'll be kinda funny; I think I'll try it." Linebacker Adrian Young and defensive tackle Gary Pettigrew went into the party before him and hung around the door. "When I got there I squirted lighter fluid all over my clothes, knocked on the door and lit a match. The door opened and everyone started yelling and screaming as I walked in on fire. I stood there for 15 or 20 seconds just burning away. Then Young and Pettigrew threw a blanket over me and put me out. I said, 'Oh, excuse me, I must have the wrong party,' and walked out."

Rossovich plays football with a similar abandon. As a result of his quickness and viciousness at defensive end, he made the Pro Bowl squad in his second year in the league, 1969. Early last year he was switched to middle linebacker. The results were promising. Jim Carr, the Eagle defensive coach, already rates Rossovich "among the top four middle linebackers in the league even with his lack of experience.

There's no telling how far he can go once he has the experience." Dave Lloyd, the man he replaced in the middle, said Rossovich's greatest asset is "his destroying attitude."

Rossovich tugged off his multi-colored tie-dyed shirt and raggedy jeans before an August practice and talked about his destroying attitude. "You've got to have it to play defense," he said. "There's no place for a nice guy on defense. It sounds bad, but it's pretty satisfying to hit somebody, to feel him grunt, bounce him off the ground and see his eyes rolling around. Then watch his eyes clear up and see him recognize you—know he was hit and who he was hit by. He's gonna be looking out for you the next time. That's the reason I play football, to make my opponents feel that way. My ultimate goal would be to put everyone on offense out of the game. Not permanently, but for that week."

Rossovich got up and went into



Tim says, "It's pretty satisfying to hit somebody, feel him grunt, bounce him off the ground, see his eyes rolling around."

the trainer's room. Assistant trainer Don Boyne began wrapping yards of tape around first one of Tim's ankles and then the other. "A few days ago I tore the planter tendon in the bottom of my right foot," Rossovich said, explaining the extra support he was getting. "The planter runs from the ball of the foot back up to the heel. But I have flat feet anyway." He shrugged. "Last season I tore the tendon and partially ruptured the muscle in my left ankle."

The left ankle went in the first exhibition game of 1970, the tendon snapping and coiling itself like a rubber band almost up to the knee. Without any outside support, Rossovich, chasing a play, found himself running on the *top* of his foot. He took a cortisone shot, was retaped to keep the sole of his foot on the ground and played the second half. Afterwards, Eagle physician Dr. James Nixon told Rossovich he would need surgery that would sideline him for six weeks. Rossovich punched a steel-doored cabinet and refused. Since the injury occurred in a Monday night game and the Eagles were playing again on Friday, he said he would try to play. If he could perform without hurting the team, he would wait till season's end to consider an operation. He played the season and skipped the operation. The muscle in the outside of the ankle has since been built up to where it can support the tendonless foot. There is a lump about six inches up the outside of his left leg where the doctor had uncoiled the torn tendon by pushing it down to its frayed end.

"I've never really minded pain," Rossovich said. "You can't let injuries bother you in football; there's no time to be injured during the season."

"I want you to know that as part of the team I appreciate what you're doing for the team," Adrian Young said from the next table. "Making a personal sacrifice for the team by playing hurt, practicing hurt."

"I know that, Adrian, I can tell by the sparkle in your eyes."

"Is this (*Continued on page 112*)



# Phil Esposito wouldn't kid you.

(An ad for Gillette Platinum-Plus blades,  
improved by Mr. Esposito,  
in his own words)



*In my razor  
not on my skates!*

Phil Esposito has switched to  
Gillette Platinum-Plus blades.

Because he's discovered that they're the  
first blades to shave him as close as  
he likes, without sacrificing comfort.

He knows that Gillette uses an  
exclusive platinum-alloy to  
smooth the edge of Platinum-  
Plus blades. And that the platinum  
alloy keeps the edge smoother  
longer. The smoother the edge, the  
smoother the shave.

*You might  
say "smoother  
shaves"*

Phil Esposito is just one of the  
millions of men who've made  
the switch to Gillette Platinum-  
Plus. Isn't it about time you discov-  
ered how smooth a shave can be?

*Like I said:  
"smoother"...  
if it's the  
platinum  
that  
does it...  
terrific!*

Next time you buy blades, ask for  
Gillette Platinum-Plus. Double edge or injector.

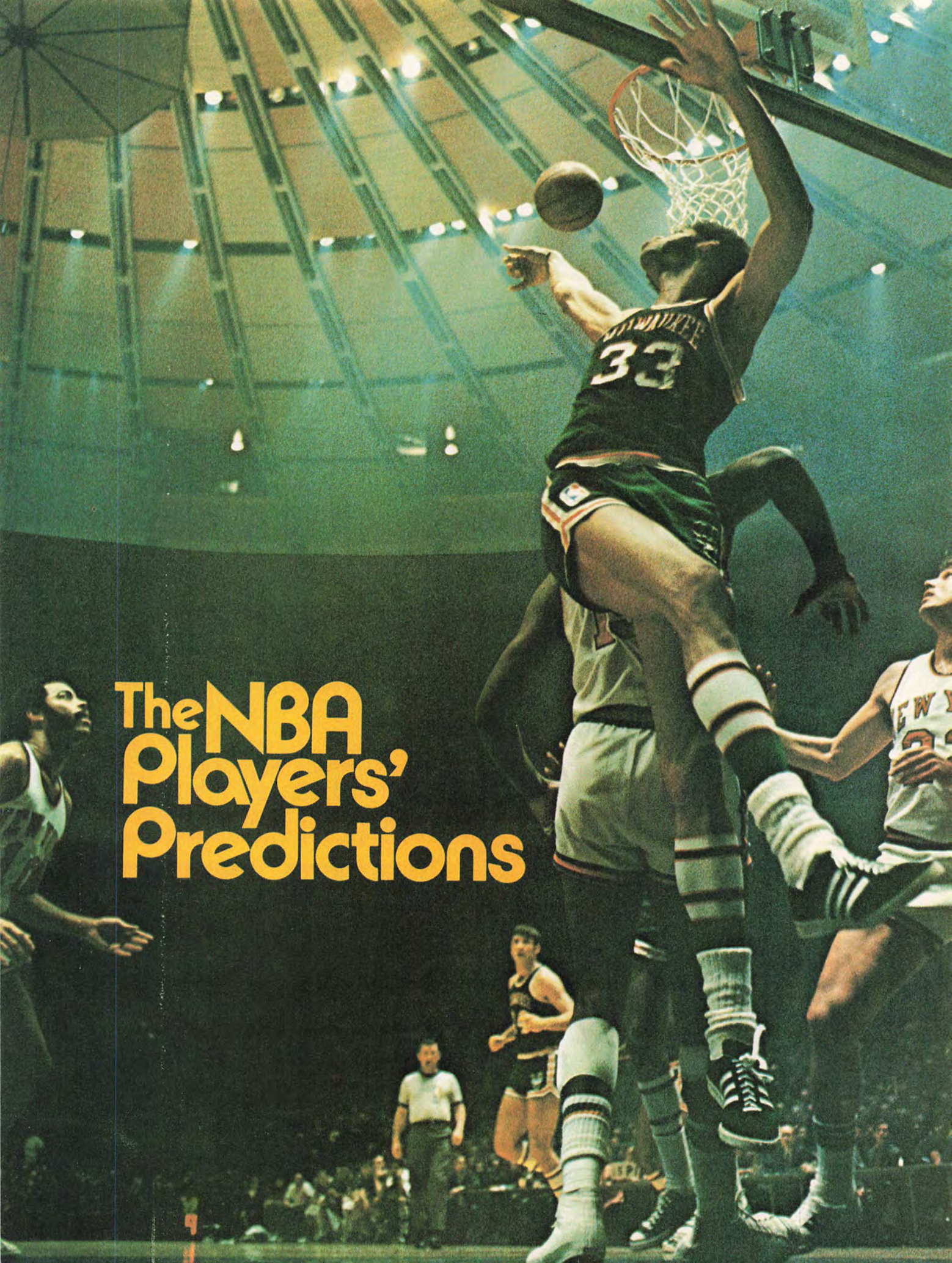


## Platinum-Plus. Gillette's Best Blade

*Take my word for it...  
It's smoother.  
Phil Esposito*

*I could  
hardly  
believe  
there  
was a  
blade  
in my razor.  
That's how smooth  
platinum is!*





# The NBA Players' Predictions



# For the first time, SPORT polls the men who should know about

## 1971-72 in the NBA

BY KEVIN FITZGERALD

Over the past years, prior to the start of the baseball and football seasons, SPORT has polled the players to get their inside predictions on the best performers and top teams. Now, urged on by our readers, we've conducted a secret poll of the pros in the National Basketball Association. The response was excellent and informative. And while there are few surprises in either the projected standings or the individual awards, this 1971 poll should go a long way toward confirming the consensus opinion that 1972 will begin right where '71 left off.

For instance, every single NBA player who returned his ballot to us chose the Milwaukee Bucks for first place in the Midwest Division. The Bucks also proved to be an overwhelming choice for the Western berth in the final round of the 1971-72 playoffs.

The runaway favorite in the East was the New York Knicks. In the face of last season's crippling injuries, a startling offseason trade and earlier indecision of Bill Bradley, this could certainly be considered a surprise. However, the Knicks' depth of personnel and integrated teamwork still command considerable respect. Other teams may have more stars but, as one NBA player put it: "The Knicks are the only team with a chance to dethrone the Milwaukee Bucks. No team filled with superstars is ever going to win." And he should know—he's a Los Angeles Laker.

As for what the rest of the league will do this year—we can begin with the Pacific Division. The Los Angeles Lakers are still on top, though not by much. In the total points column they led the second-place Seattle SuperSonics by a scant 38 points. L.A. took 25 first-place votes to nine

for the Sonics, which is another nod in the direction of Elgin Baylor, Wilt Chamberlain and Jerry West—despite the fact that they're aging, injury prone and not always attuned to each other. The attention paid here to the SuperSonics, a team that finished fourth in a five-team division last year, can be interpreted as a testimonial to the Sonics' Spencer Haywood. In his first ABA season, Spencer lifted the Denver Rockets from fourth to first place. Apparently the little they saw of him in the NBA last year and in preseason exhibitions this fall was enough to convince opponents and teammates alike that Haywood can do the same for Seattle. Hanging not too far behind Seattle are the Golden Gate (formerly San Francisco) Warriors. Interestingly enough, the addition of Cazzie Russell really does not seem to have impressed anyone around the league. Meanwhile, falling well behind the rest of the pack in the Pacific are the Houston (formerly San Diego) Rockets in fourth and the Portland Trail Blazers in fifth. The players feel Elvin Hayes needs help in Houston, while Blazer rookie Sidney Wicks needs seasoning in Portland.

In the Midwest Division, domain of the Milwaukee Bucks, their 222 total points were far more than anyone else could put together. As a matter of fact, the closest divisional competitor—the Chicago Bulls—managed only 129 points. But the Bulls evidently earned a lot of respect last year when they compiled the third best won-lost record in the NBA—and without a real superstar. This season they will have at least one preseason favorite on their side. He's Howard Porter, a strong rebounding and tough shooting forward. Obviously though, the competition still does not consider the Bulls to be a serious threat to the Bucks.

The fascinating facts about this division, to those who don't have to play in it, are its depth and strength overall. For instance, the team picked in our poll for third place here is the Phoenix Suns. In the voting they trailed the Bulls by a mere 16 points

and last season they finished only three games behind them. But their third-place record in the Midwest at 48-34 would have been good enough for first place in at least two other divisions and would have qualified them for a playoff berth anywhere else in the league. Regrettably, most of their competitors foresee the same fate for them again this year. In last place are the Detroit Pistons. Whatever else is wrong with the Pistons—their major problem seems to be a lack of confidence; for it was the Piston players' own last-place ballots that assured Detroit of the division cellar. Still this is a potentially powerful team. Their despair is at the prospect of having to climb over clubs like Phoenix and Chicago to reach a playoff berth.

In the Central Division the contest is between the Baltimore Bullets and the Atlanta Hawks who trailed Baltimore by only 12 points. The Bullets led by a wide margin in first-place votes, with most of Atlanta's points coming from a very solid second-place showing. The NBA players obviously believe that Baltimore has a better chance to recuperate from what began to look like the walking dead in the playoffs, than has Atlanta to solve its conflicts of personalities and playing styles (read Pete Maravich). In third place, well behind the frontrunners, are the Cincinnati Royals. Way back sit the hapless Cleveland Cavaliers.

In the Atlantic Division, New York sentiment is keyed to the arrival of Jerry Lucas and the debut of Marquette's Dean "The Dream" Meminger. The balloters anticipate the showdown at season's end that we all missed last year—the Knicks vs. the Bucks for the NBA championship.

Behind New York's 214 point total it was—take your pick—the 128 points of the Philadelphia 76ers or the Boston Celtics' 127. Philly had a decided edge in second-place votes but the Celtics neutralized some of that with a slight edge in first-place points. At any rate, with Philly and Boston splitting substantial votes for second and third, the Buffalo Braves wound up (*Continued on page 116*)



# WE HAVE PLE

We cordially invite you to get under Vega's skin. Because while we have plenty to hide, we definitely don't have anything to blush about.

What you'll find under Vega's very stylish shell is a lot of little car. More car than we really had to build.

That's just the way we do things.

You being the careful type, we here-with offer substantiation.

## **The thing that makes it go.**

There's nothing like a paragraph or two of technical talk to scare readers away.

So we'll try to discuss this thing in down-to-earth terms.

OK, Vega's engine looks a whole lot like a car engine. But believe us, it's a breakthrough. Thanks

to a very complicated but very clever process, Vega's engine is the envy of the little car world.

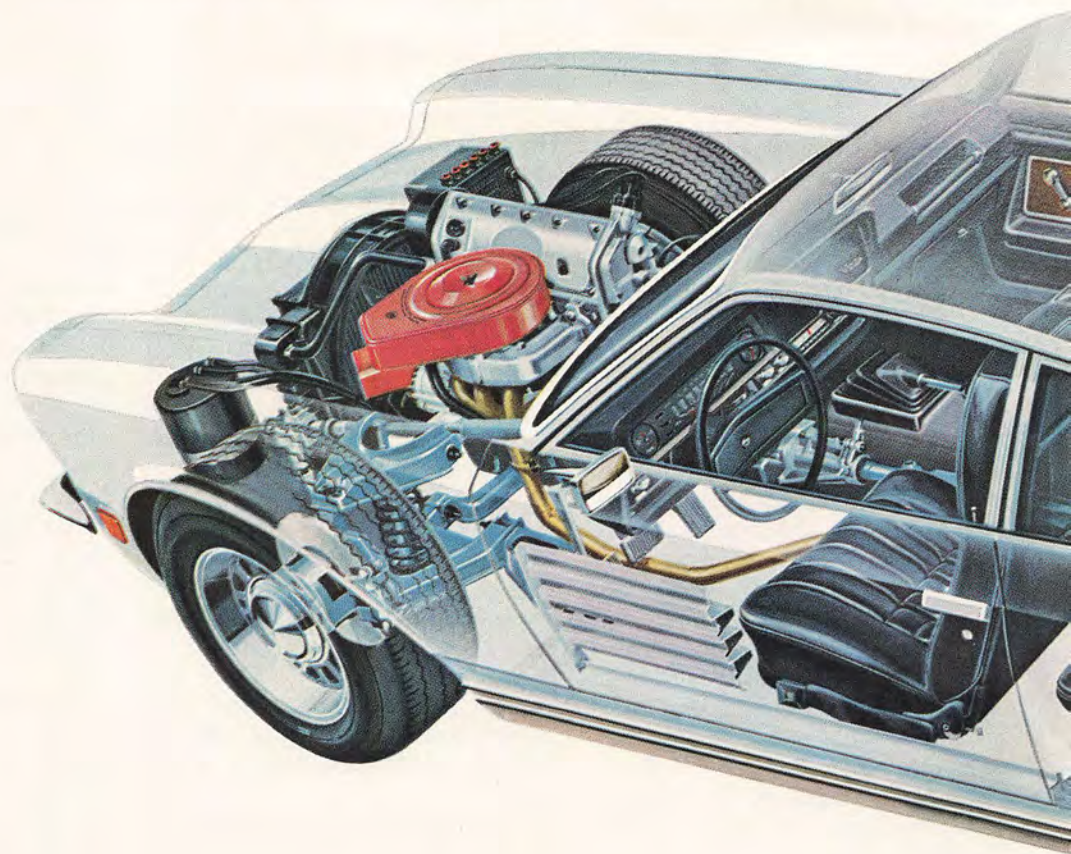
Why? Because it has enough power to forge confidently ahead, even on fast-moving freeways and long steep hills. And because it's amazingly quiet for a little car engine. And because in our highway tests, it's getting about 25 mpg (that's the standard engine, with the standard transmission).

Let us just add that, true to Chevy tradition, we think this engine will become a classic. It's that good.

## **Oh what a lovely door.**

Take a gander at the see-through door below. See that corrugated piece of steel? That's what we in the trade call a side-guard door beam.

We put those beams in every door of



Chevrolet. Building a better way



# NTY TO HIDE.

every Vega we build, for added protection. Of course, we hope our door beams will never have to come in handy. But if they have to, they will.

## **More hidden treasures.**

Again we direct your attention to our see-through Vega.

Notice the seats. Ah, those seats. Carved out of foam. And quite possibly the most comfortable seats you'll ever find in a little car. Even a little sports car.

And the brakes. Big ten-inch discs in front, standard.

But we didn't stop there. We put two roofs on the Vega. For stronger construction, and to make it even quieter.

Vega also has a power ventilation system. Air moves through the car, even when

it's standing still.

Another thing. Vega has an electric fuel pump, hidden in the gas tank, for smoother gas flow.

And, well, we could go on for hours.

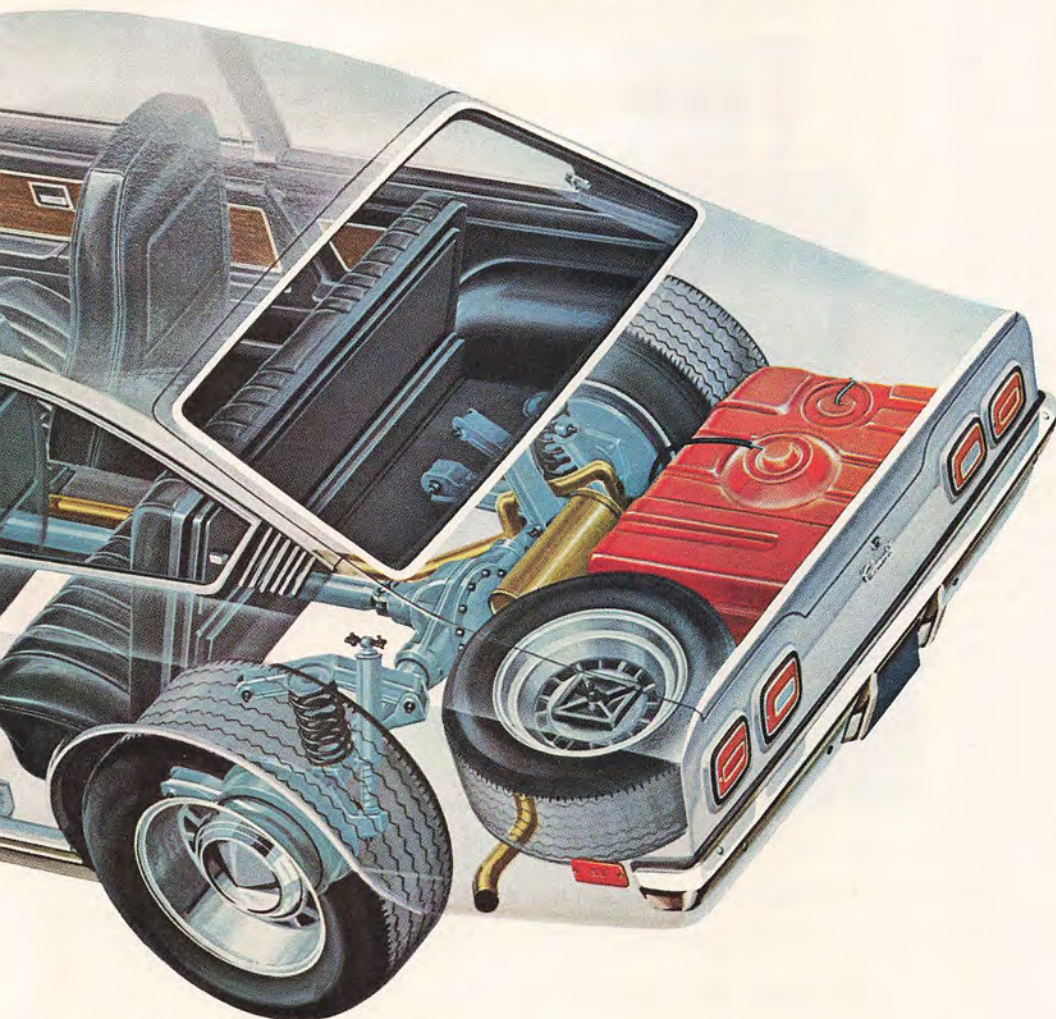
## **The moral.**

Now, we realize that you're not going to rush out and buy a Vega just because it has power ventilation. Or an electric fuel pump.

But, if you add everything all together, we think you'll find that Vega is the best little car on the American road today. Bar none.

Don't take our word for it, though. Go drive one. Maybe you can't see all of Vega's advantages.

But you can feel them.



to see the U.S.A.



**I**t is a warm California afternoon, the kind of lazy, uneventful day under which most major-league baseball games are played out each year. It is July 5, at Anaheim Stadium, and Alex Johnson has long since departed and Vida Blue pitched yesterday and the Oakland A's are running away in the West.

In the A's locker room ten minutes before game time, the players move lazily about, changing shirts, opening mail, autographing balls, reading newspapers and talking in conspiratorial tones about last night's blonde or possibly just an old friend who has been optioned to Iowa for the last time.

Out on the field, the ground crew is raking and watering the infield. The 7000 or so fans scattered throughout this new and beautiful park are relatively quiet. The only distinct sound to be heard is the steady plop, plop, plop of a baseball sinking into a catcher's mitt as the game's opposing pitchers warm up on either sideline. From the Oakland dugout along the first-base line one can see the A's starting pitcher throwing only a few feet from the first-base stands. At his back there is a blazing California sun which makes him visible from the dugout as a dark silhouette methodically moving. Only when his right arm swings around and the sun catches it just right, the arm gleaming like polished steel, does the sun also catch the sweat on his puffy cheeks revealing, for an instant, the boyish face of Jim Hunter, who immediately follows through into darkness. Plop! Jim Hunter does not throw very hard. His ball will crack in a catcher's mitt like thunder only when he throws full speed, and even then, only when his catcher catches the ball just right. Once, after Catfish shut out Milwaukee, manager Dave Bristol called a clubhouse meeting and told his Brewer players, "If you can't hit Cat-

fish, you can't hit anybody."

Jim Hunter's motion is correct, workmanlike, but not particularly graceful. It is unobtrusive, like its possessor. "I throw the same as I did in high school," says Hunter, who is now 25 years old. "I haven't changed much since then really. I have a slider now and better control, but basically I'm the same pitcher." As in high school, his curveball is adequate, slanting down and away from a righthanded batter only slightly. At times it is even less than adequate and it is hard to tell whether a pitch is a curveball or a slider. His control, however, is excellent. This makes him not only a comfortable man to hit but a comfortable man to catch, and no inconvenience for coach Vern Hoscheit to warm up before a game. There is only the threat of boredom, as Hunter's pitches continuously hit the exact spot Hoscheit has placed his

glove. Plop. One after another.

To pass the time Hoscheit talks to the fans close by him. Yesterday Hoscheit avoided those same fans. It was his job then to warm up Vida Blue for the Fourth of July game that drew 44,000 fans to Anaheim Stadium. When Hoscheit, Bill Posedel, the A's pitching coach, Curt Blefary and Blue emerged from the dugout for Vida's warm-up, thousands of fans began running towards the first base warm-up mound waving scorecards. From the A's dugout Williams shouted, "Take him to the bullpen—and no photographers." Immediately, Hoscheit, Blefary, Posedel moved to the inside of Blue, between him and the stands, and like so many sheepdogs herded him out to the far leftfield bullpen where he could warm-up in relative peace and quiet.

It had been Catfish Hunter's turn to start on July 4th. But he was switched in rotation with Blue ostensibly so Blue could rest for the following week's All-Star game, but actually so the Angels would be guaranteed a huge holiday crowd. As one reporter put it, "Who the hell will pay to see Catfish Hunter pitch?" The remark angered Hunter at the moment, but his anger soon subsided, as do all his emotions, it seems. He accepted the change without complaint. "Catfish adjusts easily," says A's catcher Dave Duncan. "If I call a curveball and he's thinking fastball, he just reprograms himself for my pitch. He never shakes me off. He just reprograms his mind and then my pitch really becomes his pitch. This makes him an easy man to catch."

It also makes him an easy man to play behind. Catfish Hunter is a safe bet. He shows no emotional strain on the mound. He won't walk many batters or throw away bunts or beat himself in the thousand other ways many young pitchers do.

"You have to beat Catfish bad before you (Continued on page 92)

# THE QUIET WAYS OF CATFISH HUNTER

Oakland's "other" pitcher is easygoing and unemotional.

He just wears down opponents  
"like the sea wears away a piece of land"

BY PAT JORDAN











# SPORT SPECIAL

In an era when running backs are breaking down before their time, the toughest one of them all carries on with honor—and also in anonymity

## KEN WILLARD: POWER WITHOUT GLORY

BY BILL LIBBY

Ken Willard is what a fullback should be. He isn't fancy. He doesn't float or cut corners on dimes or pick his way through broken fields. He grabs the ball, lowers his head a little and slams into the line. He looks for the hole, but when there is no hole he runs over people. He gets the hard yards for the 49ers. He always has.

Last season he scored seven touchdowns. Three of them were on one-yard plunges. Two of them were on three-yard runs. One was a seven-yarder. The longest was nine yards. The last couple of seasons his longest runs were for 15 or 20 yards. He never has gained as much as 1000 yards in a single season. Averaging between three and four yards a carry, he has bulled for 4363 yards in six seasons.

Six productive seasons is a long career for a running back these days. And Ken Willard has missed only one game all these seasons. He is durable. He is dependable. He endures. Day in and day out, season in and season out, he gets the tough yards that keep drives alive and produce touchdowns when the defense is stacked and savage in close to the end zone.

He does other things, too. He can go out and catch

the ball. He can hang back and protect the passer. He can move out front and throw a block in front of another runner. If John Brodie is the heart of the San Francisco 49ers, Ken Willard is their guts.

Late last season Willard injured his right knee when he was tackled and thrown to the turf awkwardly. "The tendons," he says, "were all messed up in there." He cannot be more specific because he would not let the doctors go in to see. He kept on playing. The season finale with Oakland was coming up and the 49ers needed to defeat their cross-bay rival to protect a slim lead in the NFC Coastal Division pennant race. In 23 years of existence the 49ers had not been able to win a title of any kind. Ken Willard was not going to miss the Oakland game.

He was unable to practice all week. The day before the game he took a shot of cortisone in the knee. He tried cutting to his left; he found he was able to without pain. Full of optimism, he drove home to the studio apartment he and his wife and their three children live in near Stanford during the season. He wanted his wife to know it was going to be all right. He parked the car and took the stairs two at a time and opened the door and bounded down the long hallway. When



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he got to the end of it, he cut left around the dining room table toward the kitchen, where he figured his wife would be—and he came up short. “Oh damn,” he cursed, because the knee hurt like hell. His wife Bonnie read his face and sagged and cursed softly under her breath.

“I have never been lower in my life,” Willard recalls. “I had to figure if I couldn’t cut around a dining room table, I was in trouble.”

He eased into an easy chair and he put his heavy hands on his leg and he massaged it and he tried to think about what it would be like to run with a bum knee.

He was shot with novocain before the game. By the time he had taped himself up in the dressing room and put on his uniform and ran out on the rain-soaked field, he wasn’t thinking about his knee, he was thinking about winning.

Again and again John Brodie handed off to Willard. Again and again Ken took the ball and lowered his head and hurtled into the line. He carried the ball 27 times and he ran for 85 yards. That was the 49ers offense because John Brodie could hit on only seven of 22 passes. But the San Francisco defense forced the Raiders into nine turnovers and, thanks to Willard, the 49ers were able to practice ball control and take the Raiders, 38-7.

Only in the dressing room after the game did Ken Willard feel the pain again. “I want to tell you, it hurt,” he said. “But it was my kind of game. A muddy-field game. The fancy-dans slip on the soft stuff. I just dig in and get going. Like a plough. I’m a ploughboy. I dig it up. When that ball keeps coming to me, that’s when I get going. I don’t feel tired. I don’t ever feel tired. *They* feel tired. They’ve hit me and been hit by me and it hurts. I don’t mind pain. Maybe they do. They stop hitting me. They start jumping on me. I just carry them on my back. I never felt a thing. Until the gun sounded. It was like the man shot me in the knee with that gun. Right away it started hurting again.”

It hurt all week until the Western Division playoff contest against the Vikings. The game was played in Bloomington in eight-degree temperature, with the bitter cold chilling the players and numbing their fingers and making it hard for them to breathe. Ken Willard took another shot in his knee and ran out on the field before more than 46,000 fans and he couldn’t feel his knee at all, he wasn’t even thinking about it. “Now *this* was the big game and this was the one we *had to win* and that’s all I was thinking about and the only pain I felt was when I made an ass of myself right off the bat.”

On his second carry early in the game, deep in his own territory, he fumbled the ball, it flew free, and Viking Paul Krause scooped it up on one bounce and ran it 22 yards into the end zone. Willard walked off thinking, “I’m not supposed to fumble . . . I only fumble three or four times a season . . . this was

the worst possible time to fumble . . . it cost my team a score . . . it might cost us the game.”

Later, he tried further to explain the fumble. “I wish I could tell you the ball was knocked from my grasp by a tremendous tackle. Hell, I didn’t get any kind of a blow. I just got hit and the ball squirted away. And I thought, you dumb jerk, here we are on national television with a million writers here and everyone’s eyes on us and you go and do a dumb-ass thing like this.”

He got it back, though. He forgot it as he had forgotten his bum knee. John Brodie wanted ball-control against the Minnesota defense, one of the toughest in football. He put Willard to work against the Viking Purple People Eaters—Carl Eller, Alan Page, Gary Larsen and Jim Marshall. Repeatedly he gave the ball to Willard. Repeatedly Ken lowered his head and rammed in there.

**T**he 6-2, 225-pounder carried the ball 27 times for another 85 yards. He weakened the wall and knotted the defense so Brodie could pass effectively. (Ken caught one pass, himself, for 18 yards.) The 49ers won, 17-14 and in the warmth of the dressing room, they hugged one another with numb arms and hands and Ken Willard sat down awkwardly and his rubbed-raw face grimaced for he had begun to feel pain again. “I was the happiest I’ve ever been in my life. I hurt something horrible,” he grins. “But we had another crown there and I just knew we were going all the way.”

It wasn’t to be. Against Dallas at home, the first NFL title game ever played in San Francisco, Ken Willard played in pain again, and played well. He went 14 yards to detonate the drive that brought the 49ers one touchdown. All in all, he carried 13 times for 42 yards. But it wasn’t enough. The Cowboys converted two interceptions of Brodie passes into scores and Dallas won, 17-10.

“I have never been more depressed in my life,” Willard recalls wistfully. “But after awhile the bad feeling went away. We had gone further than any 49ers team ever. We could have won it all, but we felt we should win it all the next time. We were a coming team and through the late winter and early summer I couldn’t wait for the new season to start. I went on a diet and slimmed off some weight so I could be quicker and more agile. I wanted to have my best season. I wanted to play a big part on a title team.”

Goleta, California, is a small town just outside of Santa Barbara. In recent times Goleta, and particularly the campus of the University of California at Santa Barbara, has been the focus of violence. Riots, bank-bombings and other examples of exotic student unrest have rocked the community. Now things are relatively nonviolent, save for the rocking taking place



down on the football field of the Santa Barbara campus. Big men, tough men, are whipping together under a tough coach, Dick Nolan. Nolan came to the 49ers in 1968 when a team that was supposed to be a winner under Jack Christiansen kept losing. Nolan did things. He also got himself some football players. A young receiver, Gene Washington, developed rapidly into one of the best pass catchers in the league. A rookie defensive back last year, Bruce Taylor, led the league in punt returns. Another 1970 rookie, Cedrick Hardman, spearheaded a reserve unit that helped give the 49ers an impressive "Front Seven" instead of a front four. And all this flaming youth was surrounded by quality veterans: Cas Banaszek, a brilliant blocking lineman; Charlie Krueger, a powerful all-pro defensive lineman, and Jim Johnson, one of the finest defensive backs in football. Plus John Brodie. Plus Ken Willard.

Nolan stood in a corner of the practice field at Santa Barbara, in the shadow of empty stands, watching his mammoth horde scrimmage. Nolan is a reserved and quiet man, but hard, intense lights glint in the outer edges of his eyes. His voice is clear and firm and he does not fumble for words. As he watched the scrimmage—thump . . . the ball rammed by Brodie into Willard's gut . . . Krueger cutting him down—Nolan's features relaxed a little. He likes to see good hitting.

"Statistics," Nolan began, almost as if he were delivering a sermon, "do not measure the worth of a Ken Willard. He is as underrated as anyone in football. Every team wants one like him who can get you the hard yards you need so much, who can block, who can run a pattern and catch a pass, who is always there doing a job that holds your backfield together. He takes a lot of punishment, but he gives out more. He never slows down. Hurt or sick, he just goes out and gets the job done. In his position, I can't think of anyone who's better in this league."

At a break in the practice, Willard stood on the sidelines and talked about the past and the present. Streams of sweat ran down his Steve Strongheart face, down his jutting jaw onto his thick neck. He has thinning red hair and to compensate he has grown a bushy mustache—the Ben Davidson look. When Willard joined the 49ers in 1965 they had been big losers for three years and had not finished higher than third place in eight years. In his first five years with the club, it didn't get any better. "We could score," he says, "but we couldn't stop the other team from scoring. Jack Christiansen was a nice man, but we were disorganized. And he and John Brodie weren't making it together. When your coach and your quarterback can't make it together, your team is in trouble. And, sure, we didn't have enough good players. Now we have more good players, in every position, and we

have a coach who has complete control over them. "Nolan is firm, but not inflexible. He is tough, but you can talk to the man. I've never known a straighter man. He has fantastic chemistry. And winning has given us confidence. We no longer hope to win a game, we expect to win every game. We are a team pulling together. It will take a lot to discourage us."

Later that week the 49ers traveled to Boca Raton, Florida, to prepare for a preseason game with the Miami Dolphins. In Spanish, Boca Raton means rat's mouth. The 49ers found it that way. They stayed at St. Andrew's Boys' school, they sweated in humid heat. Living facilities were poor. Running back Doug Cunningham put together six pillow slips to make up for a missing bedsheet. Roaches were everywhere. One crawled in rookie Vic Washington's ear, awakening him; Washington sat up the rest of the night. When the players complained, it was pointed out that both Baltimore and Oakland had trained here for Super Bowls. Sure, the players said, and Baltimore and Oakland lost those games. It was pointed out to them that *The Paper Lion* movie was filmed here, too. They pointed out *The Paper Lion* was also a loser. But it was all good-natured. These were not losers whining, but a first-class club.

**T**hey tied the Dolphins 17-17. Willard carried eight times for 25 yards; he also caught two passes for 14 yards. It was a good warmup for him.

He rushed home to his Menlo Park studio apartment. Waiting were blonde Bonnie Willard, his school sweetheart; Scott, six; Lance, four; and Shannon Lynn, two. He wrestled on the living room rug with the kids.

"He is a great father," Bonnie said, watching Ken in amusement. "He's not a bad husband, either, except that he's a little nutty."

"I'm the poor man's Don Rickles," Willard said.

"Last Halloween," Bonnie said, "he had me buy him the largest dress I could find. He used my make-up and was the hit of the party. He was the guy with the lampshade on his head," Bonnie noted.

"I like playing the clown. It keeps me loose," he grinned. "But like Rickles, I only kid people I like. I feel for people. I feel for rookies. That's why I helped write and produce a show for them to give at camp this year. We put words in their mouth putting the coaches in their place. We promised them immunity. Of course the coaches didn't promise them that," he laughed.

Later, as we talked, he admitted that the Don Rickles thing was a mask, "so I don't have to show much of myself to the world. I'm sort of a private person."

Kenneth Henderson Willard was born July 14, 1943, in Richmond, Virginia. His father was a door-to-door insurance salesman earning around \$7500 a year. "We weren't rich, but we also weren't poor," Ken recalls.



"We had a nice home in a nice neighborhood. I never wanted for anything. Even when my father died when I was 14 and my brother was 17, it didn't destroy our way of life. It was a hard thing for boys to handle, but Mom was always the strong one in our family and her strength saw us through the crisis. She is the strongest person I've ever known, physically and mentally. She worked hard and insisted we complete our education. At 67, she still is working, as a comptometer operator at the local department store. I worked summers in construction but she made it easy for me to make my own life."

His size made it easy for him to get ahead in sports. Ken was always a big boy. At the age of 12 he was 5-11 and 190 pounds and he claims they threw him out of Little League because he was too big for the other boys. He was always super-confident, too. There was never any doubt in his mind that he would be a professional athlete. "I wanted to do other things, too," he says, "like be a doctor or lawyer, but in the off-season, when my playing days were over."

He won 16 letters in four sports at Varina High School. He ran the 100 in 10.2 and put the shot 47 feet. He was a rugged rebounder on a basketball team which was runner-up in the state scholastic tournament one year. He was a powerful breakaway running back on a football team that lost only nine of 40 games during the four years he played. But Ken's best sport was baseball. He was a long-ball hitting outfielder, a powerful prospect.

The Boston Red Sox were the most passionate of his pursuers. They opened with a \$60,000 bonus bid and closed with a \$100,000 offer delivered personally by Ted Williams. Willard rejected it, though he remembers being awed by Williams' presence. "It remains one of the great thrills of my life," Ken grins. "I remember bringing in the paper boy later to show him where Williams had sat. But Mom wanted me to go to college and I had thought all my life of playing college football and, really, the money had no meaning to me then, it didn't seem real. He might as well have said a million. I always figured I could still pick it up after college."

He stood up and struck a batting pose. He took a home run cut and a rush of air stirred the room. "I really could rip the ball. But baseball is too slow for me. I'm very competitive. I need action. I always preferred football. Anyway, they wanted to send me to Baton Rouge in Class D. I couldn't see working my way up through the minors. They had another boy they also were bent on signing—Tony Conigliaro. They settled for him. But I think I might have made it."

In addition to everything else, Ken was an outstanding student. His older brother, Richard, attended VMI, played football and went on to become a doctor. Ken thought of becoming a doctor, too, when he was at the University of North Carolina (which he chose over Duke, Virginia and other schools) but he didn't want to take all that time away from sports. Later,

he took a semester of pre-med at William & Mary and was second in his class before he gave it up. "I don't think I sold out," he says. "I think I wanted to *prove* I could do it more than I *wanted* to do it. But I wanted to do what I could in sports more." He graduated with a 3.2 grade average out of a possible 4.0, was on the Dean's List and made the Academic All-America for scholar-athletes.

**A**t Chapel Hill, Willard played baseball as well as football. His senior season, he hit one ball out of Carolina's Emerson Field that traveled close to 500 feet and has since become a legend. "If that homer could have been chopped up into singles, he'd have hit .400 for the season," said his coach, Walter Rabb. As it was, Ken hit .291, led the Atlantic Coast Conference with 11 home runs and 40 runs driven home over 31 games and took his team to the league title. "I'm sorry Ken never could give pro baseball a try as well as football," Rabb says. "I never coached a boy with more natural power. And he hit best in clutch situations."

He was as much of a clutch performer in football. In his three varsity seasons at North Carolina he totalled more than 3000 yards on offense. He rushed for 835 yards in his senior season and 2043 yards in his college career. He also ran back kickoffs and caught passes. He ran the hard way, ploughing ahead, never averaging as much as four yards a carry. He made key yardage for the Tar Heels and he scored 21 touchdowns. The team had one big season, his junior year, when it won eight of ten games and went on to rout the Air Force in the Gator Bowl. Ken ran for 94 yards and a touchdown and was voted the game's Most Valuable Player. Later, his bull-like rushes accounted for 133 yards in the Coaches' All-American Game at Buffalo and he was voted MVP again.

His college football career wasn't all a series of small three-yards-and-a-cloud-of-dust bursts. His longest run was an 83-yard return of a kickoff that shocked South Carolina. In his last game, he bucked 28 times for 107 yards and two touchdowns against arch-rival Duke, taking the conference rushing honors from the Duke star, Bud Wilkinson's son, Jay. Ken earned the respect of rival coaches. Asked how he intended to handle Willard in one game, Clemson coach Frank Howard drawled, "I plans to kiss him goodbye." After Willard had wrecked his club, Howard appeared in the Carolina dressing room. "Where's that Willard?" he growled. Spotting him, he moved to him and planted a juicy kiss on the youngster's cheek. "There's that kiss I promised," the old coach said. "Goodbye, boy, and git out of my way for good."

"He was my bread-and-butter player," said Carolina coach Jim Hickey. "He played for me three years without a serious injury. He took some rough bumps without complaint. I have great admiration for his



desire, his ability and his pride." Carolina publicists prepared a brochure calling attention to Ken's credentials. It was titled: "Ken 'The Iron Horse' Willard." The subtitle noted, "Into The Enemy's Middle He Charged Hard And Often." Around town, he was compared to the Carolina immortal, Charlie Justice. Beyond the area, however, Willard won no more than a few All-America mentions.

The memory of his college experience is a mixed bag. "I liked Jim Hickey," he says. "He believed in me and he was a good coach. But I didn't like being treated like a child, driven and pushed. You're worked much harder in college ball than in pro ball, and treated more harshly and impersonally. Once they get you in school, the honeymoon is over. And school spirit doesn't make up for what you go through. Anyway, I'm a realist, not a rah-rah guy. Colleges really use athletes. It's college, but the sport comes ahead of the class. I made good grades, but any time you insist on spending on studies is resented. If football is going to be your profession, it's more honest to be paid as a pro. Football in its truest form isn't the college game, it's the pro game."

In the 1964 pro draft, one of the richest in years, and fueled by the war between the two leagues, there were three outstanding running backs coming out of college—Tucker Frederickson of Auburn, Gale Sayers of Kansas and Ken Willard of North Carolina. In Sayers' autobiography, *I Am Third*, he tells of three teams—the Chicago Bears, New York Giants and San Francisco 49ers—all in need of running backs, getting together in self-protection against the AFL and choosing among themselves which running back each would draft. The 49ers chose Willard and have no cause to regret the move.

He became a regular immediately and ran for 778 yards his rookie year. In succeeding seasons he has rushed for 778, 763, 510, 967, 557 and 789 yards. It seems like a steady, dependable output. It seems as if Ken Willard has gone along serenely in his role with the 49ers. Appearances are deceiving. At the end of his second season he wanted out. He demanded to be traded, preferably to Washington or Baltimore, which would be near his Richmond home. He threatened to retire rather than remain in San Francisco. But he was not traded. "I didn't know it, but I was bluffing," he shrugs. "They knew it. They knew football meant too much to me to give it up. And they didn't want to give me up, which flattered me. So I stayed."

"The real thing was we were doing so badly and were so disorganized I could see little hope for the future. The football player who says he doesn't hear the fans is lying. The boos eat into you. You're tear-

ing your guts out, win or lose, taking the hard knocks, and then the people beat on you, too. You walk around town and the people make sarcastic remarks. You have no dignity. It's a difficult thing to cope with, to work without rewards."

He hunched forward intently. He paused, trying to pick his words meticulously. "I really enjoy playing this game. The violence doesn't frighten me and the pressure doesn't bother me. I look forward to every game. But losing all the time takes all the pleasure out of it."

The losing continued under Jack Christiansen. In 1967, unretired but still angry about not being traded, Ken suffered his first, and—to this date—only major injury. In the preseason he broke his left arch, then sprained his right arch. All season he took pain-killing injections. He ran on sore, aching feet and his form suffered. He also missed the only game in his pro career and he is still bitter about it.

"Christiansen just suggested I rest my feet one game, the tenth game against Baltimore. I was hurt but I could have played. I wasn't playing that well so I have no real complaint. I did have complaints about the way things were going, however. If they'd gone on much longer, it'd have robbed me of all my desire."

But it didn't go on any longer. Dick Nolan came on in 1968 and immediately things got better for Willard and the 49ers. That year he had his best game, against the Atlanta Falcons, when he rushed for 162 yards, including his longest run from scrimmage ever, 69 yards. "That was a pleasure," he remembers. "Our center, Forrest Blue, cut down Tommy Nobis, which was half of it. John David Crow knocked over a linebacker, got up, ran downfield and knocked over a defensive back. Bodies were lying all over the field and the only real danger was that I'd trip over one. I made it to the end zone and it was the first time the team was able to use one of my runs in its highlight film. Other seasons, they had to splice a lot of small ones together to make one big one."

**L**eaving Ken's apartment, we drove through the dark night to the team's headquarters, the Edgewater Motel in Burlingame, for Sunday's game with San Diego. Ken, who had the use of a Cadillac last season while appearing in a program ad for that company, now drives an expensive Porsche which he says suits his lifestyle better. He spends a good piece of his \$50,000 annual salary on the finer things in life. Driving daringly, we sped past darkened Atherton and Redwood City, in San Mateo County, en-route to his 11 p.m. deadline. As we raced through the cool quiet evening, he spoke of his playing style.

"I'm not fast, but I'm quicker than people think," he said. "I took off ten pounds so I'd be quicker yet. At 215, I may not be much faster, but I will be more mobile. I think it's a fallacy that extra weight helps



a back. I think a lot of the top runners around today are 215 or less. In the exhibition games so far, I think I've proved my point. I feel just as strong and hit just as hard. And I feel a lot quicker. I can make the tight cut now and I don't feel as cornered when tacklers close in on me.

"I don't really prefer running over people anyway. I prefer to run past them. I look for holes and run to daylight. When I'm tackled, I go down. I think I save myself and am more valuable to the team in the long run. The only time I try to do any power-running, breaking tackles, is at the line of scrimmage. I go for four or five yards at a time. I'll take anything I can get, but I go for four or five.

"I like to carry the ball a lot and I don't get tired. I'm moving just as quick and running just as hard late in the fourth quarter as I am in the first quarter. The defenders seem to be tiring then and they become shy. I like to carry 20, 25 times a game. I'll go further on my 20th time than I will on my first. And I'll get close to 100 yards. But some games are passing games. Then I'll have to block to earn my pay check. I'm not the best blocker, but I'm a good one. Some blocking is tough, nitty-gritty stuff that busts your head. If you've got your druthers you'd rather not do it, but you got to do it. Blocking guys like Jim Houston and Dave Robinson is rough.

"There are other things you have to do. Sometimes you have to sell out your block and hit the line without the ball. If you're a good salesman, some will go for you, not the guy with the ball. You have to do it just like you have the ball. There's nothing in it for you, but there's something in it for the team. So you go and take your lumps. Other times you run pass patterns and go out and catch the ball. On the other hand, this is fun. I'm pretty good at this."

He drew silent for a while, speeding the sports car along. Then he said, "After awhile in pro ball, I sat down and thought my role through. I knew I was not going to be a breakaway back. I could see I wasn't going to be a sensation. But I also could see there were things I could do very well. I decided to work hard at doing what I could, instead of trying for what was beyond me. I think a lot of fellows lose out in pro ball because they try to be what they're not."

He laughed half aloud then said, "I'm no new Caddy. I'm a used Merc. But as long as the engine starts, I'm okay. If we ran outside more, I'd fool you, I'd break off a few long ones. We may run outside more this year because we have new runners like Vic Washington and Joe Orduna to do it. I'll still have to get the short yardage, the hard yardage. I'll catch some short passes. I'll block. I won't fumble often. I don't think John and I ever have fumbled a handoff. I don't make many mistakes."

What would he like most out of football now? "I'd like to gain 1000 yards one of these seasons. That would put me in a certain select class and assure me some recognition. But I'd rather settle for

600 and 700 and help win the team a title than make 1000 and lose. The team comes first—as long as I'm playing. I have to play. I can't share. If I wasn't playing, the team, the game, the season wouldn't mean much to me and I'd leave it."

Ken doesn't really need to play pro football anymore. Back in Richmond (the Willards own a home there) he has been selling about \$500,000 worth of insurance summers for the Equitable Company. He is handsome, personable, intelligent and articulate and he knows he can go on selling insurance successfully after he finishes with football. But the mystique of the game still holds him.

**W**hen we got to the motel he picked up his mail. There was one from a girl who writes all the players. "Dear Slim Ken," she wrote, "just a few lines to say, Wow! What a fine job you did against the Dolphins, pushing for yardage, being just so rough and tough. You look just great, Ken. Keep up the good work. And take care . . . Betty."

Ken smiled. "Even I have my fans," he said. "I remember last year I got a letter addressed to me, but inside it started, 'Dear Mr. Woodeschick. I think you're the greatest fullback in football. . . .'"

Ken began to laugh. He said, "I imagine Tom Woodeschick in Philadelphia got a letter which began, 'Dear Mr. Willard, I think you're the greatest fullback in football. . . .'"

He stretched out on his bed and studied the ceiling. "I think my salvation is that I'm rather level-headed," he said. "I don't get terribly depressed by bad games or terribly elated by good ones. I give my best every game and take the results as they come. I try not to play two bad games in a row. I try to put two good ones together. Then a third. I think consistency is the most important quality in a professional athlete."

He was quiet awhile but you could see he was itchy. "This is a tough time of year for a veteran. Preseason camp lasts too long. I don't need two months to get ready. Six or seven exhibitions are way too many. It's ridiculous. Maybe Dick Nolan wouldn't agree. The owners need the dough. But after seven seasons, practice is drudgery. The games are all right. I'm looking forward to Sunday's game, even though it's an exhibition. It's time we were putting it all together." He stirred restlessly. The ploughboy was ready.

The fans filled Candlestick Park on Sunday afternoon. The wind whipped off the bay through the maze of construction that soon will have converted the horseshoe stadium, used by the baseball Giants, into a double-decked saucer. Willard went with the rest of the 49ers onto the new AstroTurf green carpet. He looked husky in his red and gold uniform (No. 40), prancing high as a horse to loosen up. "I sleep good and eat good before games," he had told me. "No



nerves. I've been doing this awhile. But just before the kickoff, I feel it in my gut. An anxiety more than anything else. An anxiety to do well."

The kickoff went to San Diego and the Chargers ground out yardage, got in close enough for a field goal and a 3-0 lead. The 49ers got the ball and were immediately thrown back. On third and 19, Brodie passed short to Willard who went nine before being driven down, but it wasn't enough. Both teams stalled until the 49ers got the ball on a fumble at the Charger 13. Brodie handed off to 25-year-old rookie, Vic Washington, and he cut off a crushing block by Willard on Jeff Staggs to score. Later in the period, the 49ers returned an interception to the Charger 21. Willard ran right, cut sharply left and ripped the middle for seven. He then went straight ahead over guard for four and a first down on the ten. Three plays later, Willard and Randy Beisler threw blocks to clear Washington for another score to make it 14-3.

In the second period, Willard took a pass 20 yards up the middle but the 49ers then faltered. Later, they got another march moving. Willard powered over left guard for seven and up the middle for eight on two of the plays as the team drove to the Charger seven. On first down, Brodie handed off to Willard who went wide left, was hit hard by Kevin Hardy and Pete Barnes and fumbled the ball away. Ken trotted off the field with his chin on his chest, sat down on the bench and shook his fist at the ground.

When the 49ers got the ball again, Brodie went right to Willard on three straight plays. Ken turned inside left end for seven, bucked for one over left guard, then faked a block, ran out and took a pass in the right flat for 11. After a pass took the ball to the Charger four, Willard slammed into the right side, got stacked up, but kept his legs pumping, broke a tackle and burst through for the score. That made it 21-3 at halftime.

Nolan wanted to see some of his younger players in the second half, so Brodie and Willard played only briefly. Steve Spurrier replaced Brodie, while a taxi-squadder from Tennessee Tech, Larry Schreiber, took over for Willard. As Willard stood on the sidelines shouting encouragement, the kids did just fine. Washington, trying to beat out Doug Cunningham for the halfback spot opposite Willard, ran beautifully. Schreiber, after Bill Tucker's job as the backup fullback behind Willard, blasted powerfully and scored the last touchdown to cement a 28-17 49er victory.

In the dressing room afterwards, Willard was asked if he'd lost his job. He smiled and said, "I didn't, but maybe Bill Tucker did." He said it softly, with sympathy. "It's a hard time, the preseason," he said, "when pals get cut."

He was sipping from a can of Fresca. His face was flushed and moist and as he peeled off his sweaty togs, a smear of blood showed on one leg. He had gained 40 yards in 11 carries. He had done his usual job, but he had fumbled. He shook his head with wonder, saying, "Our halfback missed the linebacker and as I saw him coming, I made a quick move, but it probably wasn't a smart move. He got me with both arms and shoved both hands through the ball, popping it free."

**T**he quarterback was asked about Willard's fumble. Brodie just shook it off. "If he fumbles," Brodie said, "I just forget it. He doesn't fumble often. I went back to him on the next series because I can win with him. He knows just exactly what he can do and he does it. He has no illusions about himself. He's just a goddamn good football player, just outstanding."

Asked about Willard's personality, Brodie laughed and said, "He cuts up a lot, but he's not really a clown. He has a good sense of humor. He gets a kick out of life. But he's serious about football. He likes to compete. He's really what he is, a football player. He's not trying to fool anyone. He doesn't have to."

Stylishly attired in a blue and green outfit, the mustachioed Willard moved out of the dressing room for a night with his family before reporting back to camp. Mostly unmarked, he seemed fresh and strong. "The violence is there," he said, "no doubt of it. I've been dealt a few cheap shots. Mostly it's live and let live. But guys like Lee Roy Jordan and Dick Butkus always give you a little extra. Don't let anyone tell you some guys don't give you a little extra. I know. I played with Monty Stickles." He laughed. "Well," he said, "I have a dirty job to do and sometimes I get messed up, but so far I've been very lucky."

He looked down at his strong hands. "I guess I'm just put together better than most guys. I don't even pull muscles. A doctor told me I have the toughest ligaments he's ever seen. He said they're as big as fists. But, let's face it, I've been lucky. My bones would break just like the next man's. It's like playing Russian roulette when you go out on that football field. One of these days I'll pull the trigger on a loaded chamber."

He shuddered a little, depressed by the thought of it. "I'm a very fortunate man," he said. "I'm doing what I want to do. I have a beautiful wife. I have wonderful kids. When I leave football, I'll miss it terribly, I know, but I have a good future in business. Maybe I'm not the most famous athlete in the world, but life has treated me real good. Today I stand on the threshold of a championship season."

He moved away, toward the season. "If that loaded chamber doesn't come up, I'm looking forward to a lot of fun," he said.





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## CUOZZO VS. SNEAD: THE QUARTERBACK AS NON-HERO

(Continued from page 58)

to be conservative—there just isn't time to practice the double wings, the trips (triple wings), the motion plays that some teams use. On the other hand, I knew that we could make the big plays, too. It bothered me, the image we had."

In the long shadow of winter, Cuozzo reviewed the season, play by play. Take that time in Detroit. The Vikings were nursing a ten-point lead and Cuozzo was at the line of scrimmage, checking the defense. He could see the blitz coming, and he had an audible for it, but he elected to play it safe. He ran the play he had called in the huddle, the play he was sure Grant wanted him to run. The result was a three-yard loss. "Things like that reinforced my belief that we had to take more chances," he said. "I don't mean come out gambling every play, but when you see an opening, take it."

When the 1971 Vikings reported to their training camp in Mankato, Minnesota, it was to work harder than they had worked in the five years Bud Grant had been head coach. There was no player strike to divert attention. The weather was perfect, an endless procession of cool, clear, blue earth days. "This team has been together so long," Snead observed after two weeks in camp, "nobody has to tell them to come prepared. These people are pros." Outside the normal demands of his job, Snead made no attempt to exercise leadership.

"This team supplies its own leadership," a Viking veteran told me. Middle linebacker Lonnie Warwick brought his bird-dog puppies to camp. Alan Page brought his 400-cubic inch Dodge dragster, *Freedom*. Nine or ten of the players were dressed in the costume of the moment, Old McDonald overalls and bright bandanas. Defensive back Dale Hackbart secured a crate of toy stickhorses (sticks with stuffed horse heads) and for a while the rookies obligingly rode them everywhere they went. There was a move underway to repeat the *Astrofrog* experiment of 1970, a project the entire team shared when Grant wasn't demanding their undivided attention. History does not record the name of the player who first thought up the project, but *Astrofrog* was captured on a lily pad somewhere near the Mankato State campus and a rocket was devised using tape cans and a chemical propellant. Every-

one had a job. Clint Jones was Frog Keeper. Cuozzo was *Astrofrog's* personal physician. Ed White was in charge of public relations. Dale Hackbart, appropriately dressed in a World War I leather helmet and flowing scarf, was to pilot the windup observation plane. Preparation, the Vikings were intoxicated with it. When Jim Marshall accidentally gave *Astrofrog* an overdose of tranquilizers, *Backup Frog* was produced from out of nowhere. Guard Jim Vellone booked bets that *Backup Frog* would never get back alive. He was right. But this year . . . this year . . .

The hard work only made it a better camp, pulled it together. Cuozzo was throwing the ball with more authority. And though he insisted that "nothing can be artificial—I'm not trying to change my personality"—camp followers noticed that Cuozzo was taking charge in a way he never had. Snead was big and impressive. He learned the system in no time. Grant noted happily that Snead was a sound and solid piece of merchandise. "You never know how much mileage you're getting when a ten-year veteran joins your club for the first time," Grant said. He made it clear that Cuozzo was his number one quarterback until events proved otherwise, but in camp he gave them both careful attention.

After 17 days of two-a-day workouts—I asked Snead if he had learned the Viking offense yet, and he looked at me like I was crazy. Can a bus driver make change for a quarter? Can a chemist detect table salt? But he was impressed by the way the Vikings worked, and by the coach. "Grant doesn't say much," Snead said, "but he doesn't have to. He's very positive. Winning does that." Snead observed that though the Vikings were a very physical team, there had been fewer major injuries in this camp than any camp he had ever attended. Winning, it makes you feel invulnerable.

Though Grant was cautious to the point of sometimes seeming ridiculous (when asked why he used Bob Lee instead of Snead as Cuozzo's second half replacement in the first exhibition game with Boston, Grant said: "It just felt right"), the pattern soon became apparent. Cuozzo played the first half against Boston and staked the Vikings to a 10-0 lead. Lee almost blew it with two second half interceptions, but the Vikings held on to win, 17-10.

In the second game, against San

Diego, Snead had a sensational first half, hitting 19 of 26 passes for 251 yards and two touchdowns. Cappelman replaced him in the second half when it was no longer a contest. It would be Cuozzo and Lee again the following week. Grant was avoiding, at least in the early games, a head-on comparison between his two veteran quarterbacks. Thus it was that while Cuozzo's statistics in the first game (nine of 23 for 90 yards and no touchdowns) were not nearly as impressive as Snead's against San Diego, it could be pointed out that San Diego's pass rush was woefully inadequate. Snead was able to send out five receivers on nearly every pass play; 16 of his completions were to backs. But Snead's ability to recognize a defense, and use the Viking offense accordingly, was no longer in question. If it ever had been.

Something else was obvious—the new daring Cuozzo had grafted to his style. Early in the Boston game Cuozzo spotted a Patriot cornerback playing headup at the line with wide receiver Gene Washington. *Click*. Cuozzo called an audible and it would have been a touchdown except that Washington dropped the ball. Later Gary did the same thing to the opposite side of the field, now to Bob Grim. This time a pass interference penalty prevented the touchdown. As Grant observed later, "We were a couple of inches away from two long touchdown plays."

Snead and Cuozzo were back where they started. Only Grant was making progress.

After a successful exhibition season, Minnesota was a popular favorite to finish first in the NFC Central Division. Now Grant had seen both his quarterbacks in action. Snead's accurate arm and unflappability had been particularly impressive. Newsmen had begun to second-guess Grant by betting that Snead would start ahead of Cuozzo.

But Grant was still hedging his bet, reminding all the prophets that it was going to be a long season. Like all seasons. A lot could, and surely would happen. Broken bones. Fractured egos. Inflation, depression, war, pestilence, famine. Things would work out.

In a way Fate had already taken a hand, at least in the case of Cuozzo's contract dispute. Not many days after Finks projected his Theory of the QB as a Non-Hero, President Nixon announced the wage-price freeze. Asparagus had at last been stabilized. ■



## NOTRE DAME'S NEW-STYLE ALL-AMERICA

(Continued from page 65)

Tom Gatewood was a bright student and a much sought after tight end. He was a tenth-grader before he began to take football seriously. "I thought I was a pretty good baseball player and basketball player," he says. "A lot of guys on the football team kind of coerced me into coming out for the team. We'd grown up together. I became the smallest tight end in the state and the biggest safetyman. I ran back kickoffs and punts. I was never off the field."

Tom was watched by many scouts, among them Notre Dame's John Ray, now coaching at the University of Kentucky. Ray took his time. "He was low key," recalls Gatewood. "He wasn't at me constantly with literature and phone calls. I didn't think of him as a recruiter. I thought of him as a person."

Tom was one of six kids in the Gatewood home. He learned the value of a higher education from his parents. "They stimulated us to think about the importance of education. But they don't make our decisions for us. I haven't been dependent on my parents since I was a kid, and that sort of inde-

pendence enables you to make split-second decisions with ease. My father and mother didn't pressure me towards Notre Dame. Religion was not a factor. My parents are Baptist and I'm a Methodist. I had more than 150 offers—and the ultimate decision was left to me. I took my time. I waited until the last day."

Then Tom Gatewood made his choice. Undoubtedly, sensitive Irish recruiters—as others—were as tense as hunters. Perhaps some old-timers even stopped to light a candle at the grotto. Then the word came through: Baltimore's promising Tom Gatewood had decided on Notre Dame.

"I came to Notre Dame because I wanted an education," Tom says. "I could have gone many places. But Notre Dame offered me a lot of things. It was top academically. It was small, comparatively. It was national in scope."

But Tom admits those first days at Notre Dame did not make him feel really comfortable. Blacks were rare on campus and some of his encounters were uncomfortable. He even got a few phone calls, like maybe he'd be better off if he went home, that Notre Dame

didn't need any blacks. . . . He smiles wryly about it now, but he wasn't smiling then.

On the football field Tom began to impress almost immediately. As a freshman he was listed as a running back and a tight end. He carried the ball well, scoring both touchdowns in the Irish frosh win over Tennessee. But one day the coach was having some passing drills and Tom got in line: "I caught everything they threw at me," he remembers. "Beginning that day I was a split end."

Gatewood began his sophomore season wanting badly to start for the varsity. Jim Seymour had graduated and Ara Parseghian was looking for another as good as Seymour. At first Gatewood had difficulties adjusting to split end, but he loved the complexities and intricacies of his new position. "It was easier to get open as a tight end because you could always fake a block and have a delay," he says. "You might fake the secondary and slip out into the flat. You can't do that as a split end. The defense can change on the first cadence. You have to learn to read defenses on the move, while you're running routes."



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Tom diagrammed a play—his favorite pattern, the one they call the flag route. He starts downfield, straight ahead, fakes deliberately to the left, then bursts on a right diagonal to the goal line flag on the right. It worked well his sophomore year. Tom's flag route carried him to eight touchdowns. He caught 47 of Joe Theismann's passes for 743 yards. He displayed quick deceptive moves, great speed, and a purse-snatcher's hands. He could only get better.

He did. In 1970 he broke all Notre Dame records for most passes caught in one season (77), for per-game pass catching yardage (112.3), for most yards gained through pass receptions (1123); and he tied the ND record for most touchdown passes caught in one game—three, against Purdue. He was well within striking distance of Jim Seymour's career Notre Dame record of 138 receptions, 2113 yards gained and 16 touchdowns scored in regular season games.

In the Cotton Bowl game against Texas, Gatewood looked like he would have a great day. The Irish came into the game against the nation's top team, badly mauled after Southern Cal had

ruined their bid for an unbeaten season. "We were a wounded team," says Tom. "We came to Dallas like a hurt dog. The Texans sensed something. They had devastated Arkansas. We had lost to USC. A year before they had greeted us warmly—those big Texas handshakes. Man! But now they seemed a bit cautious. It wasn't the same. They sensed something. . . ."

The hometown Cotton Bowl crowd yelled for Steve Worster and Joe Theismann answered by threading passes, mostly to Gatewood. After a Happy Feller field goal gave Texas a 3-0 lead early in the first period, Notre Dame retaliated quickly. The Irish marched from their own 20 to the Texas 26 in nine plays. The tenth play was to be Gatewood's specialty, his favorite pass route. As Theismann took the snap from center and faked a hand-off to one of his running backs who drove into the line, Gatewood broke straight downfield from his left end position. Faking to his left and cutting abruptly towards the right corner of the end zone, Gatewood left the helpless and decisively beaten Longhorn defensive back in his wake. He gathered in Theismann's pass on the

13 and sped towards the goal line. But as he reached the five-yard-line Gatewood pulled up lame. He could only limp into the end zone to score the touchdown that gave Notre Dame a lead it wouldn't relinquish. It was dejection and elation at once—Gatewood had pulled the delicate hamstring muscle in his right leg.

"I thought I'd never make it into the end zone," he said. "I knew if I could just stay up that I could score, but I wasn't sure I could stay up." He stayed up and so did Notre Dame. The Irish beat the nation's No. 1 team 24-11.

"Afterwards those Texas streets seemed bare," Tom recalls. "Nobody was around. Nobody came near us. All that hospitality kind of disappeared."

And now Gatewood is back, in quest of Seymour's record and more honors. Tom is super-confident about Notre Dame's 1971 chances, and quietly confident about his own future. He knows the pressure will be fierce on him this season. His fame and his record precede him. Last year, Army's secondary gave him "the greatest compliment I ever had." They put three men on him every time. The Irish still won 51-10, and Tom caught one TD



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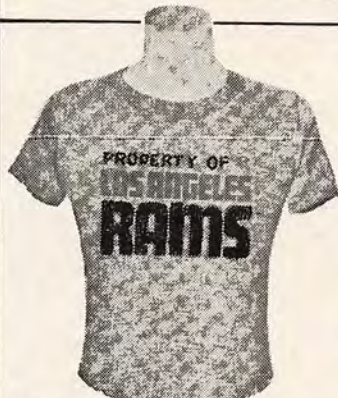
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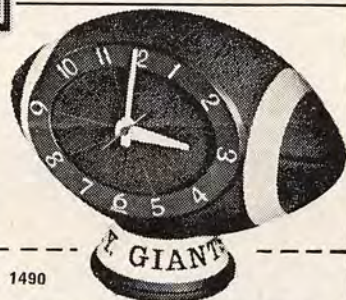


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pass. Against Michigan State he caught 12 passes and scored three touchdowns. Afterwards Michigan State coach Duffy Daugherty complained: "We tried to stop Gatewood every possible way, but somehow he found a way to get open. We used a zone and a man-to-man, but he solved both. Every time we'd set up double coverage Theismann would audible a running play and they'd have an advantage."

Coach Bob DeMoss of Purdue said much the same thing after Notre Dame's 48-0 win: "We tried to take Gatewood away from them with double coverage, but he continually got clear. He kept turning short passes into long gainers."

Tom's own receiver coach, Mike Stock, says: "They can't double-cover Gatewood, they can't single-cover him, and they can't zone him. He moves well, he reads defenses well, he gets open and he knows how to run with the ball after he gets it." Parseghian himself calls Gatewood "exceptional," which is probably an understatement.

"When I'm performing my specialty," Tom says of the split end attack, "there's lots of pressure. I like

pressure. I like to come through in the clutch. The people are yelling—that's pressure. Third down and long yardage—that's pressure. Your teammates are depending on you—that's pressure. When I score it removes all that pressure. I appear emotionless—but I'm exhausted."

Up to now Tom has just been too exhausted to get too involved in student affairs at Notre Dame. He does not, for instance, belong to the Afro American Society. But his sympathies are with some of the options asked by Notre Dame's organized blacks. Right now the situation is described by the Black Studies program director, Dr. Joseph W. Scott, as a "Marxist confrontation." Blacks want to live in what they call "concentrations"—that is, they want separate black quarters set aside within the Notre Dame student resident system. The present university policy is against this. It wants to mix the blacks with the whites, keep them mixed, and, hopefully, make for a more homogeneous and harmonious atmosphere. But blacks claim this kind of a mix is artificial, and conspires against their freedom of choice. Gatewood says: "After all, the whites live in *de*

*facto* concentrations. Why can't we? I don't live in one and don't expect to—but for those who want to, I think the university should offer them the opportunity."

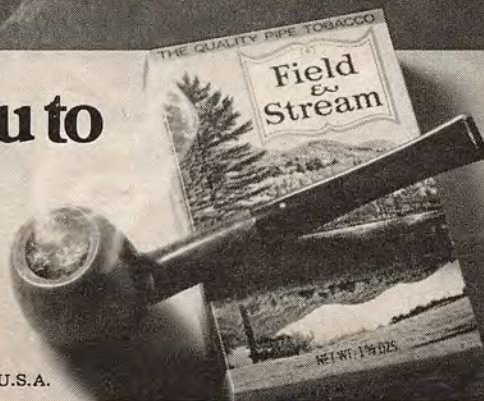
Tom Gatewood is a sensitive young man who thinks deeply about things. He would like to go on to law school, possibly Harvard or Stanford. He is representative of a new breed at Notre Dame. And he is symbolic of Notre Dame's coming into a new age. Of course there remains the question if, on graduation, the alumni will be as generous with their help and company as with white graduates. There's always the fear—and Bob Minnix suggested it in last year's Notre Dame yearbook—that once the black athlete is through contributing his skills to the university and to the collective alumni ego he would then revert to being just another nigger. That remains to be seen.

Surely Father Hesburgh hopes differently. For those who share his dream—for youngsters like Tom Gatewood—a fuller, sweeter, more human life is symbolized by the Lady on top of the dome. She—Notre Dame—and it, the more human life, are worth their fighting for. ■



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## THE QUIET WAYS OF CATFISH HUNTER

(Continued from page 76)

win a game from him," says Reggie Jackson. "He isn't afraid of giving up a lot of hits. If he's got a big lead in the eighth he'll just lay it in there and make them hit it. He doesn't care if he beats you 11-10, as long as he beats you. Some guys can't win 11-10. It isn't in them. If they give up a few runs in the first inning they think the game's over. Catfish just bears down harder. I've seen him give up six runs in the first inning and then hang on to win 7-6. Getting roughed up doesn't bother Catfish, he just comes right back at you."

"When I was with Washington," says another teammate, Mike Epstein, "Catfish was never afraid to challenge me when lots of other guys with better stuff were. He's a helluva competitor. He doesn't miss a turn. And as far as I can see he's the best hitting pitcher in this league (At the time Hunter was batting .375). That helps him stay in a lot of ball games other guys would have been taken out of for pinchhitters. He gets more decisions that way."

Dick Williams, the A's manager, says his players like to see Catfish Hunter on the mound. "They know he doesn't shake. He's a grinder."

And yet the 25-year-old Catfish Hunter works in near anonymity. Part of the reason this year of course was Vida Blue. When reporters have to interview Hunter they do so casually, with easy confidence, and then later they will sheepishly approach Vida Blue and ask him for his autograph. "For my brother's kids," they will say.

But even if there were no Vida Blue on the A's, Catfish Hunter would have trouble earning recognition. His pitching style, his subdued success, his unobtrusive personality all seem to be conspiring against him.

As a pitcher, Hunter does not have the kind of stuff that records 16 strikeouts and makes fans gasp with wonder. Until this year he pitched mostly with inferior Kansas City and Oakland clubs, and he managed records like 13-13, 12-15, and 18-14. In the 1967 All-Star game, then 21 years old, he pitched four shutout innings against the National League, only to give up the game-winning home run in his fifth inning, the 15th of the game, against Tony Perez. His earned run averages have seldom been spectacular (his lifetime ERA is 3.52, and his best, up until 1970, was 2.80 in 1967) primarily

because when he gets a big lead he doesn't gun for low-run games, but just for a quick victory. Hunter is the kind of pitcher who wears down the opposition in the same relentless way that the sea wears away a piece of land. The process is invisible; only the result is apparent. And even when the result is spectacular, he tends to shrink from the spotlight. In 1968 Hunter pitched a perfect game against the Twins—only the 11th such game in baseball history and the first in the American League since 1922. When it was over his teammates tried to hoist him on their shoulders to carry him off the field, but he refused to let them. "I just wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible," he says. "I was too embarrassed."

Hunter does seem truly embarrassed by his present state in life. He has said more than once that his baseball life is the greatest, easiest life in the world. "It's like a dream world for a country boy like me," he says, and then adds, "but sometimes I feel guilty about all this. Like things were too easy. After all, a pitcher gets paid a lot of money to work only 40 days a year. When I was a boy on a farm in North Carolina I used to load watermelons for 12 hours a day. I could never do that now, I'm too soft from this easy living. When I go back home in the offseason I seldom go into town so people won't make a fuss over me. I just do the things I always did as a kid, hunt and fish. Back home people think of me more as a good hunter than as a baseball player."

James Augustus Hunter, a barrel-chested, broad-shouldered man with long thinning hair and bright blue eyes, was born on a farm in Hertford, North Carolina, a small farming community about 100 miles from Norfolk, Virginia. He was given his nickname of "Catfish" when, as a youth, he ran away from home one day and was discovered at nightfall sitting placidly by a stream with a pile of freshly caught catfish beside him. It was only a child's nickname, he says, and one that today causes him more than a little discomfort, say, when he is being paged in the lobby of the Grand Hotel in Anaheim: "Mr. Catfish Hunter, a call for you on phone two . . . Mr. Catfish Hunter. . . ."

"I'd prefer to be called Jim," he says, "but when I signed a \$75,000 bonus contract with Mr. Finley he made a point of publicizing my nick-

name and so I've been stuck with it since."

Hunter has lived most of his life on a farm, doing such things as spraying peanut crops, harvesting corn, loading melons on trucks, hunting squirrel, quail and deer, fishing for trout and catfish, and playing most sports. Today, he still spends his offseason on a farm in Hertford and his ambition is someday to be a farmer, "not a dirt farmer like my father," he says. "but a dude farmer like Mr. Finley." Hunter owns innumerable guns which he says he learned how to handle before "I could walk," and approximately 19 hound dogs, each of which he can distinguish by the sound of their howls. "Everybody's got their own music," he says. "A dog's howl is a kind of music to a hunter, each dog sounds different."

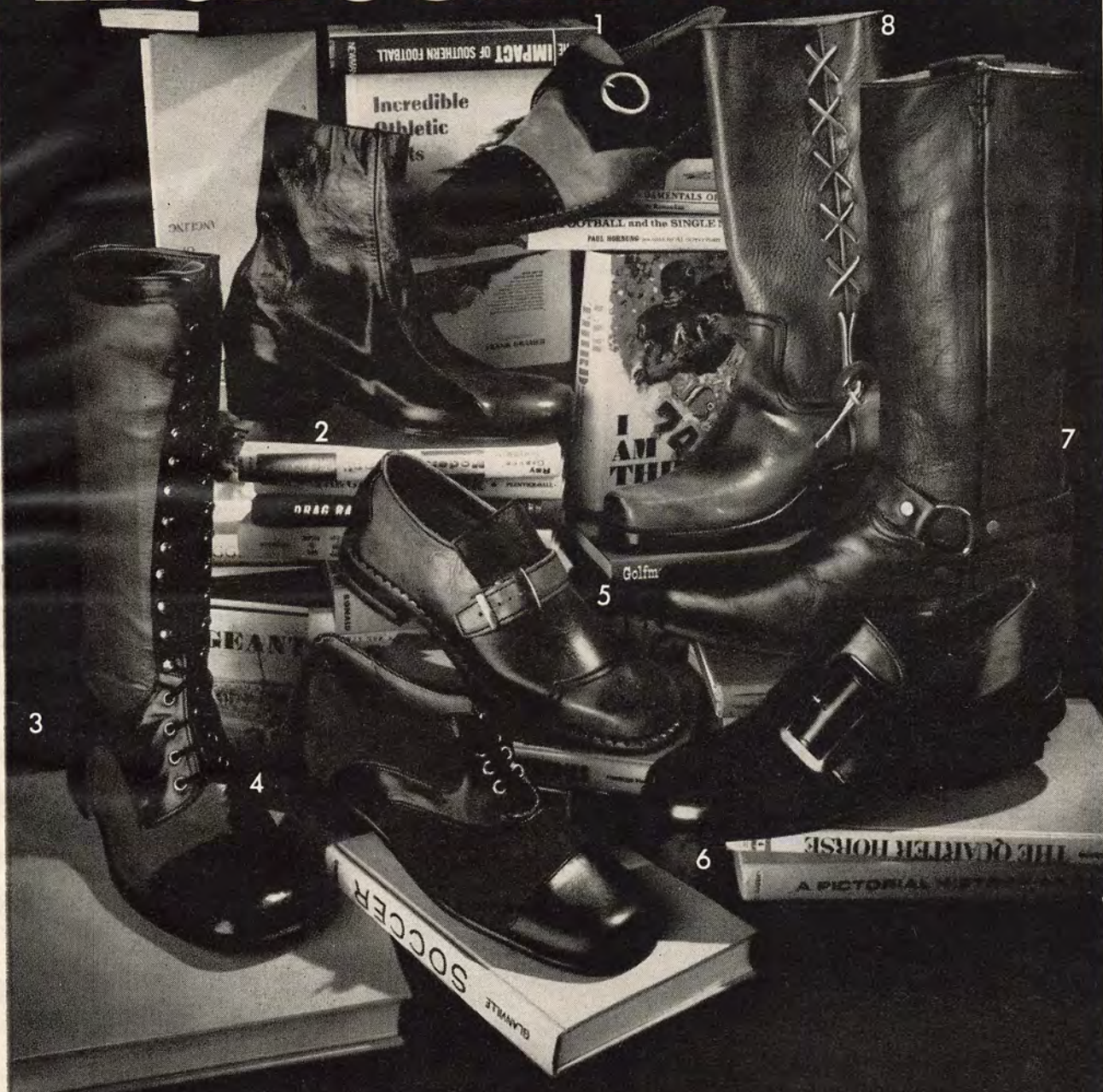
Although during the baseball season Hunter will dress in Edwardian sport coats, white twill bell bottoms and blousey-sleeved body shirts, he has not really changed much from his youth. He still chews his words slowly in his cheeks before letting them escape with a slight but noticeable Carolina drawl. Like most farmers, he is a quiet, open man, given to long pauses in which he will answer questions only after staring for long moments at the floor. One has the feeling in talking to Hunter that these pauses conceal not philosophical debates on the condition of mankind, but rather clear images of woods and good hunting dogs and the damp mists of early morning sunrises. His world is a decidedly concrete one, with little room for abstractions. There is no racism or war or pollution in it—not because he has scrupulously avoided such concepts, but because he is content to contemplate only those images that make up his own personal existence. The closest Hunter will come to a philosophical statement on, say, racism, is to admit that his high school's nickname had to be changed recently to satisfy an increased black enrollment. "It used to be the Perquimans' Indians," he says, with a dazed shake of his head. "Now they're called the Perquimans' Parrots." He shrugs, and makes no further comment.

Hunter was a star high school athlete in all three major sports, and apparently was headed for a lucrative bonus contract in baseball after once striking out 29 batters in a 12-inning game in his junior year. However, a freak hunt-

(Continued on page 94)



# The Book On Shoes



The big news is that footwear can be fun! Two-tone ideas from the 1930s fashion revival make for color and variety, while boots add an air of swagger to the jeans and knitted trousers that are now part of every man's wardrobe. All the most important contemporary features are to be found in the round-up of outstanding styles pic-

tured here. 1. Buckle strap oxford shoe in brown and tan suede, crepe rubber sole. Hush Puppies. \$18. 2. Mid-length boot in softest two-tone leather, side zipper. Florsheim. 3. Fourteen-inch two-tone lace boot in brown leather. Bostonian Bootique. \$19.75. 4. Leather and suede four-eyelet shoe, three color combinations. Dexter. \$19. 5.

Notch welt two-tone casual shoe with strap and buckle, three color combinations. Winebrenner. \$16. 6. Red and black smooth leather buckle strap slip-on. Rand. \$21. 7. Snoot toe and western heel on glove leather boot. Acme. \$30. 8. Concho boot in soft, golden brown tweed grain leather, rawhide side lacing, stacked heel. Douglas. \$30.



(Continued from page 92)

ing accident almost ended his career before it had begun. He was hunting rabbits with his brother one day when his brother's shotgun accidentally fired. It blew off Jim's little toe. The town doctor took out 50 shotgun pellets that afternoon and continued to remove pellets all winter long. To this day Hunter's right foot is a few ounces heavier than his left, thanks to a couple of pellets still embedded in it.

He was on crutches for most of the winter of his senior year in high school and was unable to pitch in his team's first few games. Because of this he claims he never threw quite as hard as he once did. However, when he returned to baseball he still managed a 14-1 record. This was despite an aching foot and the fact that he often would get up at 4 a.m. to feed the mules, milk cows and do other farm chores before going to school and then pitch later that evening. One day he loaded watermelons from sunrise to midnight and then pitched the following afternoon. That's why he claims today that he was twice as strong as an 18-year-old youth than he is now. He also can't stand the sight of a watermelon.

"But I wouldn't trade farm life for anything," he says. "On the farm you're your own boss. There's nobody barking at you all the time. In the offseason I run the plow, fish and hunt coon on into the night. It's peaceful walking the woods late at night following the sounds of the dogs. Some nights I'll walk 30 miles before I realize it. I think if I didn't play baseball I might have been a game warden or something like that, something where I could be in the woods a lot. As a farmer I still help the neighbors with their crops like we used to do when I was a boy. One year I helped a neighbor spray his peanut crop, and now, when I'm sitting around the clubhouse eating a bag of peanuts I wonder if I didn't have a hand in growing them. It gives me a good feeling to know maybe I did."

During the summer of 1964, when it became obvious that Hunter was one of the best young pitching prospects in the country, the scouts began to converge on Hertford in vast numbers. One day, Charley Finley took the play away from all of them: He roared up to the Hunter farm in a long black limousine, preceded by a police escort, and followed by a smaller car full of aides.

"Nothing like that had ever happened in Hertford before," says Hunter. "Mr. Finley started passing out green

warmup jackets and green bats, and orange baseballs, and it sort of scared off all the other scouts. They figured Mr. Finley had me all sewed up. The funny thing is, I'd never even heard of the Kansas City Athletics before. About the only teams I knew were the Yankees and Senators and Orioles."

Hunter eventually signed with the A's after spending four hours bargaining with Finley over the telephone one night. Hunter kept demanding a bonus of \$75,000 and "a brand new car," but Finley kept balking at the car.

"Finally, I told him to give me two hours to call up the other scouts to see if they'd top his offer," says Hunter. "But that kinda angered him and he said if I didn't agree now he'd cancel the offer. I looked at my father and he shrugged and said, 'It's your decision.'"

## THE SPORT QUIZ!

### ANSWERS

From page 24

1 b. 2 c. 3 c. 4 b. 5 c. 6 c. 7 False. 8 a. 9 b. 10 c. 11 b. 12 b. 13 b. 14 b. 15 Fred Winter—Houston Rockets; Bill Sharman—Los Angeles Lakers; Tom Meschery—Carolina Cougars; Alex Hannum—Denver Rockets. 16 a.

\$75,000 was more money than I'd ever thought existed before, so I said I'd take it."

Upon signing, Finley first sent Hunter to the Mayo clinic in Minneapolis to have another operation on his foot, and then to his estate in LaPorte, Indiana to recuperate. The first thing Hunter saw from the highway approaching Finley's estate was a huge white barn with a green "A" inside of a baseball painted on the side. At night, lights illuminated the "A" so it could be seen from miles around.

"When I went through the gates," says Hunter, "I thought the tenants' quarters were Mr. Finley's house and that his house was some kinda motel. I never saw a house so big before. I got lost in it right off, and I spent a good hour hobbling from room to room on crutches trying to find my room. Eventually, I went out to the barn where Mr. Finley had installed a basketball

court on the second floor. A bunch of Kansas City players were playing basketball there. Ken Harrelson was running around in his underwear in front of some of the other players' wives. I was shocked. It was something I would never have seen in Hertford. It was the beginning of a whole new type of life for me. Harrelson almost ran over me on a fastbreak and growled, 'Get outta the way, boy, you might get hurt.' I said, 'Yes, sir,' and hobbled out of the barn."

Hunter was on the disabled list all of 1964, and the following year, because of the existing bonus rule, the A's were forced to retain him on their roster all of the season. He was ticketed for the minor leagues the following spring when an injury to one of the A's starting pitchers gave him a chance to pitch in the middle of the 1965 season. He responded by winning eight games while losing eight. The following year he was 9-11, and from then on all thoughts of shipping him to the minors for seasoning were abandoned.

If pitching was an easy leap for Jim Hunter, then adjusting to a major-league lifestyle was a bit more difficult. He had to learn a lot of things. "New York still scares me to death," he says, "and I no longer go only to Disneyland when we come to Anaheim. When we first started to come to Anaheim a few years ago I used to go to Disneyland on every trip, but then the players started getting on me about being just a country boy and all, so I stopped going."

There is barely a ripple, this July 5, when Catfish Hunter takes the mound against the Angels in the bottom of the first inning. His control is slightly off and before the inning is over he has given up a run on a walk, a stolen base, and two, sharp line-drive outs.

Hunter gives up another run in the fourth inning before striking out the last batter with the bases loaded. The game moves swiftly but quietly to the seventh inning when Hunter is finally taken out for a pinch-hitter with the score 2-1 against him. As he leaves one of the reporters in the press box says mockingly, "Well folks, another exciting game pitched by the Catfish." On the day before, when Vida Blue gave up nine hits but managed to beat the Angels, 2-1, all 44,000 fans thought it was one of the most exciting games seen in Anaheim Stadium this year. On July 5, Catfish Hunter lost 2-1, giving up only three hits, and everybody was yawning. ■



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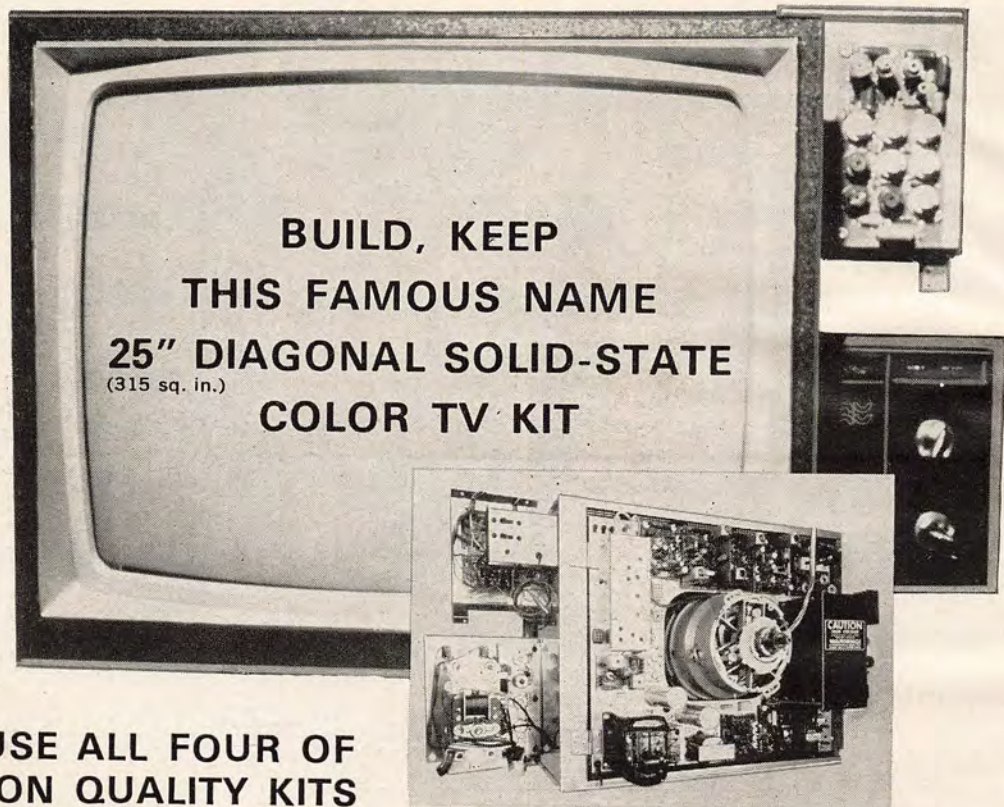
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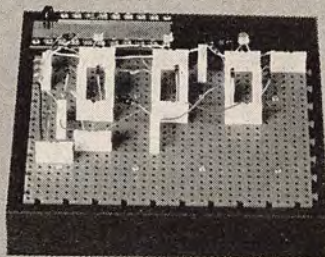


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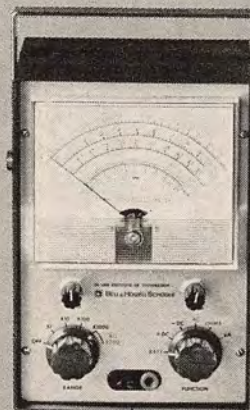
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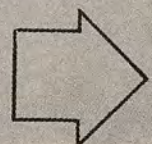
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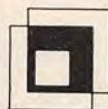
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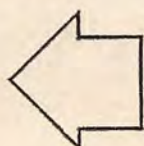
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## THE ROAD TO VIOLA

(Continued from page 55)

"We live in Missouri now. Moved 'crost the line because the schools were better and we had two growin' boys. But, sure, you come down here. Things are changing. Maybe the people should know about it. We got a new Holiday Inn. How's Pee Wee and Erskine and Jack? You seen them? I guarantee the changes will surprise ya."

Physically he had changed more than any other Dodger. Roe, the pitcher, was all bones and angles, even to a pointed nose, and a sharp chin. Greeting me in the lobby of the Holiday Inn stood a portly man of 55, who wore eyeglasses and had grown jowls. "Well," Preacher said, brusquely. "Ready? I'll show ya what there is to be showed."

We drove a mile south on highway 63. On the side of a tidy, one-story brick rectangle, a sign read *Preacher Roe's Supermarket*. "Not what you'd call a supermarket back east," Roe said. "More like a grocery store, ain't it? We deliver. We give personal service. Now the big shopping centers are comin' in, with the giant *supermarket*. I don't mind tellin ya, it's got me worried."

"What kind of car we driving Preacher?"

He laughed. "I do believe," he said, "they call this a Cadillac." He turned off route 68 and up a gentle rise toward a big two-story white frame house. "My home," he said. "Seventeen acres. Good huntin' dogs. I got it cheap. But with the land and all it's worth somethin' now. Come out and take a look around."

Beyond a back lawn, land rose and fell to the west. Overhead clouds rushed across a wide bright sky. "Windy," I said.

"That wind's all right, long as it's blowing straight. It's when it starts a 'circling that you have to watch it." He winked, "This here's tornader alley. Look, this isn't where I grewed and that's what I'm gonna show you. Heck, we can talk about any of it, then, now, the spitter, but I'll bet you one thing. After you see how it was where I started out, you won't believe the feller riding you went from there to being a major-league pitcher. Come on, I'll run you down to Viola, Arkansas. The population is a hundred eighty."

His father, Dr. Charles Edward Roe,

had wanted above all things to be a ballplayer. He was bigger than Preacher and stronger, but he never got far. A look at Memphis in 1917. A season with Pine Bluff of the Cotton States League in 1918, when Preacher was three years old. And that was all. Afterwards Dr. Roe concentrated on medicine and studied his six sons in search of the major-leaguer he had wanted to be.

"My Dad," Preacher said, pointing the Cadillac south, "was a fast right-hander, the rubber-arm type. In the Cotton States League he pitched both games of a doubleheader three times. He couldn't understand why I wasn't, but I wasn't, so that's the way it was."

"There was a lot of land. Hell, all there was was land, and a few dirt roads. My Dad used to make his calls on horseback. He wasn't no doctor in a Cadillac. People paid him with chickens and sacks o' grain."

"Up till I was in high school, we had outdoor plumbing. A little shack with one hole in the door and another hole inside. There was the six boys and a girl and we all threw and they tell me, the funniest thing, when I was little, my Dad always said I was the one. I'd be the major-league pitcher."

"You ever think of medicine?"

"Not so's I can remember. None of us went into medicine. Fact is, my brother Roy and I—he's a school superintendent—are about the only ones who went into something more than labor. I guess it was we seen how hard a country doctor works and fer how little. I hung around Dad's office and made calls with him. I saw him sew people after knife fights, and I heard him getting up at all hours when people banged on the door."

"That was work. Baseball was the other way. Fun. Every Saturday afternoon and every Sunday afternoon there was a ballgame and we Roes was always in it. We played for the Viola team."

"We'd go to a ballfield and all the people from two towns would be there and we'd have two baseballs which cost a dollar each, lot of money in Arkansas then. Course it was wide open spaces and all the people who came to the game knew that if those baseballs got lost, the game would be over. So when a ball was hit, no matter how far out into the bushes, play stopped until you found it. If both was in the bushes, you'd have the whole population of

two towns, Viola and Calico Rock, a trampin around looking. Afterwards you passed the hat and if you was lucky you took in two dollars, for new baseballs."

"Biggest games come around July 4. We'd have a three-day picnic and there was three kinds of events. The ballgame. A bunch of fights. I ain't gonna mention the third. That's no different here than anywhere else."

"The picnics had some sideshows and we got speeches and we was supposed to be dry. Notice, I say, supposed to be. A sheriff would catch some old guy making bootleg and get him in the pen for a year. Soon's he'd come out, he'd start making it again. Wasn't the world's biggest secret what was in them Fourth of July juggs."

"One time I said to a farmer: 'Hey, Ben, how's your corn crop comin' in?'"

"'Fine, Preach,' he hollered back. 'Looks like 30 gallons to the acre.'"

Roe pulled off the blacktop road and stopped. "That was Moody, Missouri, you just went through, only you didn't look real quick, so you missed it. This here's Moody Park where I got a great deal of training. There's the same boards in that backstop that was there 40 years ago. It's eight miles from here to where I was raised. A lot of guys had horses or a bicycle. Us Roes had two horses and the older ones grabbed them. So on many a Saturday, I'd walk eight miles to play the ballgame and then walk eight miles home, and couldn't wait for Sunday so's I could do the same thing again."

We had stopped on a rolling hilltop. Moody Park rolled eastward, on upland meadow, reaching toward ridges. A small white stone building rose behind the backstop. "Ozark hillbilly land is what you're seein'," Preacher said. "Good for sage and hardwood and lordie how the grass grows. People are doing good grazing livestock." A cattle fence bounded rightfield. "I never will forget the day another boy hit one over that farmer's fence there. I thought it was a mile. You want to pace it off. Maybe 250 feet. A mile here was a pop fly in the major leagues."

"Where are the grandstands?" I said.

"The dirt is the grandstands," Preacher said. "That's where people sat. You're a ways outa New York City. Even St. Louis is near 200 miles."

He started the Cadillac south again. "My Dad had very strong ideas about  
(Continued on page 102)



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(Continued from page 100)

pitching. He worked on my curveball form but he wouldn't let me pitch in the games until I was 16. He wanted the arm to develop slow, natural and strong.

"Up until 16 I played the outfield. The year I was 16, there was a kid could throw so hard, nobody could handle his stuff, so I started catchin'. When I went into pro ball, the kid that was pitching to me, Charles Carroll, had become a catcher and I'd become a pitcher, which, of course, was always intended, anyways. Charles Carroll had good ability but he jes quit. My younger brother Roy, the school superintendent, had good ability, but he was too hard-headed. He had to roll separate. A lot of things come together in making a ballplayer."

A small black and white sign announced the border of Arkansas. "My first time in this state," I said.

"That right?" Preacher said. "Well, nice to have you."

A blue Oldsmobile whipped up the winding road, passing unsteadily in a rush of air at 70. "Lotsa people git hurt driving that way," Roe said. "My Dad got hurt bad in an auto wreck around 1950. He lived up till '52, but he weren't the same man afterwards."

"My Dad seen to it that I got myself educated and went to a good college, Harding College, in Searcy, Arkansas. It was a church school and the president was a baseball nut and I had good stuff. I'd strike out 12 and walk 17. Pitched that way till Branch Rickey said, 'Son, if you walk five more than you strike out, you're five behind.' At Harding, I averaged 18 strikeouts a game."

"Here come the scouts and offers from, I believe, five teams. It was the Yankees and the Cardinals made the best, but this part of the United States isn't Yankee country, if'n you get me. The Yankees was thought of as the best club in baseball, which no doubt they was, but down here we *talked* about the Cardinals."

"Branch Rickey sent his brother Frank to see me and my Dad in my junior year. He said they'd pay a bonus of \$5000, worlds of money. My Dad and I drove from Viola to West Plains, and went to the First National Bank. My Dad took out the contract and showed it to the bank president. He read it slow and then said, 'Doctor Roe, this seems like a good contract for the boy.' I signed and the bank president got no fee for his advice,

'cepting for a pretty good deposit."

"Counting that trip to the bank, I'd been in Missouri twice. Never seen a city. Never worn a necktie in the daytime. The Cardinals bought me a suit and put me on a train to New York and said when I reached there to go to the Hotel Lincoln. They was expecting me."

"I got off the train and found me a taxicab. With my hillbilly ways, ya coulda seen me comin' five miles. 'Hotel Lincoln,' I said in a deep voice, to show the driver I been around. Okay. We get there. This is '38, the depression. Nine bucks is what the meter says. My bonus is now \$4991."

"We play a couple games in New York and some fellers take me in hand. Pepper Martin, he was from Oklahoma and they called him The Wild Hoss of the Osage. And Lonnie Warneke, he's from my own state, and they called him the Arkansas Hummingbird. Pepper and Lon and me stayed at the hotel a couple days. Then we were due to leave town and I said, 'Train time's bout an hour. Let's get a cab.'"

"Warneke said, 'What's this?'"

"I said, 'Get in the cab.'"

"Warneke said, 'That's the station 12 blocks down Eighth Avenue. Keep your legs strong if you wanta pitch. We'll walk.'"

"That first cabbie took me to Brooklyn, the Bronx, Astoria. Man, I saw it all. The country boy's nine-buck city tour."

"See that gas station up there. Well, that's Viola. You done brung me home."

The gas station, old pumps and graveled yard, stood at an intersection. Small clapboard houses, mostly white, were scattered beyond it. You could see in one glance school, church, houses and the little sign that read: "Viola. Pop.: 196."

"Growned," Roe said. "Another 16. I told you things was picking up."

At the crossroad he turned right and drove 600 yards up a narrow country road and parked in front of a sprawling white house, with a sheet-iron roof. "The clinic my Dad had burned down, but this is my home, just about the way it was. Over here, I want to show you something. Let's get out." We walked to a retaining wall, between lawn and blacktop road. Someone had written in the wet cement:

Roe Construction Company

July 15, 1934

Wayman B. Roe, Superintendent  
Elwin C. Roe, Foreman.

"We were kids," he said, "but we built the thing ourselves."

The house stood against the sky on a grassy crest. "We played some ball right here," Roe said. "I want to show you the school over yonder. That big brick building's the Wayman B. Roe building. He was my older brother. Died in an auto crash." There was no sadness, but a kind of resignation, that country people acquire to survive.

"Over there you seen the Methodist Church I was raised in all my life. That's all there is of Viola. I've hunted and fished every hill and stream in this country. I grew up in the woods here and the fields. Let's commence back country a-ways, unless you're tired."

We drove and turned onto a dirt road for two miles. He stopped between two houses and a clearing in oak woods. "This was my real home field," Preacher said. "Old backstop's gone now. There's some stones come up. Native flintrock. And as you see, it's all overgrown."

"What's that, rye grass?"

"Sage. Let a field be and the sage takes it." We got out of the car and sat on a bank at the side of a road.

Country quiet held us briefly.

"That Mr. Rickey," Preacher said. "First time he talked to me he told me two things. He said, 'Son, always be kind to your fans. You get back what you give and when you're through, you're just one more old ballplayer, getting back from life what he gave.'"

"Second, Mr. Rickey said, 'Remember, it isn't the color of a man's skin that matters. It's what's inside the individual.' And he said some of the people with the whitest skins would be the sorriest I'd meet and some of the darkest ones would be the best. That was 1938. I know now that Rickey had in mind breaking the color barrier almost ten years before he did. I respect him for that and I went through my career with that respect always in mind."

"I first seen colored at Searcy, 'cepting colored passing through on trucks and once a year a colored team'd come down from Missouri for an exhibition game in Viola and draw a crowd."

"Now I'm playing with Jack. I'm gonna tell you frankly I don't believe in mixed marriages."

"Neither does Robinson," I said.

"Well some do, and I won't argue with 'em. But as far as associatin' with colored people and conversing with them and playing ball with them, there's not a thing in the world wrong with it."

(Continued on page 104)



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# Public Announcement

FOR THE READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

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(Continued from page 102)

That's my way of looking at the thing.

"Lots of people here reckoned like me. And some did not. A few times people come up to me in the winter and said, 'Say, Roe. If you're gonna go up there and play with those colored boys, to hell with ya.' But very few. I always said, 'Well, if that's how you feel, I considered the fellers I play with, I considered your remark, and to hell with you!'"

The sun was lowering toward a line of oaks. Before us were a wide, bright sky, big sweeping woods, a field of sage. "When I was starting," Roe said, "the Cardinals would look at me in the spring and send me back and take another look in the fall. For five years I pitched at Rochester and Columbus. Then Frankie Frisch, who'd managed the Cardinals when I first come up, moved on to Pittsburgh and wanted me there. I pitched opening day, 1944, the first year he had me. Threw a two-hitter and got beat, 2 to 0.

"In Pittsburgh I commenced to change my style. In '45, my control was a lot better and I led the National League in strikeouts.

"I came back to coach basketball and teach a little high school math that winter. At one game I didn't like a referee's call and I shouted something.

"He shouted, 'Shut up.'

"I thought he shouted, 'Stand up.'

"He decked me. My head hit the gym floor. I got a skull fracture and a lacerated brain. The fracture ran eight-inches long.

"I wasn't much good the next couple of years; but I was changing my style and messing with the wet one. I won less than ten games in the next two years but I was learning.

"Then Rickey got me and Billy Cox for Dixie Walker and Vic Lombardi, a little lefthander, and Hal Gregg. Years later, they said Rickey put a gun to the Pirates, but hell, he wasn't dealin' with dummies. Billy had been shook by the War. Close as I been to that man, he never talked about it. So what was Rickey getting? An infielder who had been shook real bad, and a skinny pitcher with a busted head.

According to the story in *Sports Illustrated*, Roe decided over the winter of 1947—before coming to Brooklyn—that he would try to use the spitter. "But," he said, "I believe I admitted in the article to throwing exactly four specific wet ones. It was a helluva pitch, but it was just one of my pitches; and just one part of my pitching. I

ain't gonna tell you how I only threw four at Brooklyn, but cripes, don't make it come out like the spitter was my only pitch. Some seem to think I threw 100 spitters every game."

Sitting on the woody roadside, beside a settled, fiftiesh man, I could almost see the skinny lefthander who at 33 learned above all things to win. His Brooklyn winning records were phenomenal. He had the League's best winning percentage in 1949 and in 1951. During the three years from '51 through 1953 he won 44 games and lost only 8. He kept ahead. He yielded more homers than most pitchers, but almost never let a home run cost a ballgame. He stood on the mound fidgeting, walking in little circles, muttering, scheming. It could take him three hours to win, 3-1. He was always chewing gum, touching his cap, tugging his belt, or chattering to the air.

"Everybody on the staff threw curves off their fastball," he said. "They used the fast one to set up the hitter. That helped me. I used one curve to set up another. I had some tricks."

Roe chewed Beech-Nut gum, which he says gave him a slicker saliva than any other brand. To throw a spitter, you use a fastball motion, but squeeze as you release the ball. The effect you want, Roe says, is like letting a watermelon seed shoot out from between your fingers. The fingertips have to be both damp and clean. Before throwing the spitball, Roe cleaned his fingers by rubbing them on the visor of his cap. Between innings he dusted the visor with a towel. To "load one," Roe wiped his large left hand across his brow and surreptitiously spat on the meaty part of the thumb. The broad base of the hand was his shield. Then, pretending to hitch his belt, he transferred moisture to his index and middle fingers. Finally, he gripped the ball on a smooth spot—away from seams—and threw. The spitter consistently broke downward.

The other Dodgers knew about the spitter. Carl Furillo claims that he could tell all the way from rightfield. "When Preach went to his cap with two pitching fingers together, that was our signal," Furillo says. "That meant it was coming. If he went to his cap with fingers spread, then he was faking."

Within the year 1948 word spread that the skinny Pittsburgh lefthander had learned a great new drop in Brooklyn. Hitters talk to one another, they knew what Preacher was throwing. But

no one caught him. While he fidgeted, Roe studied the umpires, as a prisoner might study turnkeys, always on his guard. His closest call came when he had wet the ball, and suddenly Larry Goetz charged from his blind side. Goetz had been umpiring at second. "The ball, the ball, Preacher," Goetz roared.

Roe turned and flipped the baseball over Goetz's head, perhaps six inches out of reach. Reese scooped the ball, rubbed it, and threw to Robinson. Jack rubbed the ball again and flipped to Hodges, who threw across the infield to Billy Cox. Cox examined the baseball. It had been rubbed dry. Then he said to Goetz, "Here, Larry. Here's the ball." Roe's control was never better than when he was under pressure.

The fake spitter developed when several hitters read a connection between Roe's touching his cap and his new drop. Did he have vaseline on the visor? A sponge worked into the fabric? No one knew. Everyone theorized. The dry cap on which Roe cleaned his fingers was regarded as the source of moisture.

"Soon as I figured that one out," Roe said on the Viola roadside, "I got another pitch, my fake spitter. I go to my visor more and more. Jim Russell with the Braves one day was looking when I went to the cap and he backed out. He comes back in. I touch the visor again. He stepped out. This went on three or four times. Finally, Jim said, 'All right. Throw that son-of-a-bitch. I'll hit it anyway.' He's waiting for that good hard drop. I touch the visor and throw a big slow curve. He was so wound up, he couldn't swing. But he spit at the ball as it went by. So you see what I got. A wet one and three fake wet ones. Curve. Slider. Hummer. I'd show hitters the hummer by then and tell reporters that if it hit an old lady in the spectacles it wouldn't bend the frame. But I could always, by going back to my old form, rear back and throw hard. Not often. Maybe ten times a game."

"Why would you do that article?" I said. "What was the point in confessing?"

"Bad reckoning, I got to say now. It wasn't money. Frankly we were trying to legalize the pitch. The objection to the spitter is that it was supposed to be hard to control. Not everybody can control it and not everybody can throw it, but I controlled mine and Murry Dickson controlled his which broke upward and so did Harry Bre-



cheen. I was famous as a control pitcher and here I was gonna knock the argument to pieces. I was led to believe that if one man could prove that it wasn't a dangerous pitch, the spitter would be legalized. That's what I set out to do. But the article made it appear, or the folks who read it seemed to think, that the spitter was all I had. Made me look bad, an' of course, nothin's been legalized. The game is all for the hitters. The other year hitters had a bad season, so they got hysterical. They lowered the mound. Hitters come back strong. Now are they gonna come back and do something for the pitchers? Hell, no."

The sun was flickering behind a stand of oaks.

"Here," Roe said, "to prove my argument, do you think that as smart as umpires were then and as smart as they are today, a man could have stood out and thrown the spitter time after time without one of them snapping on to you. When people say *all* I had was a spitter, I tell 'em they're insulting the intelligence of umpires."

"But when umpires asked you for the ball, usually you rolled it to them."

"That's right. They had no business asking. If a man is runnin' around on his wife, there's only two ways he can be caught. That's for him to be seen or for him to admit it."

"Was there a sign?" I said.

"In the very beginning, but not fer long. Campanelly would sit back an' shake his head. I'd stand on the mound an' shake mine. We'd go on a bit and all the time he'd never give a sign. Heck, he told me one day, 'Preach, I don't need a sign for the spitter. I caught 'em in the colored leagues.'"

Roe laughed. His laugh is warm and youthful. Laughter is the youngest part of Preacher Roe.

"How come that field's overgrown?" I said. "Where do Ozark kids play baseball now?"

"Don't," Preacher said. "We got Little League and school ball, 'course, but the old town teams is gone. We got all these new roads. And tourist business. People are eating better. But the young fellers, 'sted aworkin' on pitching, drive over to Memphis, in three hours, and spend time listening to rock music. They *tell* me it's good for the region, but look at that field." The pale, green sage shivered in the wind. "Funny isn't it," Roe said, "same thing in these woods as where Ebbets Field was in Brooklyn. There'll never be a ballgame played again."

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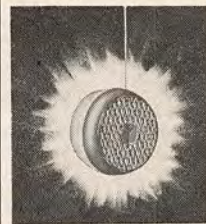
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105



GIL PERREULT: "YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT HIM AND HE'S GONE"

(Continued from page 66)

head." Later, when Perreault's parade marches to city hall, the Victoriaville policeman on duty will be Jean Beliveau's younger brother.

Almost as soon as the late Sunday Mass is over at L'Eglise Sainte Victoire, the first crowd gathers about noon at the Hotel de Ville in Arthabaska, Perreault's own hamlet that sits under a steep hill and an immense outdoor crucifix about three miles from Victoriaville. Teammates say of Perreault that "he's no crusader," and maybe not religious at all, but the Church looms large in this town, on this day.

In the assembly room, standing under a wall crucifix and next to a provincial flag, Gil Perreault gives a brief but touching speech. "Coming home after eight months away," he says, "you never expect such attention." It is a little like Lindbergh in Paris, asking why there were such crowds at the airport. For an American, the French idioms heighten the effect. The "*homage*" of the town goes "*droit au coeur*,"—"straight to my heart," and will stay engraved on his spirit forever.

Afterward, and it is still barely noon, everybody drinks Creme de Menthe or Cointreau, served with a single ice cube in kitchen glasses. Marcel Garant, who coached Perreault from the age of ten, talks proudly of his prize. "When he was a peewee, we bring him to Quebec in the international hockey competition. He beat Chicoutimi alone; he scores six goals. Against Chicoutimi, he come back to the bench and I plead with him: 'Gilbert, Gilbert, the other side. One goal left, one goal right.' When he was a peewee, I knew he make the NHL because he is a good skater and he can play both sides, on the left and on the right."

The parade into Victoriaville and the public rally there are very French and yet so different from France, which is a modern country, after all. Scores of pretty girls, little boys in turtleneck shirts, gnarled old furniture workers and mill hands wave from the street sides. The young studs in their stiff new doublebreasted jackets, the boys who played hockey with Perreault five years ago and work for the town now, wave to their old friend with deferential "allo's." At the schoolyard rally, attended mainly by children and teenagers, Perreault is the star, but it is the game of hockey that is being hon-

ored, its dangerous fascination being ritualized and reinforced. The long list of introductions is an expression of the game's range: Coaches past and present, sponsors, and distinguished visitors like Punch Imlach, out on his ear in 1969 after coaching the Toronto Maple Leafs to four Stanley Cups, now back in business with the Buffalo Sabres and bent on revenge; Floyd Smith, the Sabres' captain; Raymond Perreault, Gil's 62-year-old father, a warehouseman on the Canadian National Railroad that runs through the center of Victoriaville; journeymen hockey players like Serge Lajeunesse of the Detroit Red Wings, a local product, and Gilles Marotte of the Los Angeles Kings, whose wife grew up here; and also significantly, Georges Gilbeault, a victim of it all. A promising Victoriaville junior a few years ago, Gilbeault now sells hockey sticks somewhere, after a puck in the eye abruptly ended his career.

"*Encore une fois*," says Gilbert Perreault, "*merci beaucoup*." As he moves slowly through the crowd, signing autographs, girls start singing in unison a paraphrase of the Canadiens' cheer: "*Halte-là, halte-là, halte-là, Gilbert Perreault est là*," which is to say: Gilbert Perreault is here, don't reckon without him.

A boy who spent years being groomed to take Beliveau's place on the Montreal Canadiens (and twice led the Junior Canadiens to the Memorial Cup in the amateur Ontario Hockey Association) but winds up instead on an expansion club in Buffalo knows something about the chance cruelty of life. But for Gil Perreault, who insists he can see the bright side of that gritty, gray city to which he now belongs and who is humble enough to wonder whether he would have made the squad at Montreal, this had been a wonderful year. The records and the awards are only part of the story, but they are impressive in themselves. His 38 goals were four more than any rookie had ever scored before (25 more than Jean Beliveau, Bobby Hull and Bobby Orr—31 more than Gordie Howe—had scored in their first years). With 34 assists, he set a new rookie mark for overall points, too. In the balloting among hockey writers for the Calder Trophy, awarded each year to the outstanding rookie in the NHL, Perreault had almost twice as many votes as his

two closest rivals combined—June Drouin of the Minnesota North Stars and Gilles Villemure, the New York Rangers' sensational young goalie. In the same week that Beliveau, Yvan Cournoyer and Henri Richard were winning the Stanley Cup, Perreault was being cited formally in Ottawa as the year's "*athlete par excellence*" of French Canada. And in the NHL All-Star game in Boston at midseason, Harry Sinden, the East Division coach, had pronounced Perreault the best man he had on the losing squad.

Thus, this was the most exciting debut since Orr's four years earlier, and in many ways a parallel. Like Orr, Perreault had skated fuzzy-cheeked into the league with an uncanny combination of skill and poise. From the start, he emanated an almost miraculous presence. Like Orr, whose rushing attack was at once a throwback to Eddie Shore in the '30s and at the same time the inspiration for a new generation of defensemen, Perreault seemed likely to cause subtle changes in the way others play the game, through the power of his own example in the neglected art of stickhandling.

"He can carry the puck on the stick better than anyone I have ever seen," Punch Imlach declares flatly. It is as much instinct and attitude as skill. He wants the puck on his stick the way Earl Monroe wants his hands on the basketball; his mastery of maneuver is akin to the Baltimore Bullet star's magic in driving with the ball. Gil lusts after the puck and has the energy, at 20, to carry it for 30 minutes of a 60-minute game.

"Gil is different from Bobby Orr as far as carrying the puck is concerned," says Don Marshall, a polished veteran winger who played with the Sabres last year. "Orr is more of a give-and-take, or a give-and-go player. He'll get the play started by making a pass. Gil is beating his man himself. He's going to stop doing that as he gets more experience; he's going to make it easy for himself, but now he is doing it all.

"His dekes"—that is, his fakes—"are excellent; he gives you a quick look at the puck and gets it back close to his body very quickly. If you make a move for the puck, you're caught flat-footed as he goes by you. If you do get a piece of him, you find he's very strong."

From his hockey camp in Ontario.  
(Continued on page 108)



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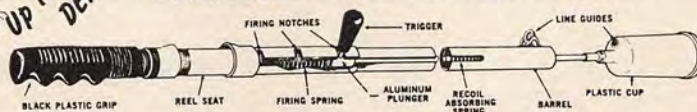
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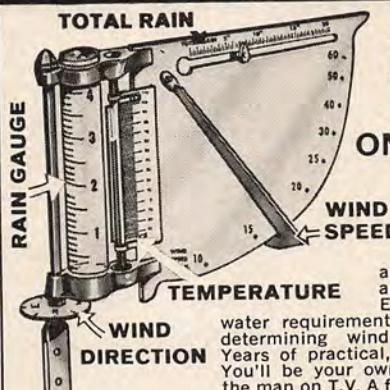


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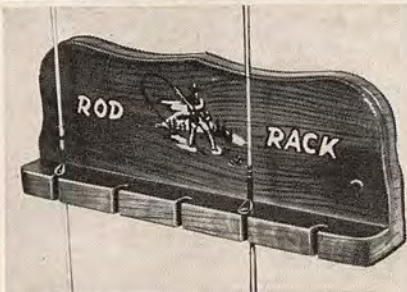
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(Continued from page 106)

Bobby Orr observes, "We try to tell our kids on defense to watch a spot on their man as he's coming down on them. Perreault is a classic illustration of the danger. He's always tempting you to go for the puck. His head and shoulders will be going one way and his legs are going the other way, and the puck is doing something else. Even when I saw it, I couldn't believe it."

Wise old Tim Horton of the New York Rangers says Perreault has as wide a "shift," referring to the evasive maneuver around a defenseman, as he has seen. "You think you've got him and he's gone."

"He has all the moves and he has great range," says Emile Francis, coach of the Rangers. "There is no way to stop him if he is coming one-on-one."

Eddie Shack, the slap-shooting speedster who was happily reunited with Punch Imlach at Buffalo last year and who played most of the year on the left wing of Perreault's line, found it hard enough to follow Perreault down the ice, let alone stop him. "He's so flexible, he's like a snake," says Shack, "The Entertainer" in his old Toronto days. "His body seems to go both ways at once. He shifts me, and I'm behind him! Also, give him credit for being an excellent passer. He'll be making his dekes in front of the net just as I'm coming in late. His back is to me, but he'll slip the puck to me just right. How does he know I'm there? Well, I'm yelling, 'Carmen, Carmen' at him"—this is in honor of Perreault's girlfriend, a stunning redhead from Victoriaville—"or maybe he sees me out of the corner of his eye. I am never sure, but the pass is always right."

Perreault does not normally patrol the area in front of the net, waiting for passes and rebounds as some big centers do, though he is probably as strong on his skates as Phil Esposito or any of the others who play that punishing pivot. More typically, Perreault is found in the corners, but the only general rule last year was that he went where the puck was. "He comes to play hockey," as the players say. "He wants the puck."

He did not come to fight last year. Considering the pressure that is usually put on big rookies to "prove themselves," his season's total of 19 penalty minutes was remarkably low. But when he was tested he was ready. In Chicago last December, toward the end of a game the Sabres had already lost, the Black Hawks' fractious Dan Maloney

took a run at Perreault from behind. Perreault broke Maloney's nose and bloodied his face with one punch. A few nights later in Detroit, Gerry Hart menaced Perreault's face with a stick, then threw a punch, but got a prompt thrashing for it. "I only had three or four fights in all my junior career," says Perreault, the reluctant dragon. "But now, if I have to fight, I fight." More impressive and more important under the general heading of physical toughness is the fact that he played, without injury, every game of the 78-game season.

Perreault's major fault, by his and other accounts, is his failure to back check efficiently on defense. He came by the vice honorably enough in junior hockey where he controlled the puck as much as 80 percent of the time he was on the ice. The same free-wheeling offensive abandon was indulged last year in Buffalo, where Punch Imlach evidently realized he needed an unencumbered scorer to build interest in a new team. But even in the NHL, according to Don Marshall, "He had the puck so much of the time that he didn't have to check that much. He's not yet sure what to do on defense, but players will show him."

He does have another fault—a curious one for a scorer but consistent with his basic style: He does not shoot enough. If all players had shots as strong as Perreault's, most of them would let the puck fly as soon as they reached the enemy zone. Perreault would rather torture goalies by dancing at the goal mouth, faking the goalie out of position and sliding the puck gently into the net. Eventually, he will learn to take the longer shots; meanwhile he mocks ordinary puck-smashers with his finesse.

How does Gil Perreault like playing for the lowly Sabres? Earlier Perreault admitted he was "a bit heartbroken" at the news two years ago that there would be further expansion of the league and, accordingly, abolition at last of the rule that had preserved the Canadiens' option on top French-speaking amateurs. Now, by contrast, he says "I might be on the bench" at Montreal, which is absurd. But he also insists convincingly that he loves playing for Punch Imlach and feels that at Buffalo: "I will show what I can do."

So Gilbert Perreault has found happiness with Buffalo. But will he reap his share of commercial non-hockey income while playing for Buffalo,

against the competition, for example, of a talented rookie Canadian like Guy LaFleur? Up to now, the "fringe benefits" angle has barely been considered, least of all by Perreault and his family. At the amateur draft meetings of June 1970, that sent him to Buffalo, it was conspicuous that Perreault, the first pick on everybody's list, was the only one of the top choices who was not represented by professional counsel. Then and later, in salary meetings with Punch Imlach and in business discussions with outsiders, Perreault has spoken through his brother-in-law, Robert Talbot, a civil engineer in Quebec City who is equally at ease speaking French or English. While every other athlete in sight seems to be retaining an estate planner, Talbot and Perreault are calmly independent. Hiring a lawyer for contract talks, Talbot says, "is sometimes like walking into an office with your bodyguard. People might think you need one." The bargain he is generally thought to have struck with Imlach—\$25,000 to sign and \$25,000 a year for two years—did not impress the sharks in the business. Talbot insists he is happy: "We don't know if it's the highest, we're interested in what's satisfactory to him." He is equally relaxed about endorsements. Perreault will be content to limit himself to endorsements of sports equipment, and he will let the manufacturers and their representatives come looking for him!

It is an appealingly old-fashioned and seemingly genuine attitude—too decent, perhaps, to last.

Perreault is strikingly like Bobby Orr in many ways; at moments he seems almost a straight French translation of qualities that Orr has made relatively familiar. He is quiet, a little nervous ("gêné," said one of his older sisters—that is, awkward, ill-at-ease, or perhaps just shy), but in other more important respects quite sure of himself. He and Orr both come from large, close, evidently happy families where there is love and support but no hero-worship. One remembers the response of Bobby Orr's mother when an interviewer observed that she must be proud of her son. "What do you mean, 'my son'?" she said. "I have three sons, and I am proud of all of them." It is easy to imagine the same sort of sentiment in the Perreault family, which roots hard for Gilbert but still retains a devoted interest in the progress of his junior hockey teammates.

Both of Gilbert's sisters have mar-



ried and left Victoriaville, but his three brothers (Real, a policeman; Marcel, a truck salesman; and Dennis, a grocer) are raising a fifth generation of Perreaults here. It is a modest, very appealing family group: Without much formal education—Gilbert himself dropped out of high school to concentrate on hockey—but full of merriment and vitality. And music. Raymond Perreault, Gilbert's father, plays the violin and all his children either sing or play an instrument. At the public banquet that closes the "Journée Gilbert Perreault" in Victoriaville, each of the Perreault brothers will perform briefly—Gilbert with a lusty impersonation of Tom Jones, the Welsh pop singer. His family has heard it hundreds of times, but they laugh and applaud again; as a singer, they kid, he is a very good hockey player.

As with Orr, particularly in his first few years, the people who have known Gil Perreault well cannot imagine him doing anything other than playing hockey. Since he was nine or ten hockey has been his life. People who see him and ask what he "is really like," miss the fact that when they have seen Gil play, they have seen almost everything; there has not been time for much more. As Robert Talbot, his brother-in-law, said about Perreault's decision to leave high school and devote all his attention to hockey, it was a necessary choice; rather than dropping out, he was answering a vocation—"And if you consider that his real school work was hockey," Talbot adds, "he was very good at school work." He says it, of course, with immense pride.

On Gil Perreault's day, on the eve of his own retirement, the great Jean Beliveau says, "There is no doubt around here in this province; from Rocket Richard and before, there has been a lot of pride. That has been our game—those of us who have represented the French ethnic group in professional hockey. But now many eyes turn out to Gil Perreault. There is no doubt that he can become a great leader of his time. I'm sure if he becomes what I think he can become, the feeling here today could be felt across the whole province. . . ."

For those gathered to honor him at Victoriaville, Gil Perreault is much more than a star. He has done something beautiful; his hockey is the clearest evidence of genius—almost of divinity—that anyone here has seen. He is a benediction on Victoriaville. He will fill arenas for generations. ■



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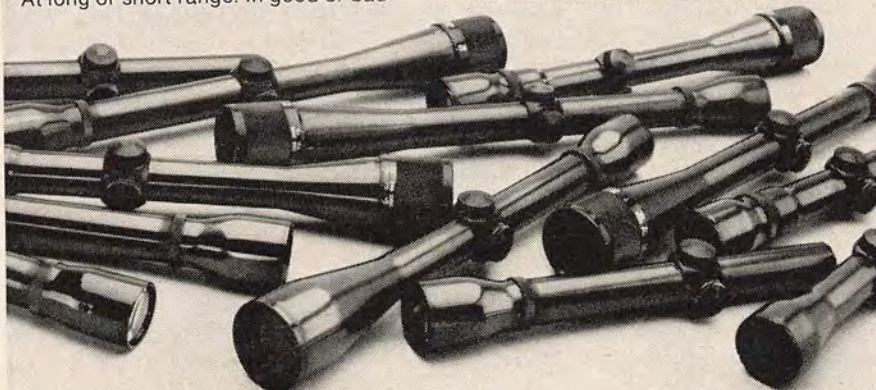
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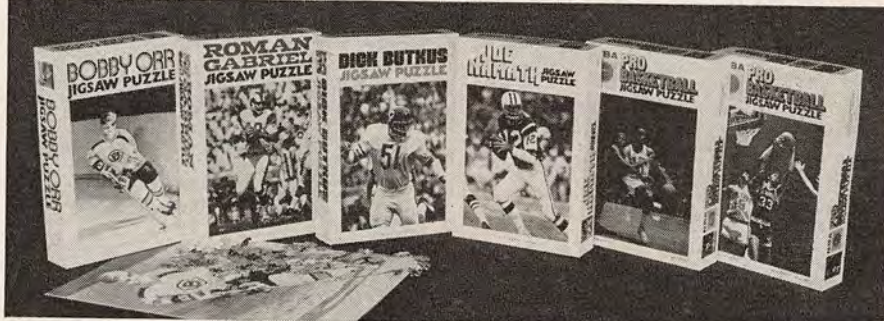
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## MY 16 YEARS WITH ROBERTO CLEMENTE

(Continued from page 63)

your hands and long, limber muscles in his upper body and arms. He's strong enough to be a big home-run hitter, but he lacks what I call a killer instinct, which is what makes home-run hitters. Most of them will get hot and hit two or three home runs in one game, drive in runs in bunches, which is great. They have that killer instinct to continue hammering away even if the game is out of reach. Clemente just isn't that kind of hitter. Many of the runs he drives in decide a game, but he doesn't often get six or seven RBIs when we win, say, 15-2. He thrives on the big win-or-lose situations and I think he bears down harder when the game is right on the line.

What impresses the players is his ability to hit like he does despite taking the first pitch. Some pitchers gamble on him taking the first pitch and he's 0-1 more than most players. I've seen him swing on the first pitch very few times in 16 years and when he does he comes back to the dugout muttering: "Why did I do that, I never do that."

He hates to go up to the plate and make an out real quick. Many of the smaller players will take the first pitch looking for a walk, but the good hit-

ters will often hit the first pitch. He can afford to wait because there is no particular way pitchers can get at him. He can hit any kind of pitch thrown to any spot, and hit them all to rightfield, which is what makes him so difficult to pitch to. Throw him a fastball, he'll go to the right side with it because he can wait for the ball and see it longer; throw a breaking pitch or a change of pace and he pulls it.

Over the years clubs have just decided to pitch him outside, play him that way and take their chances, although someone once said it was best to "pitch him down the middle and retreat."

To be an exceptional hitter, you have to be able to hit the exceptional pitchers, and Clemente does. In fact, I think he hits the better pitchers better than the mediocre ones. He hit Sandy Koufax well and even though Don Drysdale knocked him down a lot, Clemente hit him, too.

If Clemente has a flaw at the plate it shows when he's very angry about something. He doesn't do that too much anymore, but the two or three times a season when he does, he tries too hard, attempts to do too much. He's not free and easy at the plate then and he overswings.

If Clemente's bat is a cannon, his arm sure as hell isn't a popgun. Runners quit challenging him years ago and often that's a major factor in a ballgame. No other National League outfielder influences a game that way. I only saw Carl Furillo one year when he was with Brooklyn, but it's hard to figure anyone throwing better than Clemente. There was an iron gate in right-centerfield at Forbes Field and I've seen him throw a ball from near that gate to the plate on the fly, a distance of about 460 feet.

Who else throws runners out at first base on legitimate singles? No one. Who consistently picks off runners making too wide of a turn at first base? Same guy.

How important is his arm? In almost every game he will prevent a runner from going from first to third on a single to rightfield. If there is no one out, a fly ball and a doubleplay and you're out of the inning without a run scored from a situation that might've eventually cost you a game. A run prevented counts the same as one driven in, and Clemente's arm prevents quite a few. The key to his throwing is, of course, consistency. Teams will gamble against a strong arm sometimes, but he is both strong and accurate and you really don't find both of the qualities in the same outfielder too often.

What can you say about an outfielder that once threw a guy out on a bunt play? That even the writers have quit comparing his catches? That he's the No. 1 outfielder in the league because of uncanny instincts for the ball? That he is among the minority of "thinking" outfielders?

Clemente actually did throw out a runner on a bunt play. We had a trick play with two men on and nobody out. If the ball was bunted, the shortstop covered third base and the third baseman broke in. One day several years ago, someone bunted a ball in the air toward the hole the shortstop had vacated. Both runners held up briefly and Roberto came running in, dove for the ball and forced the runner going to third.

That's what I mean about instinct. He'll see a ball hit down the rightfield line at Three Rivers Stadium and immediately think: "If I try to catch it standing up, I'll hit the bullpen fence and break my neck." So he slides across the turf on one hip and scoops it up before it can hit the ground.

Clemente's simply determined to catch the ball; he never quits on it. I'll



never forget a catch he made off Mays in 1960 to save a 1-0 game for "Vinegar Bend" Mizell. He leaped against the wall at Forbes Field and crashed into a brick abutment that jugged out. He held on to the ball, but it took eight stitches to sew up the gash in his face. Determination.

Another distinguishing feature between Clemente and the average outfielders is his ability to make all of the difficult plays. Some outfielders can make the play off their shoetops, but don't go back real well. Others have trouble with a ball hit to one particular side.

At first glance, Clemente's style of catching the ball at his waist and often returning it to the infield by whipping it underhanded looks like he's asking for trouble. But in 16 years I've seen him drop one ball, at least I think I remember him dropping one, and he gets rid of the ball faster than those players who have to wind up to get something on the ball.

He says: "I feel better catching the ball my way. I can see it all the way into my glove. I didn't copy Mays, it's just my way of doing it."

Clemente's way of doing it has been good enough to instill the kind of confidence in his own abilities that can't help but keep improving his play. The kind of confidence that allows him to say without foolish bragging: "If it is in the park, and we need it, I'll make the catch."

The fans may not realize it, but part of Clemente's skill at running fly balls down comes from an unusual knowledge. Baseball is more of a mental game than it often is credited with being, and players like Clemente aren't mechanical in their approach to it. For instance, he doesn't just play the hitter, he plays the hitter with the pitch. The majority of outfielders go right to a spot thinking of something like: "Play this guy to pull just off the left side of the mound." And there they stay. But, say there are two strikes on a hitter. Clemente knows he won't be trying to pull as much, that he's more apt to punch the ball; so he adjusts his position.

Mays and Clemente are somewhat alike on the bases. The ball hits the dirt, zip, they're gone. Part of it is instinct, part knowledge and experience. Instinctively, they know when they can take an extra base, how long it'll take them to get there. Clemente also always knows what kind of an arm he's running against and if the fielder is in

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position to get something on the throw.

It might be trite to say Clemente is an exciting baserunner but I've been watching him for 16 years and he even excites me. There has never been a doubt that he excites the fans and he has a special rapport with them.

He's kind of sentimental about the Pittsburgh people and when they booed him some last year and earlier this season, he told me it hurt him to think they'd do it after all this time. He didn't like it and neither did I. He hears the boos. A lot of players like to say they don't, but there's no way you can close your ears to it. Nobody can.

Chances are good that he'll be hearing the fans one way or the other, though, for a few more years. He hasn't

slowed down very much at 36 and he's got one of those slim builds like Stan Musial had that allows a guy to play longer.

Roberto managed in Puerto Rico last winter, but I don't think he'll manage when he finally retires. He probably would have the type of trouble Ted Williams had in Washington, wanting the players to do things as well as he could. But there just aren't many Ted Williamses or Roberto Clementes. On the other hand, Roberto knows the game well and the players know he's a hell of a person.

In 16 years you build a lot of memories and some of the ones I'll hang onto the longest will include Roberto Clemente. ■



**"I DON'T KNOW WHY I DO MOST OF THE THINGS I DO"**

*(Continued from page 70)*

another article on you for the Gay Liberation Front?" said Young. "Hey, I hear King talked you into buying a \$28 Arnel shirt this morning."

"It was only \$14. I'm not gonna wear it, though."

"It has too much taste for him. It doesn't have that camouflaged tie-dyed look he's wearing these days."

"I don't know why I bought that shirt," Rossovinich said. "But then, I don't know why I do most of the things I do. . . ."

Certainly he has been doing the unconventional as long as he can remember. Tim grew up in Los Altos—living on the same block as Y.A. Tittle, Hugh McElhenny and Ed Henke—and Palo Alto, California. After a career as a tight end, linebacker and fullback at St. Frances High School, he received, he says, "50 or 60 scholarship offers. Notre Dame was the only school I visited outside California. But Notre Dame just didn't fit into my way of life. My first night there they took me to a movie on campus. My second night they took me to a movie in South Bend with about four other people in the theater, then we stopped for pizza afterward. We were home before 11."

After deciding Stanford was too close to home and that UCLA was too big, Rossovinich went to a couple of parties on his visit to USC and the case was closed. He began having fun there right away. But early in his freshman year fun almost ended the short happy life of T.L. Rossovinich. Having cut his arm in practice, he went to a party and began doing flips into a fetid fish pond so thick with scum you could almost walk on the surface. In a short time his arm blew up. He went to the SC Health Center and was put to bed. In the middle of the night the infection shot up to his brain and Rossovinich went berserk, turning over the bed and breaking up the room. The campus police got him into a straight jacket, but he tore it off and beat up an X-ray technician. Then he collapsed into a coma for four days and nearly died.

"I woke up feeling fine," he says, "though I don't remember anything I did. The doctors said I couldn't play football for four months because they were afraid of what might happen if I got hit in the head. So every day when the team reported to practice, I'd

run in and bang my head into a locker door. 'Look, coach,' I'd yell, 'I feel fine!' After two months of this all the lockers were bent, but I got to play the last two games."

The next three years were full of football heroics and free-time frolics, the likes of which never got into those old MGM flicks about college life. Rossovinich and some brothers in Sigma Chi Fraternity especially enjoyed tearing up the frat house and wrecking old cars. "We'd drive out in the hills and see who could roll over the most times. I had a '64 Thunderbird I'd crash into anything. If I was going for a beer, I'd just drive into the wall of the bar we hung out in. The bar owner was a pal of mine and the building was brick. It didn't hurt anything; just wrinkled the car a bit. It was a fun car. We used to race around the parking lot and crash into the walls. I crashed five times."

Unbelievably, that car was still running when he left SC, though every inch of the body definitely needed ironing. Apparently the Thunderbird looked so bad that it was even deemed unworthy of burning, which is what Rossovinich and his pals did to cars that were parked outside the fraternity house. Either that or they'd take a fire hose and fill the offending car with water. Some of the cars were so tight, he reports, that when the unsuspecting owner opened the door he'd be hit by a very nice wave. Another favorite fire-hose trick was taking one up on the roof and turning it on full pressure at the window of the adjacent frat house. After the window was broken, the room would rapidly fill with water.

One particularly pleasurable night for Rossovinich was when he fell off a three-story building and later caught fire. "I was walking around the roof of a sorority house hunting for young ladies," he recalls. "I fell off and landed on my back on a sidewalk. I was not hurt. Then I went back to my frat house and they were burning a car. I started leaping over it through the flames, and finally I tripped and fell into the flames. I caught on fire. Then I ran around for a while until they put me out." It was, he notes, an educational experience: "That's when I realized how long I could burn."

Another night he learned that driving a bulldozer is for him a laughing matter. He and a buddy borrowed one from the construction job next door

and set off in the bulldozer to pick up their dates. They lost control and mashed two cars.

Still another time Rossovinich learned a bird in the mouth is worth two in the bush. "A bird flew in the frat house window and I caught it. Everyone else was in the dining room eating. So I put the bird in my mouth, walked into the dining room and tapped on a glass for attention. When everyone looked at me, waiting for me to say something, I spread my arms as if to speak, opened my mouth and the bird flew out."

Didn't the bird peck in your mouth? he was asked.

"No, it didn't cause any real commotion, just fluttered around a little bit. People were stunned at first, not sure what they'd seen. Then they became hysterical. They thought that was funnier than the time I drove my little Triumph convertible into the dining room."

He clopped up the dozen or so steps into the frat house, drove through the front door, made a left into the living room, ran over a coffee table, made a sharp left into the dining room and slid inside on a trail of black skid marks. "I thought I did pretty well, missing all that furniture except for one coffee table. But everyone jumped up and dumped their food into the car. I had to back outside and wash the car with a fire hose."

Mike Battle, the ex-Jet, who was a year behind Rossovinich at Southern Cal, reportedly refined his glass-eating skills competing with Tim. "I was doing it when Mike got there, eating glasses, light bulbs," Rossovinich says. "We used to have contests to see who could eat the most light bulbs. Wattage? Any wattage, but those soft pink bulbs were the tastiest. Actually, it was a pretty even contest between Mike and I. I'd win one, he'd win one. But I always won the pin-sticking contests. We used to see who could stick the most pins into his arm and let 'em stay there. One time I had ten stuck in my arm and Mike quit after nine."

Not surprisingly, even with a scholarship it cost Rossovinich a lot of money to get through college. One year alone his frat house bill was \$2000 because of all the damages he had to pay. "That was the year they had to replace all the windows and doors," he says. After a while they didn't even ask who did things; they just sent the bill to Rossovinich. His father would send



him money and Tim himself did very well financially working summers with Adrian Young as an extra on such television shows as *Lost In Space* ("A couple of times I was a rock man") and *Garrison's Guerrillas*. Tim also did well, all things considered, with the Dean of Men, who summoned him three times for disciplinary reasons. Being an exceptional football player didn't damage Rossoovich's chances of staying around.

"The Dean finally suggested to my parents that I see a psychiatrist," says Tim. "My parents weren't happy about it, but it was nothing new to them. They brought me up, so they knew more or less what I was like. I was always kind of crazy and wild. In fact, it might be true—maybe I should see a psychiatrist."

"But that time in college was a period in my life I'll always look back on—a great experience. I'm hyper, I've always gotta be doing something, I can't just be lying around. I feel like I'm starting to rust. And at SC, every day something different would happen."

Rossoovich finished his senior year, 1967, as an All-America defensive end and co-captain with Adrian Young of Southern Cal's national championship team. And he was drafted No. 1 by the Eagles.

Coming from a national championship team to a club which lost its first 11 games didn't do a lot for Rossoovich's emotional stability. He got into five or six fights in 1968 and was ejected from two games. He was on all the special teams—he even kicked off when the Eagles were fortunate enough to score—and that was where most of his troubles took place. "I just tried to hit as many guys as I could. A lot of older guys loaf around after their assignment on special teams and I'd knock 'em down," he says. "Against the Giants I remember going down on a kickoff when I saw a teammate make the tackle 20 yards away. So I just turned and knocked down the nearest guy. He got up swinging and I swung back. We were both tossed out of the game. It's true I was upset that season, but I just like to knock people down."

On the trip to Oakland for the Eagles' first exhibition game, Rossoovich wore the Corcoran-inspired shirt after all. He also wore a white jacket, white loafers and dark flares, saying, "This is my weekend for the stylish look; next weekend I'm going back to the ragged look." As he walked down the aisle

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of the plane he spread his arms and, his head swiveling from side to side, said, "No applause?"

"You look resplendent!" said Corcoran, smiling.

"I got a lotta blows, King—a lotta blows." "Blows" are cheers; "kills" are boos in Rossovichese.

"I've been trying to get him to dress up," said the King, "but it's rough. The other night he was wearing Farmer Dell bib overalls. Overalls! I couldn't talk to him that night."

"King, lay off the bananas now," Rossovich said as a stewardess came past with a basket of fruit. "It's bad for the team image to have a fat quarterback."

Corcoran laughed. "Last night at dinner I asked him to pass me a banana, so he peeled it and squashed it all over his face. Say, did he tell you about the cleaning lady we used to have in camp in '69? She was so ratty-looking; she had a foot of hair under her arms, stockings rolled down to her ankles, and her breath was so smelly there were always a dozen flies circling her head. Rosso used to grab her and say, 'I love you, I want to marry you.' I'd be swatting the flies around her head and he'd be kissing her hand and hugging her. I must admit, though, that my room was always filthy and you could eat off Rosso's floor."

Although Rossovich weighed 240 in camp, he was worried about keeping it. "I'm not naturally a big person," he said. "My natural weight is between 215 and 220. That's why I never work out more than two or three weeks before training camp. I just run a little bit to get my legs and wind, because I'm never really out of shape. But last season I played the last game weighing 205, and was down to 193 by January. This season the trainer's gonna put me on a weight-training program. Vitamins and high protein just aren't enough to keep my weight up."

No doubt his hyper-active chemistry, which seems to bubble in the cauldron of Rossovich's mind like some mad sorcerer's brew, has much to do with both his weight losses and his frenzied performances on a football field. In a game in which NFL Films concentrated on Rossovich, he was heard shouting at a Steeler player: "I love you, man, but I gotta wipe you out!" He runs around and yells throughout every game, he admits, though he says he never remembers what he says. "I have a lot of respect for guys on other

teams, but I hate them because they're trying to make my team lose. It's a hateful thing to lose. Even guys I love, guys I played with at USC, well, I try to hit them harder because I want their respect more than others. There's time for love later. It's a funny game."

In 1970, early in the Eagles' fifth consecutive loss, Rossovich found himself switched to middle linebacker. "We had contemplated the move the year before," says head coach Jerry Williams, "but we felt we needed him more at end then." With middle backer Dave Lloyd pushing toward the retirement age and the Eagles going nowhere, Williams put his "best athlete"—he's a natural for the position with his intangibles—in the middle. Intangibles? Well, Jerry Williams, who tends to talk in parables at times, makes a point: "Two guys can play a play exactly alike—each reading the keys exactly alike, each taking the same pursuit angle, each driving into the ballcarrier the same way. Yet one man will make the play and the other won't." Rossovich, he maintains, is the former: a better athlete.

Although Rossovich had worked out in the middle some at training camp he was surprised by the shift "because I kinda thought I was just learning how to play end. It was kinda awkward with Dave Lloyd at first, I didn't know what to say to him. But as a football player you've got to realize, young or old, there's gonna be somebody to replace you one day. And deep down I personally had always wanted to play middle linebacker, to be in the middle of everything, be exposed to everything. Middle linebacker really turns me on; I don't think I could go back to end now. It's a beautiful thing. Now I have the whole, total picture before me, I can see and feel everything, run all over the field and hit people. I can express myself more.

"But I don't want to be considered just a middle linebacker. I want to be considered 'Tim Rossovich, middle linebacker,' to be recognized for my own style of play. Like Dick Butkus and Mike Lucci, they're distinctive, while Tommy Nobis is more of a traditional middle linebacker. Butkus has been compared to a bear who squeezes the crap out of a ballcarrier. I'm more like a cobra who sneaks into a hole and strikes. Basically we're entertainers, so I want to really develop my own style. It makes the game more enjoyable for me."

Certainly Rossovich's own style off

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the field was never inhibited by his joining the pros. He sang his SC song, but he also brought his bird-in-the-mouth act to training camp as a rookie. This sparrow was not in as good shape as its predecessor; Rossoovich found it walking around as he headed for a team meeting. Picking up the hitchhiking bird, he shoved it in his mouth, strolled 10 or 15 yards into the throng of players assembled outside the meeting place, signalled for attention, threw out his arms and everyone watched the birdie. "It wasn't quite as exciting as the first time," Rossoovich says, "because the bird had a bad wing. Its initial exit on takeoff was good, but it fluttered after a few flaps and fell to the ground. How did the veterans react? Well, they pretty much knew what to expect from me."

Later that season, during a team party following a rare victory, Mike Ditka, now with Dallas, dared challenge Rossoovich to a test of teeth. Tim was demonstrating the ancient art of opening beer bottles with his bicuspid: biting off the caps. "Mike said, 'I can do that,' and he finally fought one off," Tim recalls. "So I opened two at once. As he was struggling with a second one, I lined up 30 bottles on the bar and opened 'em all before he got his off. He walked away. I love Mike, but that was his last bottle-opening contest with me. My grandfather, Valentino Melani (Rossoovich is of Yugoslav-Italian descent), showed me that. It's pretty handy. You don't have to carry an opener."

Rossoovich may have wished he'd been carrying a fortune teller in that first exhibition game against Oakland. He played badly. He made exactly two tackles in this ballgame and he dropped two interceptions, the first of which, after he had made a perfect pass drop, hit him in the chest and bounced off to a Raider for a completion.

In the locker room afterward, Rossoovich couldn't hide his feelings about how he'd played. He looked as contrite as a choir boy who, having thrilled the director throughout rehearsals, hears his voice crack on the opening note of his solo. "We did everything we could to lose it," Tim said, "but we wanted to win too bad. I was so anxious to hit people I made mental errors, and I just wasn't driving through people. I was knocking people down, but I wasn't knocking them out—which is what I plan to be doing by the time the season opens."

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It was suggested that Raider center Jim Otto had handled him with aplomb. "After the first few plays he was diving at my legs and grabbing my ankles," which is not a new charge against the Oakland veteran. "It's okay if he can get away with it. . . . I think I made up for it, though. I left him a little bloody. ("You should have seen Otto from the sideline," Corcoran said later. "Rosso opened up his whole forehead, blood was spilling all over his face.") "I hit him with a forearm in the best place," Tim said. "Right between the eyes. He told me never to let him catch me not looking at him when we play in October. That's fine. If I'd let him do that to me, I'd be pissed off too."

While his football performance seems to be becoming, if possible, more

physical, Rossoovich claims his off-the-field act is becoming less so. "Now I like to put together outfits and walk through the streets to watch people's expressions. A couple of years ago I put on my long black Dracula cape, black leotards and shoes that curl up at the toes with bells on them, then I walked through Philadelphia. My greatest possession today is my Wizard's robe. I got the idea from Gandalf the Wizard in (Tolkien's) *The Hobbit* and decided I wanted to have a wizard robe that I could hang out in. I had it made: it's tie-dyed purple and green and yellow and blue and orange. . . . I wanted to wear it on the trip to Oakland, but I couldn't figure out how to wear a tie with it. Jerry Williams wouldn't appreciate it if I wasn't wear-

ing a tie on a trip."

Rossoovich was not overjoyed that Williams had him trim his locks on reporting to training camp; in fact, Williams had him cut his hair three times before he was satisfied, a total of six inches left on the barber's floor. Tim's hair is still a dropkick away from a crewcut, but Rossoovich feels a coach getting into a player's scalp is "ridiculous and stupid. Football players are people, but coaches and fans don't see that. Some of them would like to put you in a room after a game and keep you there till the next game. I don't think that's right. There's no democracy in football, though, and my arguments meant nothing, so I stopped arguing."

As soon as training camp ended,

# How they voted

## National Basketball Association

	1	2	3	4	5	Total Points*
<b>ATLANTIC DIVISION</b>						
New York Knicks	204	10	0	0	0	214
Philadelphia 76ers	6	75	44	3	0	128
Boston Celtics	12	50	64	3	0	127
Buffalo Braves	0	5	4	78	0	87
<b>CENTRAL DIVISION</b>						
Baltimore Bullets	186	20	0	0	0	206
Atlanta Hawks	66	100	28	0	0	194
Cincinnati Royals	6	25	80	9	0	120
Cleveland Cavaliers	0	5	8	78	0	91
<b>MIDWEST DIVISION</b>						
Milwaukee Bucks	222	0	0	0	0	222
Chicago Bulls	0	80	40	9	0	129
Phoenix Suns	0	35	60	18	0	113
Detroit Pistons	0	30	12	57	0	99
<b>PACIFIC DIVISION</b>						
Los Angeles Lakers	150	30	8	0	0	188
Seattle SuperSonics	54	65	20	9	2	150
Golden Gate Warriors	18	40	52	12	2	124
Houston Rockets	0	0	20	45	16	81
Portland Trail Blazers	0	5	12	18	36	71

\*Six pts. awarded for first, five for second, etc. Note: All players did not make choices on all places in the standings.

## Individual Selections

### Most Valuable Player

### Scoring Leader

### Rebounding Leader

### Assists Leader

### Rookie of the Year

### Most Underrated Player

Lew Alcindor  
Lew Alcindor  
Wilt Chamberlain  
Lenny Wilkens  
Oscar Robertson  
Sidney Wicks  
Nate Thurmond, Bob Love,  
Archie Clark, Paul Silas

## THE NBA PLAYERS' PREDICTIONS

(Continued from page 73)

far back in fourth place, their total of 87 points an outspoken vote of no confidence. All but two of the votes cast for them put them in last place.

For individual awards, the obvious favorites dominated all areas except the Most Underrated Player. In fact, honors here wound up in a four-way tie. Concern for those who didn't seem to be getting enough publicity for their NBA performances was divided among Nate Thurmond, the tireless center of the Golden Gate Warriors; Bob Love, clutch frontcourt star of the Chicago Bulls; Archie Clark, spark plug of the Philadelphia 76ers; and Paul Silas, the strong-rebounding forward of the Phoenix Suns. The only other real contest centered around the projected leader in assists for the '71-72 NBA season. It turned out to be a tie between Seattle player-coach Lenny Wilkens, who completed last season's play with an average of 9.2 assists per game, and Oscar Robertson, who averaged 8.2 assists per game. According to the players, last year's leader Norm Van Lier will be only third best this season.

As Most Valuable Player, Lew Alcindor (Kareem Abdul Jabbar) was overwhelmingly selected to repeat for the honors in 1972. The players also predicted that Lew would lead the league in scoring again. In the rebounding category, the majority of players still feel that no one can out-muscle Wilt Chamberlain.

Rookie-of-the-Year honors went to Sidney Wicks, drafted by the Portland Trail Blazers after a tremendous career at UCLA. ■



Rossovich said, he would introduce his "new act." He was going to assemble a series of outfits of famous people in history. What's more, he would memorize certain of their best-known speeches so he could really do the roles on his street pilgrimages. "It'll be a treat to go out and fantasize a little bit," he said. "People think I'm weird, but it's interesting to watch their faces."

But why does he try so *hard* to be different? Linebacker coach Joe Moss seems to feel the drummer Rossovich marches to is not really all that different. Moss suggests that Rossovich is simply propelled by that California ethic which worships flash and flair, pizzazz and the bizarre. "But the image he's working to create," Moss is quick to add, "belies the seriousness with which he plays football."

And Moss' Hollywood-influence theory cannot be totally dismissed. Certainly Rossovich's behavior is always calling attention to himself: "Look, ma—no head!" Yet Hollywood image-building has always been permeated by commercialism and if publicity were Rossovich's prime aim, then capitalizing on it would be his ultimate goal. If he were playing football in New York, he already would have had offers to host his own TV show, or his own zoo. Even in Philadelphia he has had some offers, but he hasn't cashed them in. King Corcoran, an executive with Boise-Cascade, offered to get Rossovich a position representing the company that would pay him up to \$50,000 for half a year's work. "I'd rather hang out at the beach," said Rossovich, who lives with his wife Michel and daughter Jaimie at Manhattan Beach, California, where he spends the offseason making candles in the sand.

Michel, who met Tim at the Hyatt House Hotel in Oakland wearing a Mickey Mouse T-shirt over her braless torso and hot pants over her long legs, seems to be a very cool lady. "We have a good relationship," Tim says. Rumor has it he sent her home from Philadelphia last season on October 15 to get ready for Christmas, but he says she was modelling. This season Tim, Michel and Jaimie will share with Adrian Young and his bride the two-bedroom apartment Rossovich shared last season with bachelor Steve Sabol of NFL films. Won't he need a third bedroom for Jaime? "There's a large closet," Tim says. "We also have two dogs, two cats and a parakeet; and Young has two cats. We're gonna have fun."

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Also next month in our special an-niversary section, the nation's top sports-writers pick their greatest moments of the 25 years. . . . Plus a revealing look at what televised sports will be like in the next 25 years. . . . And another tre-mendous excerpt from Roger Kahn's ac-claimed book on the old Dodgers, *The Boys Of Summer*.

We have a strong assortment of timely features next month including a great *SPORT SPECIAL* on Bob Griese of the Miami Dolphins, who is perhaps the best of the new-breed pro quarterbacks. . . . Also in football next month we profile Charlie Sanders of the Detroit Lions, who most experts believe is the best tight end in the business. . . . And a special inside feature on Auburn's dy-namic duo, passer Pat Sullivan and re-ceiver Terry Beasley. . . . In pro basket-ball we have an exclusive story by Pete Maravich. Pistol Pete tells about his dis-appointments as a rookie with Atlanta, what he learned, the tough way, about pro basketball and where he goes from here. . . . In hockey, we focus on Henri Richard, the new leader of the Canad-ians now that Jean Beliveau has re-tired. . . . And in baseball Vic Ziegel writes about "Baseball's Pest," Ron Hunt, a man who can beat you a million ways. Plus an emotion-laden story you won't soon forget—The Last Days Of Ernie Banks. . . . Much more, too, in December *SPORT*.

## MY LIFE IN THE GREAT SOO LEAGUE

(Continued from page 14)

business if he didn't make the right de-cisions. A manager had to be especially careful, because in the German towns families were large. If a manager benched a member of the family, the whole family just might start shopping elsewhere for their meat. Our manager, Joe Mierhofer, didn't have it as bad. He was in the produce business, and there weren't any ballplaying families in Watkins quite as large as among the Germans. Certain qualities seemed to run in the families. The Glatzmiers of Albany all seemed to turn out to be infielders. The Ebnetts at Holdingford were lefthanded pitchers, and so on.

The entire season led up to the play-offs, and at that point the tension mounted to the level of warfare. Even the mere discussion of where the games were to be played had to take place in neutral territory. After that was settled, it wasn't unusual for the two managers to bet each other on the outcome. Wagering took place through-out the season, but those were gener-ally \$2 or \$5 bets. The two-out-of-three playoff series was a time for serious betting, and the wagers were up to \$50.

The playoffs also required a little more police protection. In the '20s, when they had home umpires, there were a lot of fights involving both the fans and the players. The restraining fences weren't very good, and you could get 40 or 50 people on the field pretty fast. There was always a police-man around, threatening to arrest someone, but I don't think it ever hap-pened.

I remember the playoffs with fond-ness, because Watkins was in a good period when I was playing, and we won the championship four times. We were sort of the Yankees of our time. *Our* strength was good balance between the pitching and hitting. And it's funny how other teams also took on patterns that seemed to resemble major-league teams. Holdingford was like the

Dodgers. It generally had good pitch-ing, but the lineup was full of little guys and they had to get their runs one at a time. And there was St. Joe, who were like Detroit; they would go in streaks—some years good, some years bad. You never knew why. Al-bany had good hitting.

So that was the Great Soo League: a league with its clowns, its bad guys and good guys, and some who got drunk on Saturday night but who could play ball pretty well on Sunday if you got them sobered up enough. And a league with a great family heritage. When I was campaigning for the Sen-ate in 1964, I'd occasionally be in the Great Soo area and, of course, I'd stop off and see how they were doing. I found some of the sons of men I'd played with who were now on the teams, playing the same position their fathers did.

The league is gone now. Some teams disbanded entirely, while others joined other leagues. The loss of amateur baseball is a serious one. It destroys the basis for realistically comparing your skills with someone else. In the Great Soo, you could say, "Well, gee, I think I can play first base as well as my cousin. I can play in this league." Compare that with the feeling that a Little Leaguer has, whose only grown-up models are the Carl Yastrzemskis and Henry Aarons that he sees on tele-vision or at the major-league ballpark. He may be discouraged before he's begun.

Another value of the Great Soo League in particular, and of baseball in general, was the nakedness of each situation. A man was out there in the open, with several hundred eyes upon him. When the time came for him to perform, everyone knew who was re-sponsible. It always seemed to me to be different in football, where a man could fall down in the line and get up with mud all over him and no one except a couple of other players really knew if he had done the job. And it seemed different in basketball, too, where just the positive things—the points scored—were recorded in the paper, but never the errors. The base-ball books, like bank statements, are always balanced. In the Great Soo League though, as in the major-leagues, it was always an individual and per-sonal thing at the critical moment, and you hate to think that that is gone now.

### PHOTO CREDITS

Dan Baliotti—72. Vern Biever—56, 59. Martin Blumenthal—56, 60, 68(2), 70, 77. Darryl Norenberg—50, 51. Bob Peter-son—78, 79. Robert Shaver—66-67. UPI—6, 18, 26, 50(2), 51(3), 52(2), 53(2), 55, 61. Wide World—50, 52(2), 53(2), 64.



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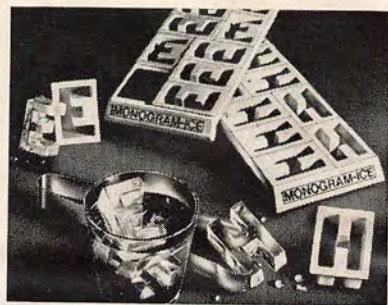
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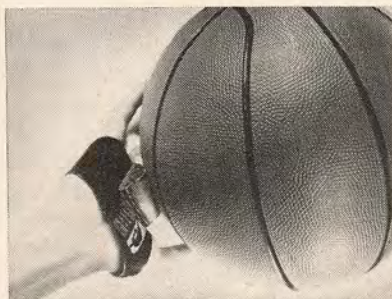
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# TIME OUT WITH THE EDITORS!

## A PLAN TO HELP PRO FOOTBALL

The game on national television, the Baltimore Colts vs. the Dallas Cowboys, was billed as a rematch of the Super Bowl. At halftime, with the Cowboys leading 10-7, two men who were watching fretfully got up from their chairs in unison. "That's it for me," one of them said. "I'm going to bed." The other one yawned, "Me too. Hell, it's only an exhibition game."

There you have it. Only an exhibition game. And even though it was supposed to be one of the great exhibition games of the year, no one was fooled. At Memorial Stadium in Baltimore, which holds 60,240 for football and is sold out for all Colt regular season home games, only 16,217 paid to see son of Super Bowl V. While that was a slightly better crowd than had paid to watch two previous exhibition games in Baltimore, it still made Colts' owner Carroll Rosenbloom see red—red ink, that is. But the Baltimore fans, we think, were only demonstrating good taste. The fact is, they may be in the vanguard of a very significant trend in pro football. For despite some magnificent exhibition season crowds this year (91,000 at Ann Arbor for one, but that may be misleading since it was the first time ever for a pro game in the huge University of Michigan stadium) there are indications that the pro football fan is fast tiring of exhibition-type football.

It is not too difficult to figure out why. The pro fan today is a lot more sophisticated than he was three or four years ago. Where once he was willing to pay to see rookies and retreads trying to make the squad, where once he would tolerate an almost make-believe atmosphere, he will not much longer. Televised football running weekend after weekend, from August 1 to January 20, has made him much more selective. He no longer pants to watch games that have no real meaning. But most important, the fan is becoming disgusted and alarmed by the frightful preseason injury toll, which now threatens to reduce the quality of play when it counts—in season.

Take that Baltimore-Dallas game. The Cowboys were forced to play with only two wide receivers. The Colts had only one regular in that defensive backfield, and had to play two running backs most of the game. That was bad enough, but look at the preseason casualty list among

name players: Joe Namath, Hewitt Dixon, Joe Moore, the Bears' No. 1 draft choice; J. D. Hill, Buffalo's top rookie; Sonny Jurgensen. All victims in meaningless games and all lost for most, if not all of the regular season. This simply cannot go on much longer.

We realize that the preseason games can be the difference between profit and loss for some NFL club owners. But we believe a greater long-term loss is in the offing if the present short-sighted preseason policy persists. Way back in November of 1967, this magazine advocated a shortening of the exhibition football season. We may have been premature then. We don't think we are now. The outcry is increasing for a change in pro football's preseason game plan. Many experts are suggesting new ideas, good ideas. Now we want to offer ours. We think the NFL should do the following:

1. Schedule a *maximum* of three exhibition games. And make it mandatory that the first exhibition game be confined exclusively to rookies, taxi-squadders or other newcomers to the squad. Most pro coaches will tell you that they do not need six exhibition games to evaluate personnel. Intrasquad scrimmages and other training camp procedures are enough.

2. In order to compensate the club-owners for what would admittedly be a stiff loss of revenue, open the regular season two weeks early and play a 16-game schedule.

We think our plan would accomplish several things. With a reduced exhibition schedule, there would be less injuries occurring in meaningless games. If a player is going to suffer an injury, then better it be suffered in a just cause, in a game that counts.

Television overexposure—a worrisome problem even though league officials are reluctant to admit it—would be alleviated, too. And adding two games to the regular schedule would probably increase the NFL's share of the television audience.

We think that if our steps are taken professional football will flourish artistically as well as financially. The way it is today, everyone loses—the owners, the players, the fans, pro football itself. A change should be made. It should be made immediately.



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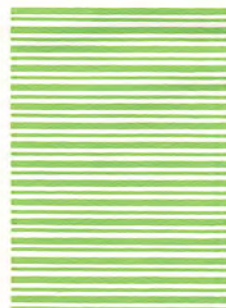
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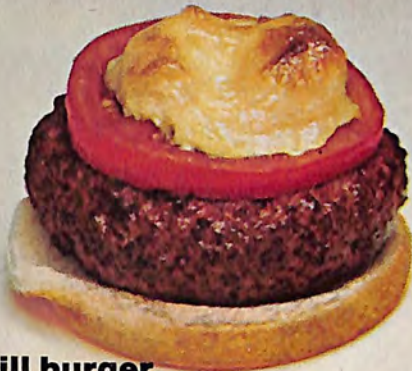
CHICAGO, ILL.





### Dixie Belle burger

(Hamburger with a slice of tomato under mayonnaise—mayo browned with burger)



### Dill burger

(Hamburger with whipped cream cheese and fresh dill)



### Chef Salad burger

(Hamburger with Julienne ham, cheese, turkey and green pepper)



### Pizza burger

(Hamburger with shredded mozzarella and pizza sauce)



### Bacon burger

(Hamburger with bacon, tomato, pepper and Swiss cheese)



### Bavarian burger

(Hamburger with cole slaw, poppy seeds and salad dressing)



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(Hamburger with lettuce, tomato and mayonnaise)



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